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HEADQUARTERS NIGHTS

BY VERNON KELLOGG

I

WE do not hear much now from the German intellectuals. Some of the professors are writing for the German newspapers, but most of them are keeping silent in public. The famous Ninety-three are not issuing any more proclamations. When your armies are moving swiftly and gloriously forward under the banners of sweetness and light, to carry the proper civilization to an improperly educated and improperly thinking world, it is easier to make declarations of what is going to happen, and why it is, than when your armies are struggling for life with their backs to the wall — of a French village they have shot and burned to ruin for a reason that does not seem so good a reason now.

But some of the intellectuals still speak in the old strain in private. It has been my peculiar privilege to talk through long evening hours with a few of these men at Headquarters. Not exactly the place, one would think, for meeting these men, but let us say this for them: some of them fight as well as talk. And they fight, not simply because they are forced to, but because, curiously enough, they believe much of their talk. That is one of the dangers from the Germans to which the world

is exposed: they really believe much of what they say.

A word of explanation about the Headquarters, and how I happened to be there. It was — it is no longer, and that is why I can speak more freely about it — not only Headquarters but the Great Headquarters — *Grosses Hauptquartier* — of all the German Armies of the West. Here were big Von Schoeler, *General-Intendant*, and the scholarly-looking Von Freytag, *General-Quartiermeister*, with his unscholarly looking, burly chief of staff, Von Zoellner. Here also were Von Falkenhayn, the Kaiser's Chief of Staff, and sometimes even the All-Highest himself, who never missed the Sunday morning service in the long low corrugated-iron shed which looked all too little like a royal chapel ever to interest a fitting French bomber.

But not only was this small gray town on the Meuse, just where the water pours out of its beautiful cañon course through the Ardennes, the headquarters of the German General Staff — it was also the station, by arrangement with the staff, of the American Relief Commission's humble ununiformed chief representative for the North of France (occupied French territory). For several months I held this position, living with the German officer

detached from the General Quarter-master's staff to protect me — and watch me. Later, too, as director of the Commission at Brussels, I had frequent occasion to visit Headquarters for conferences with officers of the General Staff. It was thus that I had opportunity for these Headquarters Nights.

Among the officers and officials of Headquarters there were many strong and keen German militaristic brains, — that goes without saying, — but there were also a few of the professed intellectuals — men who had exchanged, for the moment, the academic robes of the *Aula* for the field-gray uniforms of the army. The second commandant of the Headquarters town was a professor of jurisprudence at the University of Marburg; and an infantry captain, who lived in the house with my guardian officer and me, is the professor of zoölogy in one of the larger German universities, and one of the most brilliant of present-day biologists. I do not wish to indicate his person more particularly, for I shall say some hard things about him, — or about him as representative of many, — and we are friends. Indeed, he was *Privat-docent* in charge of the laboratory in which I worked years ago at the University of Leipzig, and we have been correspondents and friends ever since. How he came to be at Headquarters, and at precisely the same time that I was there, is a story which has its interest, but cannot be told at present.

Our house was rather a favored centre, for 'my officer,' Graf W., — he always called me 'my American,' but he could no more get away from me than I from him, — is a generous entertainer, and our dinners were rarely without guests from other headquarters houses. Officers, from veteran generals down to pink-cheeked lieutenants, came to us and asked us to them. The discussions, begun at dinner, lasted long into the

night. They sat late, these German officers, over their abundant wine — French vintages conveniently arranged for. And always we talked and tried to understand one another; to get the other man's point of view, his *Weltanschauung*.

Well, I say it dispassionately but with conviction: if I understand theirs, it is a point of view that will never allow any land or people controlled by it to exist peacefully by the side of a people governed by our point of view. For their point of view does not permit of a live-and-let-live kind of carrying on. It is a point of view that justifies itself by a whole-hearted acceptance of the worst of Neo-Darwinism, the *Allmacht* of natural selection applied rigorously to human life and society and *Kultur*.

Professor von Flussen — that is not his name — is a biologist. So am I. So we talked out the biological argument for war, and especially for this war. The captain-professor has a logically constructed argument why, for the good of the world, there should be this war, and why, for the good of the world, the Germans should win it, win it completely and terribly. Perhaps I can state his argument clearly enough, so that others may see and accept his reasons, too. Unfortunately for the peace of our evenings, I was never convinced. That is, never convinced that for the good of the world the Germans should win this war, completely and terribly. I was convinced, however, that this war once begun must be fought to a finish of decision — a finish that will determine whether or not Germany's point of view is to rule the world. And this conviction, thus gained, meant the conversion of a pacifist to an ardent supporter, not of War, but of *this* war; of fighting this war to a definitive end — that end to be Germany's conversion to be a good Germany, or not much of any Germany

at all. My 'Headquarters Nights' are the confessions of a converted pacifist.

In talking it out biologically, we agreed that the human race is subject to the influence of the fundamental biologic laws of variation, heredity, selection, and so forth, just as are all other animal — and plant — kinds. The factors of organic evolution, generally, are factors in human natural evolution. Man has risen from his primitive bestial stage of glacial time, a hundred or several hundred thousand years ago, when he was animal among animals, to the stage of to-day, always under the influence of these great evolutionary factors, and partly by virtue of them. But he does not owe all of his progress to these factors, or, least of all, to any one of them, as natural selection, a thesis Professor von Flüssen seemed ready to maintain.

Natural selection depends for its working on a rigorous and ruthless struggle for existence. Yet this struggle has its ameliorations, even as regards the lower animals, let alone man.

There are three general phases of this struggle: —

1. An inter-specific struggle, or the lethal competition among different animal kinds for food, space, and opportunity to increase;
2. An intra-specific struggle, or lethal competition among the individuals of a single species resultant on the over-production due to natural multiplication by geometric progression; and,
3. The constant struggle of individuals and species against the rigors of climate, the danger of storm, flood, drought, cold, and heat.

Now any animal kind and its individuals may be continually exposed to all of these phases of the struggle for existence, or, on the other hand, any one or more of these phases may be largely ameliorated or even abolished

for a given species and its individuals. This amelioration may come about through a happy accident of time or place, or because of the adoption by the species of a habit or mode of life that continually protects it from a certain phase of the struggle.

For example, the voluntary or involuntary migration of representatives of a species hard pressed to exist in its native habitat, may release it from the too severe rigors of a destructive climate, or take it beyond the habitat of its most dangerous enemies, or give it the needed space and food for the support of a numerous progeny. Thus, such a single phenomenon as migration might ameliorate any one or more of the several phases of the struggle for existence.

Again, the adoption by two widely distinct and perhaps antagonistic species of a commensal or symbiotic life, based on the mutual-aid principle, — thousands of such cases are familiar to naturalists, — would ameliorate or abolish the inter-specific struggle between these two species. Even more effective in the modification of the influence due to a bitter struggle for existence, is the adoption by a species of an altruistic or communistic mode of existence so far as its own individuals are concerned. This, of course, would largely ameliorate for that species the intra-specific phase of its struggle for life. Such animal altruism, and the biological success of the species exhibiting it, is familiarly exemplified by the social insects (ants, bees, and wasps).

As a matter of fact, this reliance by animal kinds for success in the world upon a more or less extreme adoption of the mutual-aid principle, as contrasted with the mutual-fight principle, is much more widely spread among the lower animals than familiarly recognized, while in the case of man, it has been the greatest single factor in the

achievement of his proud biological position as king of living creatures.

Altruism — or mutual aid, as the biologists prefer to call it, to escape the implication of assuming too much consciousness in it — is just as truly a fundamental biologic factor of evolution as is the cruel, strictly self-regarding, exterminating kind of struggle for existence with which the Neo-Darwinists try to fill our eyes and ears, to the exclusion of the recognition of all other factors.

Professor von Flussen is Neo-Darwinian, as are most German biologists and natural philosophers. The creed of the *Allmacht* of a natural selection based on violent and fatal competitive struggle is the gospel of the German intellectuals; all else is illusion and anathema. The mutual-aid principle is recognized only as restricted to its application within limited groups. For instance, it may and does exist, and to positive biological benefit, within single ant communities, but the different ant kinds fight desperately with each other, the stronger destroying or enslaving the weaker. Similarly, it may exist to advantage within the limits of organized human groups — as those which are ethnographically, nationally, or otherwise variously delimited. But as with the different ant species, struggle — bitter, ruthless struggle — is the rule among the different human groups.

This struggle not only must go on, for that is the natural law, but it should go on, so that this natural law may work out in its cruel, inevitable way the salvation of the human species. By its salvation is meant its desirable natural evolution. That human group which is in the most advanced evolutionary stage as regards internal organization and form of social relationship is best, and should, for the sake of the species, be preserved at the expense of the less advanced, the less effective.

It should win in the struggle for existence, and this struggle should occur precisely that the various types may be tested, and the best not only preserved, but put in position to impose its kind of social organization — its *Kultur* — on the others, or, alternatively to destroy and replace them.

This is the disheartening kind of argument that I faced at Headquarters; argument logically constructed on premises chosen by the other fellow. Add to these assumed premises of the *Allmacht* of struggle and selection based on it, and the contemplation of mankind as a congeries of different, mutually irreconcilable kinds, like the different ant species, the additional assumption that the Germans are the chosen race, and German social and political organization the chosen type of human community life, and you have a wall of logic and conviction that you can break your head against but can never shatter — by headwork. You long for the muscles of Samson.

II

The danger from Germany is, I have said, that the Germans believe what they say. And they act on this belief. Professor von Flussen says that this war is necessary as a test of the German position and claim. If Germany is beaten, it will prove that she has moved along the wrong evolutionary line, and should be beaten. If she wins, it will prove that she is on the right way, and that the rest of the world, at least that part which we and the Allies represent, is on the wrong way and should, for the sake of the right evolution of the human race, be stopped, and put on the right way — or else be destroyed, as unfit.

Professor von Flussen is sure that Germany's way is the right way, and that the biologic evolutionary factors

are so all-controlling in determining human destiny, that this being biologically right is certain to insure German victory. If the wrong and unnatural alternative of an Allied victory should obtain, then he would prefer to lie in the catastrophe and not have to live in a world perversely resistant to natural law. He means it all. He will act on this belief. He does act on it, indeed. He opposes all mercy, all compromise with human soft-heartedness. Apart from his horrible academic casuistry and his conviction that the individual is nothing, the State all, he is a reasoning and a warm-hearted man. So are some other Germans. But for him and them the test of right in this struggle is success in it. So let every means to victory be used. The only intelligence Germans should follow in these days is the intelligence of the General Staff; the only things to believe and to repeat are the statements of the official bureau of publicity.

There is no reasoning with this sort of thing, no finding of any heart or soul in it. There is only one kind of answer: resistance by brutal force; war to a decision. It is the only argument in rebuttal understandable of these men at Headquarters into whose hands the German people have put their destiny.

One evening we had a larger and more distinguished dinner group than usual. The Duke of —, a veteran of 1870 and very close to the Kaiser, altogether a personage, had come by motor with a small staff from his headquarters near the Champagne front. My officer was all of a flutter with the importance and excitement of the event. He coached all of us — orderlies, myself, and resident guests — as to our proper behavior during the visit. This was to consist chiefly of much stiff standing up, repeated formal bows,

and respectful silence. No one was to start anything on his own initiative. We were to take the conversational cue from His Highness. The *Commandant-professor* of jurisprudence was there, and a casual baron or two, and various headquarters officers.

The duke entered, to find us a fixed row of effigies, hands on trouser-seams, eyes front, chins up, in the receiving-room. His Highness was a small be-whiskered gentleman, very abrupt and disconcerting in manner, but not at all stupid, and very ready to express his opinions on all subjects of war and church history, his hobby.

As he surveyed the row of effigies his keen eye spotted the ununiformed American, and he directed a questioning look toward Graf W., the host. My officer made a concise explanation of the situation, which the duke acknowledged with a grunt of understanding and the sharp question, —

‘But does he speak German?’

Graf W. hastened to declare, ‘*Wie ein Eingeborener*’ — like a native, — which is far from true. Another grunt of satisfaction, a critical stare of examination, and finally a direct phrase of formal recognition. I reserved any exhibition of my fluent German, and merely bowed. My officer gave me an expressive look of approval and found a later chance to congratulate me on my ‘success.’ I suppose not being ordered out of the room may be called success, under the circumstances.

After giving the whole row a final looking-over, His Highness mumbled something, whereupon an aide-de-camp stepped briskly up, clicked heels, and held out to him a small box containing several medals on yellow ribbons. They were the insignia of some minor order in his duchy. He presented one to one of the barons, one to the commandant-professor of jurisprudence, and one to — my officer’s chief

orderly, who acted as house barber and head waiter! The baron and professor had done their best and deepest bowing, but when Müller's turn came, it was like morning gymnastics in the bedroom. 'Touch toes ten times with finger-tips, legs remaining unbent.' I fancied that the baron and professor became less satisfied with their honor, the more Müller waxed enthusiastic. In fact, they did not put on their orders immediately; Müller did. Finally, my officer got our barber to stop bowing,—the duke was n't even seeing him,—and we went into the dining-room.

At dinner the personally conducted conversation leaped suddenly from church history to Zeppelining. It was just after one of those earlier London raids, when the great city was practically defenseless, and the German newspapers had been full for several days of accounts of the enormous damage and losses of life achieved by the raid. As a matter of fact there were some horrors — not extensive but intensive horrors: women and babies in several houses, and an omnibusful of passengers in a by-street, sickeningly mangled and murdered.

The duke declared that Zeppelining was stupid and the men who ordered it fools. The table was struck silent. A duke close to the Kaiser might say such a thing, but no less a personage. Zeppelining had been declared wise and good by the General Staff and the Berlin official publicity bureau. It was therefore wise and good. So one of the barons ventured to remonstrate. It was the one who had received his order along with Müller, and in whom the champagne had perhaps let some obscure natural feeling of resentment get the better of the well-learned feeling of proper gratitude for his dubious distinction.

'But His Highness will recall,' said

the baron, 'the military advantage of Zeppelining: the value of holding guns and gunners in England which might otherwise be sent to the battle-line, and the blowing up of munition factories, and the — ah — the terror and the — well, the military advantage generally. One must not consider the — ah — other side of the matter. A few — ah — non-combatants, perhaps, but the military advantage, that is the sole criterion.'

His Highness snorted audibly and visibly.

'That is, of course, all that one does take into consideration. It is precisely and only because there is no military advantage in Zeppelining that it is stupid and the men who order it are stupid pigs. We don't blow up any munition factories, and for every miserable woman killed, hundreds, aye, thousands of Englishmen rush into the army to come over to the front and fight us. We are doing their recruiting for them.' He fixed the squirming recipient of his yellow ribbon with a cold gray eye. 'We are all only thinking of the military advantage. What are a few — oh, pouf, why talk of it? My dear baron, I am perhaps as much a military man as you' (this was withering scorn: the baron was the Headquarters reader of foreign newspapers!), 'and I repeat: Zeppelining is bad, and it is bad simply and entirely because it has no military advantage.'

That ended Zeppelining for the moment, until unlucky I — Well, the very next subject introduced was the attitude of the neutral world, America in particular, toward Germany. The newspaper-reading baron suddenly turned to me.

'Why is this universal hate of Germany? Why do you Americans hate us?'

It was too soon after what I had just heard. I blurted out, —

'For things like the military advantage of Zeppelining.'

My officer gave a scrape and a lurch; something tipped over. Then he stared — all of us stared — at the duke. His Highness did not order me to the firing squad or even to the cells. He did nothing, said nothing, to show any displeasure. He looked steadily and thoughtfully at me, and then gruffly indicated his pleasure that the company should rise from the table. My officer recovered his color and his equanimity.

I believe that His Highness knew that answer all the time. But the rest did not, and they do not understand it now. 'Military advantage,' 'military expediency' — how often have these phrases blocked us of the Relief Commission in our efforts in Belgium and North France! No mercy, no 'women-and-children' appeals; no hesitation to use the torch and the firing squad, deportation, and enslavement. And it is all a part of Professor von Flussen's philosophy; the pale ascetic intellectual and the burly, red-faced butcher meet on common ground here. And then they wonder why the world comes together to resist this philosophy — and this butchery — to the death!

III

Late one afternoon we left Headquarters to dine with General von R. down near the Champagne front. Mr. Hoover, Chairman of the Commission, and Mr. White, of its London office, had come over to Brussels and on to Headquarters for a conference in connection with our work in Northern France; and so we were all to go with my officer and two or three other men of the General Staff to receive this special attention from a commanding general at the front.

We made an imposing procession in three big gray military cars running

swiftly to the south. As the general's chief of staff, who had come to Headquarters to escort us personally, spoke no English and did not like to hear English spoken, he took me alone with him in his car. He was a taciturn crusty major, with a thin, stern face and tight lips.

His first remarks were certain direct questions about conditions in London and England. I could reply only that, if such questions were asked me in England about Germany or German-occupied territory, I would not answer them. He did not like it, but after a little bullying settled into moody silence, occasionally broken by curt remarks to me, and brutally put instructions to his soldier chauffeur. It was evident that he did not like the idea of his general's showing this high courtesy to the intruding Yankees. It was not a pleasant excursion for any of us, and yet it was a beautiful two hours' ride over smooth tree-lined roads, — the trees are mostly gone now, — through picturesque country of wide outlooks.

Just at dusk we climbed slowly up a gentle hill-slope. As we reached the flat summit and sped along over it, one could see the road stretching far ahead, a gently irregular white line dipping out of sight into a valley in front, but reappearing on the farther up-slope and running there straight away into invisibility. Just at the horizon, where the hilltop met the heavens and the road disappeared, the tower of a little church silhouetted itself against the darkening blue of the evening sky.

'That is the road to Rheims,' muttered my companion. 'You can see it from that church.'

I thrilled. The road to Rheims! Rheims just there in front, and a shell bursting over it — over the Cathedral, say — could be seen from that little church. I wanted to go right on along that white line to that hilltop.

Later I really did go there, and beyond it even to the very verge of the sad city itself. There is an extraordinary little village of cellars — the houses above are mere stone-heaps — just behind the German trenches in front of Rheims. These cellars are occupied by two hundred and thirty-three women and girls, sixty-seven children, and four tottering old men, the total remaining population of a once picturesque and crowded village. We wanted them to come away, and be housed farther back from the line. But they prefer to live 'at home.' And so we have fed these women and children there two years. They live in their cellars, with the shells moaning back and forth over them whenever there is 'desultory artillery firing before Rheims.'

As we were running swiftly over the flat hill-summit with the long view in front of us, our driver, without being instructed — and cursed — by the major, suddenly slowed the car, and I noted the major staring hard at a soldier's grave by the roadside. There had been hard fighting all about here and the graves were numerous along the way. My companion turned abruptly to me, with a thumb-jerk toward the grave.

'He was my best friend,' he said gruffly; and with another jerk to the front, he added, 'And my brother lies under the shadows of that church-tower there on the hill.'

I forgave him his gruffness.

Arrived at the general's headquarters in a French industrial town now half in ruins, we walked by a stiff row of orderlies into a spacious house, and were shown by other orderlies and a young lieutenant to an upstairs room to brush off the white chalk-dust of the Champagne road. My officer had remained below. Suddenly he came into our room, excited and with a face of much concern. He told us swiftly that

a translation of President Wilson's latest note, a short and sharp one, had just been telephoned to the general from Berlin. And the general and everybody downstairs were violently incensed. He wondered whether one of us had not better get suddenly ill, so that we should have to go back at once without staying for dinner.

This seemed absurd. We said that the general could get ill and call off the dinner if he wanted to, but we should not. Poor Graf W.! He had been trained to abuse his subordinates and cringe before his superiors, and it was really a horrible position for him; he felt, in a way, responsible for his Yankees, and he wanted the occasion to go off pleasantly. However, we had not written the note, or done anything except come, with no anticipations of pleasure, to eat dinner with the general! And so we insisted on going down.

It was a strenuous meal, not because of an overabundance of things to eat, — it is a long time now since there has been too much to eat in Germany, even among generals, — but because of the situation. The general and his staff were always polite, but never more than that. They were perfectly correct and perfectly reserved. We talked much and said little. The general declared an interest in 'caring for the people.' He was trying to reestablish the industries of the region, he said. I had noted the stacks of two factories smoking as we entered the town. Such sights in Belgium and North France have been unusual for two years, and attract attention. I said we were very glad to learn of his interest, and asked what the factories were. He turned to the gentleman on his other side. But a less discerning young officer across the table said they were making corrugated iron. This is an article much used in and behind the trenches.

There is also much cutting of trees — French trees — and sawing of lumber going on in occupied France. Wood is also much used in the trenches. And large herds of cattle are being pastured in French pastures. They are German cattle for the soldiers. The French cattle have long ago been eaten by them.

I suppose all this is just war. But when such things are given the color before the world of 'restoring the industries of the people,' the specific object of this restoration should be told. The bald truth is that Governor von Bissing's repeated declarations of rehabilitating industries in Belgium, and the similar statements of the General Staff for Northern France, are equivocations. What has been strongly attempted has been a forced exploitation of the people for German military advantage. It has been resisted by the simple but brave and patriotic workingmen of the occupied territories with a success that seems incredible in the face of the guns and departing trains all too familiar to them. It is true, as has been said in criticism of them, that the Belgians do not work. They have little work of their own they can do, and they will not work for the Germans. That is one of the reasons for the deportations, which have been, by the way, one of the greatest of German blunders — and brutalities — in this war. But I must not write of Belgium now; Headquarters was in Northern France.

It was not all sticking at Headquarters. I traveled — always with my officer, of course — up and down and across and back over all of occupied France; from Lille to Longwy, from Coucy-le-Château to Charleville. For the purposes of our *ravitaillement* the occupied French territory is divided into six districts. These corresponded

with no political subdivisions of the country, as *départements* and *arrondissements*, but were determined chiefly by the original disposition of the German armies, each of which, having a certain degree of autonomy as regards the region occupied by it, objected to any movement of French feeding committees and our own American Commission representatives across the borders of its own region. We had therefore six district *ravitaillement* centres, or headquarters, at each of which were stationed one or two of our representatives, who moved about more or less freely in his district, each with a specially detailed German officer of his own — 'nurses,' we called them. It was my privilege and duty as chief representative, and my officer's as chief of the officer group, to visit occasionally each of the districts.

We traveled by military motor, my officer and I in the tonneau, and a soldier chauffeur and an orderly in the driver's seat, each of them with a loaded Mauser held erect in clamps by his side. In each side-flap pocket of the tonneau was a loaded Browning. We were never shot at, nor did we ever shoot at anybody, but the armament gave the proper military tone to our equipage. We ran frightfully fast, and I always had the uneasy feeling that I should find my finish in North France, not in a dramatic erasure by a stray shell or casual bomb from overhead, but in a commonplace motor smash-up. As it came out, the only casualties attending our 5000 or more kilometres of mad running were among the few remaining half-fed chickens of the French villagers. We did once rather narrowly miss being run over by the Crown Prince, who sat on the front seat with an orderly, and drove his own car like a hurricane. As he swerved slightly to miss us, he intrusted his life — and ours — to one of his hands,

while with the other he gave us a *débonnaire* salute.

This extraordinary touring of North France came finally to get strongly on my nerves. It is such a sad land; such a wreck of half-destroyed villages and crumbled farm-houses; of stripped woodland and neglected fields. And the people: all women and children and old and infirm men! And the meagreness of the food-supply, despite the best we could do! We meant much to these people, we eight or ten Americans moving about among them; at least, they gave us unmistakably to understand that we did. We represented the sympathy and endeavor of a great nation far away. Cut off as these imprisoned French are from all communication with their fighting men across the terrible trench-lines; cut off even from communication with each other, if only a few miles apart, we exemplified the freedom that still existed somewhere, and the hope of the freedom to come to them again. And we meant, too, for them, the holding back of the spectre of actual starvation.

The sights and the incidents of those trips are too harrowing to exploit. They are untellable intimate memories for us, but they went far in making us convinced and bitter believers that the only comprehensible answer to the German philosophy of '*raison d'État*,' and 'military exigency,' to these ravages of non-combatant countryside and village, is an answer of force. Not that we wish to do to them what they have done to others, but to prevent them by force from ever doing that again.

I could understand why the villages along the Meuse were shot to pieces; there was real fighting there — at least in some of them. And there were some more whose names I recalled as associated with the desperate retreating struggles of the overwhelmed French

and British. But there are many, many others in which there was no fighting, but just destroying. They have not been enumerated as have the Belgian towns; they have no sad fame in the ears of the world: they are just nameless scores of illustrations and results of the German conception of the struggle for existence as a contributory factor in the evolution of human kind.

There is, I suppose, a slight military advantage in so maltreating and terrifying a conquered land that only a few elderly Landsturm, scattered here and there over it, are sufficient as an army of occupation. The rest of the Landsturm can be used in the trenches. But it is a terrible price — of something — to pay for this alleged military advantage.

I used to ask my officer about these wrecked villages as we ran through them, or stopped to inspect a local distributing centre, or watch a soup-line, or get a report, and always a piteous request, from a feeding committee. He had a stereotyped reply: 'Punishment.'

'Punishment for what?'

'For a civilian's shooting at a soldier; or the village's harboring a spy; or a failure to meet a requisition; or something or other.'

He never knew exactly; nobody ever knew exactly; and I do not know exactly. Not even with all the explanation from the captain-professor, who explained it on a basis of biological philosophy. Nor with the explanation of the non-philosophizing fighters, who simply said that it was necessary as a military advantage. Nor with the explanation of my officer, who, when I continued to press him, would make an ugly screwing gesture with closed fist, which seemed to mean, 'Just do it to them!'

I went into Northern France and Belgium to act as a neutral, and I did act as a neutral all the time I was there. If

I learned there anything of military value which could be used against the Germans I shall not reveal it. But I came out no neutral. Also I went in an ardent hater of war and I came out a more ardent one. I have seen that side of the horror and waste and outrage of war which is worse than the side revealed on the battlefield. How I hope for the end of all war!

But I have come out believing that

that cannot come until any people which has dedicated itself to the philosophy and practice of war as a means of human advancement is put into a position of impotence to indulge its belief at will. My conviction is that Germany is such a people, and that it can be put into this position only by the result of war itself. It knows no other argument and it will accept no other decision.

HIGH ADVENTURE. I

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

It was a cool, starlit evening, early in September, 1916, that I first met Drew of Massachusetts, and actually began my adventures as a prospective member of the Escadrille Américaine. We had sailed from New York by the same boat, had made our applications for enlistment in the Foreign Legion on the same day, without being aware of each other's existence; and in Paris, while waiting for our papers, we had gone, every evening, for dinner, to the same large and gloomy-looking restaurant in the neighborhood of the Seine.

As for the restaurant, assuredly we were not drawn to it by the quality of the food. We might have dined better and more cheaply elsewhere. But there was an air of vanished splendor, of faded magnificence, about the place, which, in the capital of a warring nation, appealed to both of us. Every evening the tables were laid with spotless linen and shining silver. The wine-

glasses caught the light from the tarnished chandeliers in little points of color. At the dinner-hour, a half-dozen ancient serving-men silently took their places about the room. There was not a sound to be heard except the occasional far-off honk of a motor or the subdued clatter of dishes from the kitchens. The serving-men, even the tables and the empty chairs, seemed to be listening, to be waiting for the guests who never came. Rarely were there more than a dozen diners-out during the course of an evening. There was something mysterious in these elaborate preparations, and something rather fine about them as well; but one thought, not without a touch of sadness, of the old days when there had been laughter and lights and music, sparkling wines and brilliant talk, and how those merry-makers had gone, many of them, long ago to the wars.

As it happened on this evening, Drew and I were sitting at adjoining tables. Our common citizenship was our intro-

duction, and after five minutes of talk, we learned of our common purpose in coming to France. I suppose that we must have eaten after making this latter discovery. I vaguely remember seeing our old waiter hobbling slowly down a long vista of empty tables on his way to and from the kitchens. But if we thought of our food at all, it must have been in a purely mechanical way.

Drew can talk — by Jove, how the man can talk! — and he has the faculty of throwing the glamour of romance over the most trivial and commonplace adventures. In truth, the difficulty which I am going to have in writing this narrative is largely due to this romantic influence of his. I might have succeeded in writing a plain tale, for I have kept my diary faithfully, from day to day, and can set down our adventures, such as they are, pretty much as they occurred. But Drew has bewitched me. He does not realize it, but he is a weaver of spells, and I am so deeply enmeshed in his moonshine that I doubt if I shall be able to write of our experiences as they must appear to those of our comrades in the Franco-American Corps who remember them only through the medium of the revealing light of day.

Not one of these men, I am sure, would confess to so strange an immediate cause for joining the aviation service as that related to me by Drew, as we sat over our coffee and cigarettes, on the evening of our first meeting. He had come to France, he said, with the intention of joining the *Légion Étrangère* as an infantryman. But he changed his mind, a few days after his arrival in Paris, upon meeting Jackson of the American Aviation Squadron, who was on leave after a service of six months at the front. It was all because of the manner in which Jackson looked at a Turkish rug. He told him of his adventures in the most matter-of-fact way.

No heroics, nothing of that sort. He had not a glimmer of imagination, he said. But he had a way of looking at the floor which was 'irresistible,' which 'fascinated him with the sense of height.' He saw towns, villages, a net work of trenches, columns of toy troop moving up ribbons of road — all in the patterns of a Turkish rug. And the next day, he was at the headquarters of the Franco-American Corps, in the Champs Élysées, making application for membership.

Now it is strange that we should both have come to France with so little of accurate knowledge of the corps, of the possibilities for enlistment, and of the nature of the requirements for the service. Our knowledge of it, up to the time of sailing, had been confined to a few brief, scattered references in the press. It was perhaps necessary that its existence should not be officially recognized in America, or its furtherance encouraged. But it seemed to us at that time that there must have been actual discouragement on the part of the government at Washington. However that may be, we wondered if others had followed clues so vague or a call so dimly heard.

This led to a discussion of our individual aptitudes for the service, and we made many comforting discoveries about each other. It is permissible to reveal them now that we are at the point of becoming breveted *pilotes*, for the encouragement of others who, like ourselves at that time, may be conscious of deficiencies, and who may think that they have none of the qualities essential to the successful aviator. Drew had never been farther from the ground than the top of the Woolworth building. I had once taken a trip in a captive balloon. Drew knew nothing of motors, and had no more knowledge of mechanics than would enable him to wind a watch without breaking the

nainspring. My ignorance in this respect was a fair match for his.

We were further handicapped for the French service by our lack of the language. Indeed, this seemed to be the most serious obstacle in the way to success. With a good general knowledge of the language it seemed probable that we might be able to overcome our other deficiencies. Without it, we could see no way to mastering the essential mechanical knowledge which we supposed must be required as a foundation for the training of a military *pilote*. In this connection, it may be well to say that we have both been tremendously handicapped from the beginning. We have had to learn, through actual experience in the air, and at considerable risk to life and limb, what many of our comrades, both French and American, knew before they had ever climbed into an aeroplane. But it is equally true that scores of men become very excellent *pilotes*, with little or no knowledge of the mechanics of the business.

In so far as Drew and I were concerned, these were matters for the future to decide. It was enough for us at the moment that our applications had been approved, our papers signed, and that to-morrow we were leaving for the *École d'Aviation Militaire* to begin our training. And so, after a long evening of pleasant talk and pleasanter anticipation of coming events, we left our restaurant and walked together through the silent streets to the Place de la Concorde. The great windy square was almost deserted. The monuments to the lost provinces bulked large in the dim lamplight. Two disabled soldiers hobbled painfully across the bridge and disappeared in the deep shade of the avenue. Their service had been rendered, their sacrifices made, months ago. They could look about them now with a peculiar sense of isolation, and

with, perhaps, a feeling of the futility of the effort they had made. Our adventures were all before us. Our hearts were light and our hopes high. As we stood by the obelisk, talking over plans for the morrow, we heard, high overhead, the faint hum of motors, and saw two lights, one green, one red, moving rapidly across the sky. A moment later the long, slender finger of a searchlight probed questioningly among the little heaps of cloud, then, sweeping in a wide arc, it revealed in striking outline the shape of a huge biplane circling over the sleeping city. It was one of the night-guard of Paris.

II

On the following morning we were at the Gare des Invalides with our luggage a long half-hour before train-time. The luggage was absurdly bulky. Drew had two enormous suit-cases and a bag, and I a steamer trunk and a family-size portmanteau. We looked so much the typical American tourists that we felt ashamed of ourselves, not because of our nationality, but because we revealed so plainly, to all the world military, our non-military antecedents. We bore the hallmark of fifty years of neutral aloofness, of fifty years of indifference to the business of national defense. What makes the situation most amusing in retrospect is the fact that we were traveling on third-class military passes, as befitted our rank as *élèves-pilotes* and soldiers of the *deuxième classe*.

To our great discomfiture, a couple of *poilus* volunteered their services in putting our belongings aboard the train. Then we crowded into a third-class carriage filled with soldiers — *permissionnaires, blessés, réformés*, men from all corners of France and her colonies. Their uniforms were faded and weatherstained with long service. The

stocks of their rifles were worn smooth and bright with constant usage, and their packs fairly stowed themselves upon their backs.

Drew and I felt wretchedly uncomfortable in our smart civilian clothing. We looked too soft, too clean, too spick-and-span. We did not feel that we belonged there. But in a whispered conversation we comforted ourselves with the assurance that if ever the United States took her rightful stand with the Allies, in six months hundreds of thousands of American boys would be lugging packs and rifles with the same familiarity of use as these French *poilus*. They would become equally good soldiers, and soon would have the same community of experience, of dangers and hardships shared in common, which make men comrades and brothers in fact as well as in theory.

By the time we had reached our destination we had persuaded ourselves into a much more comfortable frame of mind. There we piled into a cab, and soon we were rattling over the cobblestones, down a long, sunlit avenue in the direction of B——. It was late of a fine, mild afternoon when we reached the summit of a high plateau and saw before us the barracks and hangars of the *École d'Aviation*. There was not a breath of air stirring. The sun was just sinking behind a bank of crimson cloud. The earth was already in shadow, but high overhead the light was caught and reflected from the wings of scores of planes which shone like polished bronze and silver. We saw the long graceful lines of Blériot monoplanes, like huge dragon-flies, and as pretty a sight in the air as heart could wish. Farther to the left, we recognized Farman biplanes, winged battleships in comparison with the Blériots, and twin-motor Caudrons, much more graceful and alert of movement.

But, most wonderful of all to us then,

we saw a strange, new *avion*—a biplane, small, trim, with a body like a fish. To see it in flight was to be convinced for all time that man has mastered the air, and has outdone the birds in their own element. Never was swallow more consciously joyous in swift flight, never eagle so bold to take the heights or so quick to reach them. Drew and I gazed in silent, awestruck wonder, our bodies jammed tightly into the cab-window, and our heads craned upward. We did not come back to earth until our ancient, earth-creeping conveyance brought up with a jerk, and we found ourselves in front of a gate marked 'École d'Aviation Militaire de B——.'

After we had paid the cabman, we stood in the road, with our mountain of luggage heaped about us, waiting for something to happen. A moment later a window in the administration building was thrown open and we were greeted with a loud and not overly musical chorus of

'Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light—'

It all came from one throat, belonging to a chap in leathers, who came down the drive to give us welcome.

'Spotted you *toute suite*,' he said. 'You can tell Americans at six hundred yards by their hats. How's things in the States? Do you think we're coming in?'

We gave him the latest budget of home news, whereupon he offered to take us over to the barracks. When he saw our luggage he grinned.

'Some equipment, believe me! *Attendez un peu* while I commandeer a battalion of Annamites to help us carry it, and we'll be on our way.'

The Annamites, from Indo-China, who are quartered at the camp for guard and fatigue duty, came back with him about twenty strong, and we started in a long procession to the bar-

racks. Later, we took a vindictive pleasure in witnessing the beluggaged arrival of other Americans, for in nine cases out of ten they came as absurdly over-equipped as did we.

Our barracks, one of many built on the same pattern, was a long, low wooden building, weatherstained without and whitewashed within. It had accommodation for about forty beds. One end of the room was very manifestly American. There was a phonograph on the table, baseball equipment piled in one corner, and the walls were covered with cartoons and pictures clipped from American periodicals. The other end was as evidently French, in the frugality and the neatness of its furnishings. The American end of the room looked more homelike, but the French end more military. Near the centre, where the two nations joined, there was a very harmonious blending of these characteristics.

Drew and I were delighted with all this. We were glad that we were not to live in an exclusively American barracks, for we wanted to learn French; but more than this, we wanted to live with Frenchmen on terms of barrack-room familiarity.

By the time we had given in our papers at the captain's office and had passed the hasty preliminary examination of the medical officer, it was quite dark. Flying for the day was over, and lights gleamed cheerily from the barrack-room windows. As we came down the principal street of the camp, we heard the strains of 'Waiting for the Robert E. Lee,' to a gramophone accompaniment, issuing from the *chambre des Américains*.

'See them shuffle along,
Oh, ma honey babe,
Hear that music and song.'

It gave us the home feeling at once. Frenchmen and Americans were singing together, the Frenchmen in very

quaint English, but hitting off the syncopated time as if they had been born and brought up to it as we Americans have.

Over in one corner, a very informal class in French-English pronunciation was at work. Apparently, this was tongue-twisters' night. '*Heureux*' was the challenge from the French side, and '*Hooroo*' the nearest approach to a pronunciation on the part of the Americans, with many more or less remote variations on this theme. An American, realizing how difficult it is for a Frenchman to get his tongue between his teeth, counter-challenged with 'Father, you are withered with age.' The result, as might have been expected, was a series of hissing sounds of *z*, whereon there was an answering howl of derision from all the Americans. Up and down the length of the room there were little groups of two and three, chatting together in combinations of Franco-American which must have caused all deceased professors of modern languages to spin like midges in their graves. And throughout all this before-supper merriment, one could catch the feeling of good-comradeship which, so far as my experience goes, is always prevalent whenever Frenchmen and Americans are gathered together.

At the *ordinaire*, at supper-time, we saw all the *élèves-pilotes* of the school, with the exception of the non-commissioned officers, who have their own mess. To Drew and me, but newly come from remote America, it was a most interesting gathering. There were about one hundred and twenty-five in all, including eighteen Americans. The large majority of the Frenchmen had already been at the front in other branches of army service. There were artillerymen, infantrymen, marines, — in training for the naval air-service, — cavalrymen, all wearing the uniforms of the arm to which they had originally

belonged. No one was dressed in a uniform which distinguished him as an aviator; and upon making inquiry, I found that there is no official dress for this branch of the service. During his period of training in aviation, and even after receiving his military brevet, a *pilote* continues to wear the dress of his former service, plus the wings on the collar and the star-and-wings insignia on his right breast. This custom does not make for the fine uniform appearance of the men of the British Royal Flying Corps, but it gives a picturesque effect which is, perhaps, ample recompense. As for the Americans, they follow individual tastes, as we learned later. Some of them, with an eye to color, salute the sun in the red trousers and black tunic of the artilleryman. Others choose more sober shades — various French blues, with the thin orange aviation stripe running down the seams of the trousers. All this in reference to the dress uniform. At the camp most of the men wear leathers, or else a combination of leathers and the gray-blue uniform of the French *poilu*, which is issued to all Americans at the time of their enlistment.

We had a very excellent supper of soup, followed by a savory roast of meat, with mashed potatoes and lentils. Afterward, cheese and beer. I was slightly disconcerted physically on learning that the beef was horse-meat, but Drew convinced me that it was absurd to let old scruples militate against a healthy appetite. In 1870 the citizens of France ate *ragoût de chat* with relish. Furthermore, the roast was of so delicious a flavor and so closely resembled the finest cuts of beef, that it was easy to persuade one's self that it was beef, after all.

After the meal, to our great surprise, every one cleaned his dishes with huge pieces of bread. Such waste seemed

criminal in a country beleaguered by submarines, in its third year of war, and largely dependent for its food-supply on the farm labor of women and children. We should not have been surprised if it had been only the Americans who indulged in this wasteful dish-cleansing process; but the Frenchmen did it, too. When I remarked upon this to one of my American comrades, a Frenchman, sitting opposite, said, —

'Pardon, *monsieur*, but I must tell you what we Frenchmen are. We are very economical when it is for ourselves, for our own families and purses that we are saving. But when it is the government which pays the bill, we do not care. We do not have to pay directly and so we waste, we throw away. We are so careful at home, all of our lives, that this is a little pleasure for us.'

I have had this same observation made to me by so many Frenchmen since that time, that I believe there must be a good deal of truth in it.

After supper, all of the Americans adjourned for coffee to Ciret's, a little café in the village which nestles among the hills not far from the camp. The café itself was like any one of thousands of French provincial restaurants. There was a great dingy common room, with a sanded brick floor, and faded streamers of tricolor paper festooned in curious patterns from the smoking ceiling. The kitchen was marvelously clean, and filled with the appetizing odor of good cooking. Beyond it was another, inner room — '*toujours réservée à mes Américains*,' as M. Ciret, the fat, genial *patron* continually asserted. Here we gathered around a large circular table, pipes and cigarettes were lighted, and, while the others talked, Drew and I listened and gathered impressions.

For a time the conversation did not become general, and we gathered up

odds and ends of it from all sides. Then it turned to the reasons which had prompted various members of the group to come to France, the topic, above all others, which Drew and I most wanted to hear discussed. It seemed to me, as I listened, that we Americans closely resemble the British in our sensitive fear of any display of fine personal feeling. We shall never learn to examine our emotions with anything but suspicion. If we are prompted to a course of action by generous impulses, we are almost morbidly anxious that others shall not be let into the secret. And so it was that, of all the reasons given for offering their services to France, the first and most important was the last to be acknowledged, and even then it was admitted by some with a reluctance nearly akin to shame. There was no man there who was not ready and willing to give his life, if necessary, for the Allied cause, because he believed in it; but the admission could hardly have been dragged from them by wild horses.

But the adventure of the life, the peculiar fascination of it — that was a thing which might be discussed without reserve, and the men talked of it with a willingness which was most gratifying to Drew and me, curious as we were about the life we were entering. They were all in the flush of their first enthusiasms. They were daily enlarging their conceptions of distance and height and speed. They talked a new language and were developing a new cast of mind. They were like children who had grown up over night, whose horizons had been immeasurably broadened in the twinkling of an eye. They were still keenly conscious of the change which was upon them, for they were but fledgling aviators. They were just finding their wings. But as I listened, I thought of the time which must come soon, when the air, as the

VOL. 120—NO. 2

sea, will be filled with stately ships, and how the air-service will develop its own peculiar type of men, and build up about them its own laws and its own traditions.

As we walked through the straggling village street back to the camp, I tried to convey to Drew something of the new vision which had come to me during the evening. I was aglow with enthusiasm and hoped to strike an answering spark from him. But all that I was thinking and feeling then he had thought and felt long before. I am sure that he had already experienced, in imagination, every thrill, every keen joy, and every sudden sickening fear which the life might have in store for him. For this reason I forgave him for his rather bored manner of answering to my mood, and the more willingly because he was full of talk about a strange illusion which he had had at the restaurant. During a moment of silence, he had heard a clatter of hoofbeats in the village street. (I had heard them too. Some one rode by furiously.) Well, Drew said that he almost jumped from his seat, expecting M. Ciret to throw open the door and shout, 'The British are coming!' He actually believed for a second or two that it was the year 1775 and that he was sitting in one of the old roadside inns of Massachusetts. The illusion was perfect, he said.

Now why — etc., etc. At another time I should have been much interested; but in the presence of new and splendid realities I could not summon any enthusiasm for illusions. Nevertheless, I should have had to listen to him indefinitely, had it not been for an event which put a sudden end to all conversation, and ended our first day at the *École d'Aviation* in a truly spectacular manner.

Suddenly we heard the roar of motors just over the barracks, and at the

same time, the siren sounded the alarm in a series of prolonged, wailing shrieks. Some belated *pilote* was still in the air. We rushed out to the field just as the flares were being lighted and placed on the ground in the shape of an immense T, with the cross-bar facing in the direction from which the wind was coming. By this time the hum of motors was heard at a great distance, but gradually it increased in volume and soon the light of the flares revealed the machine circling rapidly over the *piste*. I was so much absorbed in watching it manœuvre for a landing that I did not see the crowd scattering to safe distances. I heard many voices shouting frantic warnings, and so ran for it, but, in my excitement, directly within the line of descent of the machine. I heard the wind screaming through the wires, a terrifying sound to the novice,

and glancing hurriedly over my shoulder, I saw what appeared to be a monster of gigantic proportions, almost upon me. It passed within three metres of my head and landed just beyond.

When at last I got to sleep, after a day filled with interesting incidents, Paul Revere pursued me relentlessly through the mazes of a weird and horrible dream. I was on foot, and shod with lead-soled boots. He was in a huge, twin-motor Caudron and flying at a terrific pace, only a few metres from the ground. I can see him now, as he leaned far out over the hood of his machine, an aviator's helmet set atilt over his powdered wig, and his eyes glowing like coals through his goggles. He was waving two lighted torches and shouting, 'The British are coming! The British are coming!' in a voice strangely like Drew's.

(To be continued)

BRITISH EXPERIENCE FOR AMERICANS. II

BY SIDNEY WEBB

Military Service and the Conscientious Objectors

THE stress of a world-war has brought Great Britain to compulsory military service; but this was not adopted until voluntary enlistment had produced the quite unprecedented total of five million offers to serve, being the free volunteering of more than ten per cent of the census population of all ages and both sexes. There are some who still doubt whether it was either neces-

sary or wise to abandon the voluntary principle; or whether the million or so recruits who have been obtained since the passing of the Military Service Act — at the cost of enormous trouble and waste of officers' time, great heartburning, not a little personal hardship, and the prosecution of some 4000 'conscientious objectors' — have increased the strength of the Army, all deductions reckoned, appreciably beyond what voluntary enlistment continued for two more years, notably among

the 300,000 young men annually coming of military age, would have freely yielded. What is certain is that only by the demonstration of what voluntary enlistment could and could not accomplish were the British people brought to consent to conscription — taking first the unmarried men between eighteen and forty-one, then the married men between these ages, then revising and reducing all the exemptions, and finally requiring all those who have been medically rejected once to present themselves again for examination.

What it concerns America to learn from British experience, if it comes to enforcing compulsion, is, first of all, how to deal with Quakers and other conscientious objectors. Parliament intended them to be exempted; and it set up civil tribunals in each locality, chosen from the leading public-spirited citizens, to ascertain who were really conscientious objectors. Unfortunately, under the growing passion of 'war-fever,' and the increasing stringency of the War Office demands, these tribunals have failed to recognize or to admit the conscientiousness of some 4000 men, many of them lifelong members of the Society of Friends, over one thousand of whom have already proved the uncontestable genuineness of their convictions by undergoing, not only a great deal of brutal treatment in the regiments to which they were assigned, but also successive terms of rigorous imprisonment with hard labor, for refusing even to put on khaki, or obey any military order. This is an unprofitable use of these men and of the warders whom they necessitate. The government is accordingly now extremely perplexed as to how to get them out of prison. They cannot be turned into soldiers; and they refuse, no matter how harshly they are treated, to make any compromise with what they hold to be 'the accursed thing.'

The British government, which remembered how the endurance of the Quakers had beaten it in years gone by, tried to devise schemes of 'alternative service' — ambulance work, ministering to war distress, restoring devastated villages in France, roadmaking, and finally the much-needed increase of labor in food-production. Unfortunately the blunder was made — let America take warning — of putting these forms of 'alternative service' (in which many who became 'conscientious objectors' had actually been engaged) under the control of the military authorities, or of offering them in the form of explicit bargains or compromises. Any one with any acquaintance with Quaker psychology or history could have saved the government from this blunder, which it will be vital for the American government to avoid. What happened, of course, was that some 'conscientious objectors' accepted one or other form of alternative service; but that, as might have been foreseen, a large number (including many of the most sincere, the most religious, and the most notable) refused to accept anything from the military, refused even to continue their existing philanthropic work under War Office orders, refused to come to any terms with what they regarded as a sinful 'militarism.' It is these 'absolutists' — including men of the most saintly lives, honored members of the Society of Friends and leaders of ethical thought — who are certainly very trying to the military mind, whom the British government, in spite of all sorts of good intentions, now finds itself in the dilemma of having to keep in prison at hard labor, to the national loss, and at the peril of growing public scandal.

If compulsory military service is enforced, America will have some difficulty in avoiding a similar dilemma, perhaps on a much larger scale. What

British experience teaches is that the grounds for exemption on 'conscientious objection' should be made, in the wording of the law itself, absolutely definite and demonstrable for as large as possible a part of the field, even if other parts of the field have to be left to general terms and judicial discretion. Thus, the tribunal — or, better still, the administration itself in the first instance — should be absolutely required to exclude from the operation of the law any objector who proved actual membership, prior to America's entry into the war, of any religious denomination, or other society, in which abstention from participation in war is a definite tenet. Others might be allowed to submit such evidence of their conscientious conviction as they could produce, for the judgment of the tribunal; but British experience shows the necessity of taking as many cases as possible out of the sphere of judicial discretion. It is no use trying to utilize such men for warfare; and where no loophole is opened for new adherents to pacifism to escape, the conscientious objectors of old standing should be automatically excluded from the operation of the law. Their exemption must not even be made to depend on their applying for it. The government needs to be on the alert not to allow any person voluntarily to make himself a martyr.

The second lesson from British experience is that it is fatal to let the War Department have even the slightest connection with any dealings with the conscientious objectors, and especially not with projects of 'alternative service.' This only provokes resistance, and thus simply plays into the hands of those sincere fanatics who desire to make their own martyrdom the means of 'breaking down militarism.' Once the government accepts the position of exempting from actual military service the genuine 'conscientious objectors,'

it had better give up all attempts to exact from them, by compulsion, any alternative service. It is not worth enforcing by compulsion; and it only leads the government to more and more trouble. What would be wise would be for the government to lay the nation's needs before the governing assemblies or committees of the various denominations or societies to which the conscientious objectors mostly belong; and then request these authorities to organize all practicable 'national service' among their own members in whatever branches they can conscientiously engage in. The matter had better be then left to their honor. There need be no fear, for instance, of the Society of Friends not undertaking and performing the most devoted service of the community, to a vastly greater amount than the equivalent of the military service that its members of military age would escape; and the government would be relieved of the costly necessity of putting them into prison. Any other person whose conscientious objection was admitted by the tribunal might be requested to join, for the duration of the war, the alternative service organization of one or other of the denominations or societies thus corporately dealt with. If he refused to do even this much, it might be needful to put the penalties of the law in force. But the cases would be very few; and there might even be some governmental discretion in pursuing them to the end.

This expedient does not solve all the problems that will come up, if compulsory military training in time of peace should have to be accepted. But in peace-time the provision of a suitable alternative to military training is not so difficult; and America has already shown us, in William James's suggestion of alternative industrial service, how the peace problem may be solved.

Problems of Labor

In a modern industrial community engaged in a great war — as the United Kingdom had to learn from experience — the skilled manual workers, like the skilled generals, suddenly find themselves in a position of absolute indispensability. The skilled craftsmen in the factories turning out our guns and munitions, in the mines producing coal and the metallic ores and in the furnaces in which the metals are smelted, in the shipyards building all sorts of vessels, and in the workshops in which automobiles and air-craft are made, together with the operating staffs of the railroads, telegraphs, and telephones, and gas and electric plants, must be, by one expedient or other, universally held to duty in the service of the State, just as much as the soldiers and sailors. The nation can no more afford in the one case than in the other any interruption of service, any limitation of output, or any resistance to the imperative prompt increase of staff. The British trade unions at once agreed to suspend industrial war, and Mr. Gompers has been prompt in his declaration that the American Federation of Labor would do the same. In Great Britain it was soon found necessary to ask the trade unions to lay aside, for the duration of the war, whatever trade-union rules or customs, and whatever workshop practices, were found to obstruct the utmost possible increase of production. This sacrifice was made by the British trade unions without demur, on the assurance of the government that it undertook to see that reinstatement of all the rules, customs, and practices was made after the war, the employers being individually put under obligation to undo every change in their factories, and to revert to the 'pre-war conditions' and the 'pre-war practice.' A second condition was that

the employers should be prevented from deriving any increase of profit from the workmen's sacrifice, a condition which the trade unions regard as scarcely fulfilled by the limitation imposed on the profits of the 5000 'controlled establishments.'

The United States will probably find it necessary, in the same way, to secure suspension of industrial warfare and of all rules, customs, and practices standing in the way of continuous maximum production on a vastly increased scale. But this will place upon the government, as it did in Great Britain quite new responsibilities with regard to the treatment of workmen in capitalist employment. If the workmen must not strike, must not leave their employment, and must not enforce their trade-union rules, they are delivered over to the employers in a helpless state. This will be, in spite of the American Constitution, a condition of 'involuntary servitude.' The government must, therefore, — merely in order to secure peace, even if equity be disregarded, — not only guarantee, but also actually insure (a) that there shall be no reduction of standard rates, or other 'nibbling' at wages; and (b) that there shall be no tyranny or capricious disciplining or discharge of workmen. These conditions are not easy to secure in capitalist establishments without an amount of inspection and control for which neither the government nor the employers will at first be prepared. But in every case in which they are not, in fact, secured, whatever may be the good intentions with which the parties start, there will be the seeds of industrial revolt; and wherever the employers or their foremen repeat their aggression, or what the workmen consider to be aggression, there will be — in spite of all the good wishes and efforts of the leaders — industrial strife. Moreover, prices will certainly continue to rise;

and the American government will find, as the British government has found, that employers cannot be trusted spontaneously to raise wage-rates in anything like the same proportion. The government is therefore compelled to intervene, if only to prevent interruption of work, and peremptorily to require and enforce the concession of such advances of wages or 'war-bonuses' as it considers to be necessary. All this has become, in Great Britain, for the duration of the war, simply 'common form'; and the Federal government will find itself, willy-nilly, and quite regardless of the Constitution, in the same position. Where smooth running is from the outset imperative, or where difficulties become acute, — as in Great Britain in the cases of the railways and of the coal mines, — it is found simpler to 'nationalize' the whole industry summarily; and to require the existing directors and managers to carry it on for the account of the government.

What has caused most of the 'labor discontents' which, notwithstanding the tremendous patriotism shown by the manual workers, the United Kingdom has not escaped, has been the inability of the employers — largely of the managers and foremen — to realize that it was essential, under war conditions, to give up 'taking advantage' of the workmen in ways which are, in peace-time, customary and condoned. Thus, no injunction of the government has availed to stop the constant tendency to 'cut rates' on piece-work jobs (largely on the occasion of fixing new rates for jobs of slightly different magnitude or character), whenever the workmen were thought to be 'making

too much.' This has led to repeated strikes and enormous national loss. The only suggested remedy is that the fixing of piece-work rates or premium bonus times should be taken altogether out of the hands of the management, just as in well-organized trades the standard rate for time-work is removed entirely from the arbitrary rule of any one employer or any one operative, and is formulated collectively for all the establishments of the district. The translation of the standard time-rate into the piece-work rate or premium bonus time for a particular job, should, it is suggested, be always done by a pair of independent 'rate-fixers,' — one representing the trade union and the other the Employers' Association, — these two referring to an umpire chosen by them in any case in which they cannot agree upon this issue of fact. But to this curtailment of their autocracy British employers in the engineering industry — unlike those in the brass-working trade and in the Northumberland coal-mines, where the system has long prevailed — cannot yet be made to agree.

It remains to be seen whether the American 'captains of industry' will accept this method of avoiding industrial strife, or devise some other. What is certain is that the absolute necessity of securing unbroken continuity of production in modern war compels not only a great deal of 'involuntary servitude' in industry, but also, if the gravest discontents and revolts are to be avoided, some entirely novel expedients of workshop management, about which the British Ministry of Munitions is presumably advising the United States government.

THE DIARY OF A COWARD

[These records, which came to light after the death of a Dutch volunteer in the French service, were never intended to see the light of day. The name of the author is, therefore, withheld; but the *Atlantic* has reason to believe the documents to be genuine. The translation has been made for the *Atlantic* from the original Dutch. — THE EDITORS.]

PARIS, August 14, 1914.

DOES every one experience such enormous difficulty in reaching a decision in matters of importance, or is this peculiarity limited to inferior people like myself? I know well enough how readily one assumes an air of serene certainty toward one's friends and acquaintances, a tone of 'Of course I will do this or that'; and how one then does this or that because one has said so. I am not concerned with such external, apparent certainty, however, but rather with inner certainty, or, better still, with lack of certainty. And I at least have always had this paralyzing hesitancy, whenever in my life I have stood before an important choice.

And so it is now. I cannot order my thoughts. Like a troop of madmen they run to and fro, and into one another. What seems irrefutably right at one moment, appears as stupid and overzealous the next. I shall, therefore, at least temporarily, keep a record, in the hope that after some time I may be able to discover the position toward which I seem to tend. For, above everything else, I want to act in accordance with my inner self, provided such a thing reveals its existence.

Since the declaration of war I have felt nervously excited. Frequently I have felt a vague fear; but I have also been full of an irritating, unwholesome curiosity. It is going to be an entirely new war—a struggle with flying machines, airships, submarines (not to mention the improved guns that must differ enormously from the cannon of

1870). How can any one have dared to begin such a war?

Paris feels secure in its great confidence in the French army, a confidence which to me seems entirely justified. There is also a quite general contempt, not for the German soldier, but for German tactics and for the German officer. Is this also justified? Who knows? But in a month or two, *we shall know*.

In connection with the events of the last two weeks, I am constantly asking myself, What am I to do?

The answer to the question is fraught with no importance for France; for me personally it is of the utmost consequence. Shall I enlist as a volunteer or shall I stay at home?

For a fortnight now I have been struggling with this question; and I have not reached a decision. To ask advice is not possible in this case. For whom could I ask? I have acquaintances, of course; but friends? One perhaps, who lives in the Dutch East Indies. I became estranged from my relatives long ago. Therefore I shall have to stand entirely by myself.

It is nearly five years now since Jeanne died, and it will soon be four and a half years since I moved into bachelor's quarters. Mine has been an uneventful existence, with but little variety. It is true, I see my colleagues, and I have other acquaintances whom I meet in the evening in the Café de la Paix on the Boulevard du Temple. But the greater part of my leisure is spent in my room, reading, working a little, doing a great many trifles. The

loneliness of this existence does not oppress me very much; for a long time I have been living as in a dream — vegetating. I have performed the duties of my profession without much enthusiasm, and without much aversion. But now I have suddenly been shocked out of my dull equilibrium.

When I look down into the street from my window, I notice an unaccustomed stir. A confused noise of muttering voices rises up to me — now and then shouts break through. It is clear to me that in these days all men in France stand shoulder to shoulder: one in thought, one in hope, one in determination. But I remain on the outside! Again and again the question arises: Shall I join? Or shall I stay out, being a foreigner? It is possible — and, after all, is it not most natural?

I am not such a furious hater of everything German as my colleagues, Pichaud and Marcel, who look upon the *sales Boches* as a lot of intriguers and scoundrels. Although I can see a lack of harmony in their civilization, and although many of their prominent people impress me as petty tyrants and upstarts, as being often too submissive and too slavish, still I must recognize that there are, even among the Germans, many enterprising, able, and energetic people; and ‘good’ men as well.

But notwithstanding all these impartial intellectual reflections, I feel indignation over the invasion of Belgium. That was an infamous act. How can they even attempt to justify such burglary? Yet they surely will. In the eyes of a German, every other German, and, above all, the German government, is always right.

The most divergent feelings have forced themselves upon me these last days. Sometimes I experience agreeable excitement when I foresee the stupendous events that are about to take

place near me, under my eyes; and when I think that I shall be one of the few privileged to feel the exaltations of the tremendous experience, *without being myself exposed to danger*.

Even after I had examined this by no means noble sentiment more closely and when I had understood its origin, the pleasant sparkling feeling did not pass away. The baseness of my character was revealed all too clearly!

And yet I cannot bring myself to the decision to remain at a safe distance from danger. I hesitate and I continue to hesitate. My acquaintances are curious to know what I am going to do.

‘Will you not have to enlist?’ I am asked.

‘I am not a Frenchman,’ is my reply. ‘I come from Holland.’

Most of them look at me then, not with much kindness; they shrug their shoulders and mutter something like, ‘Cela n’empêche pas —’

My landlady, Madame Cabuchon, with whom I have rarely conversed more than once a month, inquired yesterday whether or not I was going to leave. She has her troubles, the poor woman. Three of her lodgers have already left — perhaps for good! I replied that I could not tell for certain, and that I would inform her as soon as I had decided what to do.

Practically all my younger acquaintances, and those of my own age as well, are serving. I cannot delude myself by pretending that I would not be accepted. I am thirty-six years old, without any disability so far as I am aware, and in fairly good health. I have never served in the army. It is true that I was a faithful member of the Volunteer Corps during my student days in Utrecht. That does not mean very much; but it helps a little. And I am inclined to think that I am not below the majority of the volunteers in fitness. But *I do not have to go*, and

when arguing calmly, it seems as if I ought not to.

Yet I cannot be entirely satisfied with this conclusion. I owe much to France. With Jeanne I have passed here my happiest — at any rate, my best years. And now that my life no longer has much value, why should I spare it? And then I ask again: is it not quixotic to join the fight when one can stay out of it? At any rate, before I decide I must consider the pros and the cons very carefully.

PARIS, August 16, 1914.

I have got no further, and I foresee that I shall not get any further. I have gazed at Jeanne's portrait on my desk and tried to convince myself that she is still alive and can tell me what to do. — In what superstitions does one seek refuge! Of course, it was of no use. I know it too well: I should be able to hear her answer only if I could give it myself. Now I am thinking again how good it would be if only Fred were here, so that I could consult him. But Fred is in the East Indies. If I write him now, months will be gone before I get his reply.

The stir and excitement in the city are increasing. It makes me restless. The bulletins in front of which people are crowding, the incessant hawking of newspapers and extras, the shouting, the singing, the troops which march past with their bands and the rattling of drums, the artillery with the guns thundering over the pavement, the splendid dragoons wildly applauded — all this causes fresh excitement each time, putting to flight my wise arguments. Then I get lost in romantic imaginings about the war, and I want to be in it. But scarcely half an hour later my enthusiasm has disappeared and the war stands out as something so horrible, so beastly, that I am astounded at all these soldiers who go by smiling and

singing, joking and shouting *bons mots* to the bystanders. They seem to be satisfied and happy. Do they not feel the shuddering horror of it all? Have they a different view of life? Or perhaps a sort of courage different from that of people like myself?

PARIS, August 19, 1914.

I have been thinking for days now, and for nights as well. How I have lain awake, for hours and hours! And all this reflecting is useless. It does not bring me one step further, and I wish that some one else could decide for me. The only thing that I am sure of is this: if I do go, I shall bitterly reproach myself afterwards. I see myself at the front, fuming: stupid fool, it was not necessary! And if I do not go, I shall be carrying about with me the oppressive certainty of being a coward.

I never considered myself very important, neither in my student days, nor later. And, frankly, I have never understood very well why Jeanne cared so much for me. I know that I am a mediocrity in nearly everything. But that I am so far below the average in personal courage as now appears to be the case — that is a sad revelation.

PARIS, August 20, 1914.

I have thought of going back to Holland and enlisting there. The Dutch army has been mobilized, there is fear of the country's being drawn into the war. But in returning to Holland I run the risk of becoming involved in petty difficulties. Besides, I am no longer a Hollander. For Jeanne's sake, too, it were better if I did not go back. It is a pity in a way. The memories of my youth draw me thither. Sometimes I dream of the old days, wandering through B. and talking with people I used to know twenty-five and thirty years ago, when I was a child. Most of them must be dead now. And then I

walk through the streets of Utrecht, a student. And when I wake from such dreams, I feel very tenderly toward Holland. I am homesick. Fortunately this feeling never lasts very long. I know only too well how much better these fantastic memories are than reality used to be; and how disappointed I should be if I were once more to see the old things.

PARIS, August 23, 1914.

To-day a boy in school said to me, 'Do you not have to serve, sir?'

'Don't you know that I am a Hollander?'

'But the Foreign Legion?'

I did not reply, but I started the work of the day. No, the Foreign Legion does not attract me. I know that there are countrymen of mine there; also Poles, Swiss, Greeks, Swedes, Roumanians, South Americans — a mixed lot. These people talk a dozen different languages. Between some of them there is an instinctive antipathy. I have heard some fine stories about that! Besides, I fear that the officers cannot have much faith in their men.

PARIS, August 28, 1914.

I do not get any further. Reports and newspaper accounts sometimes make me wish that I were there! To take part, to have romantic adventures, to see for myself, to act! But at bottom, there is the certain knowledge: the farther from it, the better.

The Germans appear to be much stronger than we anticipated. They are advancing in Belgium, and in France and in Russia. I fear that things will go wrong. And then? And then?

PARIS, August 31, 1914.

How small and mean everything in me is! It is regrettable that cowardice and love of ease bind me to this empty existence. If only I had some one to live for! While hundreds of thousands

who love, who are of use and who are needed, offer their lives without questioning, I continue to vegetate, wasting my days in an unmanly hesitation, a smarting, fruitless worry.

PARIS, September 2, 1914.

The knot has been cut. Or rather — it will be cut for me. I will not join the Foreign Legion. But I have asked for my naturalization papers. If I am allowed to become a Frenchman, then I must serve. If not, the matter is settled, and I shall have done what I could. At last some decision is on the way — which turn I am hoping for, I do not myself know.

V——, November 15, 1914.

For four weeks now I have been here in V——, where we are being trained, nearly a thousand of us.

When after weeks of waiting the decision finally came, I at first intended not to continue these notes. But the question whether I was really entirely devoid of courage continued to occupy me. In a month or two, when I shall know, I may find it not uninteresting to have a picture of what I felt and thought during these days of hesitation. For this reason I shall continue to write down what is going on within me as honestly as I can.

Before the reply to my request came, I waited for days and days. I had periods of the greatest anxiety. Then there were hours of indifference. Sometimes I reproached myself for not having been strong enough to make my own decision in one way or another, but soon it appeared again to be best to allow the decision to be made for me. Throughout the period my mood was depressed; I had no desire to make any notes in this diary. When the news finally came, I had at first a feeling of relief. The enervating uncertainty was past, and the feeling that I had done

my duty, or rather that I was going to do it, was a pleasant one. At just about that time the news of the victory of the Marne came. What a glorious clearing! I immediately informed my principal, my colleagues, my landlady, and my acquaintances, of my intention to take service. They did not receive the announcement as anything so very remarkable, and their indifference caused me some disappointment, even though I could fully understand their attitude.

In the mean time my self-satisfaction began to disintegrate. I remember vividly how some mornings I awoke with the oppressive feeling that something horrible was about to enter into my existence. And then at once I knew it, and I felt a pang in my breast. I should have to take part in the fighting. There was no escape.

The self-confidence would return somewhat after rising, and especially after going out. But a shifting fear remained lurking in my heart, disappearing and again returning, a fear which I could sometimes suppress but never drive out. Early in the morning in bed that stealthy feeling of an approaching calamity was strongest.

After a few days I seemed to grow accustomed to the new condition. However, when I received the call to go to V—— and report there, it came back very strongly. I cursed my stupidity. I read again what I had written in this diary in August, and it suddenly made surer the conviction that I was a genuine coward. It seemed to be proved, not only by my long hesitation, but equally by my half-hearted, quasi-courageous resolve to ask for naturalization papers. I realized that I was as much afraid of joining as of being looked upon as a coward. It was evident that I lacked even the small amount of firmness necessary to act differently from the great mass! And consequently I should

now have to go with the rest on the leaking ship.

Doubtless it was again the lack of courage to act differently from others which made things go fairly well in V——, among so many others sharing the same fate. In this group of people willing, thinking, and feeling all the same way, I began very quickly to feel at home and safe. During the daytime at least; the first nights in V—— were frightful: thirty-six of us in one room. I could not sleep; all night long I heard heavy breathing, snoring, whispering, muttering, cursing. Eating together I did not mind, working together still less. But *sleeping!* Dead tired, with a headache, and irritable from over-fatigue, I stretched myself out upon my straw sack. Sleep would not come. I did not have a good bed; I was too cold; snoring, snorting, groaning kept me awake. I was restless, turned from one side to the other, and made myself miserable by all sorts of horrible imaginings. I was thinking continually of what the future would bring. I hoped that it might be painless death, sudden death.

Now I am entirely accustomed to my surroundings.

V——, November 17, 1914.

I met a former pupil, Étienne S. He has changed a great deal during the five years since I saw him last and I did not recognize him. But he did recognize me.

'You here, sir?'

'Why not?'

Quite involuntarily, I assumed the tone of the self-assured man who knows exactly why he acts thus and so.

We are making good progress with our training. But most of the men are muttering that it should go faster. It is taking too long to please them. Are they honest about this? I believe they are, most of them, at least. There are

of course some who merely repeat what they hear others say. Yesterday I caught myself saying, 'It is getting time for us to have a turn at things.' I was not conscious at the moment of having bragged.

The crowds are cheering us. It brings to my mind the first days of August in Paris. How remote the marching troops seemed then! I did not understand how they could go so cheerfully to meet the danger. They all seemed heroes. And I still think that these soldiers were quite different from what I am now.

Last week, on our return from target practice, we passed a group of young women and girls who threw flowers at us, shyly at first, and with serious faces, but then with laughter and jokes and shouting. I caught one, a brownish yellow chrysanthemum. I was as happy with it as a boy. And at the same time I felt ashamed.

V—, November 20, 1914.

I am fairly well adjusted to my present life. Not merely externally, — that I was from the beginning, — but also spiritually. This war is a terrible thing; but for us at least it is a necessity. I am fully convinced that, unless we triumph over them, the Germans will forever remain a threatening danger for us. Germany does not recognize in other states the same rights that she claims for herself. She wants to be in supreme control. If this is allowed, Holland will be one of the first victims: first a vassal state, then a part of the Empire!

I am reconciled to the idea that I may fall. When I consider how many of my comrades have others dependent upon them, my life appears without value. How exaggerated an importance one attaches to one's life in times of peace! In this respect at least war teaches a valuable lesson.

V—, December 28, 1914.

The time has finally come. We shall get seven days' leave to-morrow and then we shall be distributed among active units.

To F. van B., Esq., President of the Rural Council at B—, Java.

PARIS, January 2, 1915.

DEAR F—,

You will be surprised when you receive these papers: a diary, or something of that nature, at least, of the undersigned. It is much easier to reveal our most intimate feelings to people who are far from us and whom there is not the slightest chance of meeting again, than to others. As you will notice, I am disclosing in these papers what one usually keeps hidden very carefully. But if only you will keep it to yourself, read what I have written. Do not expect anything extraordinary, anything exciting or exalting. I send this package chiefly because I want it kept safely. In a few days I shall leave for the front and there I should run the risk of having these papers fall into the hands of people whom they do not concern. Besides, I do not want to carry unnecessary luggage. Should I come out alive, I should like to get the papers back, to read them again after the war, to gain a fuller knowledge of myself, you know! If I should feel any desire to continue my diary after I get in the trenches, I shall do it in the form of letters to you. Put them with what I am sending you now. You will not receive any war correspondence from me — more than enough of that is to be found in the newspapers and in the periodicals. What I have written, and what I may still write, has to do with introspection only. My chief problem is to find out how I shall behave in the face of danger. It will be far from fine — I fear. But I am interested in the

truth, the bare truth, be it ever so ugly. I am not going to embellish matters therefore. Toward others, you will be silent, will you not? At least, as long as I live! After I am dead tear the stuff up or do with it as you like.

S—, *January 22, 1915.*

DEAR F—,

We are still a few hours' journey behind the front.

Taking it all in all, I am not dissatisfied. As a rule, I feel calm. Now and then a faint feeling arises vaguely. But in the course of ordinary conversation it readily disappears. At times, I even get flickerings of a desire to fight. Not the real thing, however, I presume; more in the nature of artistic imagination. The knowledge that I am carrying practically no responsibility contributes more than anything else to creating a mood of quiet resignation. I am a soldier and I have to obey. That is all.

Rather a mean point of view, this, you will say. True, but under the circumstances it appears to me the only proper one. I have not the remotest approach to an opinion as to what ought to be done. Neither has any one else in my vicinity. But we have faith in our generals. We do not worry and we wait — others think, judge, and decide for us. Also, habit helps to make our lives bearable. Last, but not least, there is the natural inclination to seek accord with surroundings that are harmonious. Even those who hesitate are influenced by the spirit of unity of the whole. This does not mean that there are never any differences of opinion. One hears discussions and debates on all sides. But in nearly all cases these are based upon playing with words, or attaching different meanings to the same expression. As to the abstract, wordless thought, we are nearly always in accord.

S—, *January 24, 1915.*

In the distance we hear continually the rumble and the dull thud of heavy gunfire. Each time I feel a strange respect and admiration, mingled with fear, for the men in the first line of trenches.

Sometimes we meet them when they are relieved. Then they look like ordinary people, who do not see anything unusual in what they are doing. When we talk to them, it seems that we also look upon it as the ordinary thing; that we are only a little curious. But as far as I am concerned, I know that I *feel* it all very differently.

S—, *January 29, 1915.*

We are relatively safe here. Recently a few grenades got lost in our vicinity. Yesterday a German flyer was overhead, dropping bombs near enough to be troublesome. But as for the real, big danger I do not know what it means.

Before long our turn for the trenches will come. Most of the fellows are wishing for the time to come. At least, that is what they say. I am fearing it. I am in earnest when I say to myself, that my life is of little value, even to myself. Yet I fear the trenches.

S—, *January 30, 1915.*

I had to stop yesterday. In front of us a fight was developing; the order to move forward was expected at any moment. We were ordered to fall in, were allowed to sit or to lie down, and then we had to wait for five endless hours.

The German fire seemed to be coming nearer. The incessant explosions made us excited and nervous. We were impatient to be allowed to participate in some way or other. But we had to wait, wait endlessly. The idleness irritated me to such an extent that I feared I was going mad. I wanted to get shot,

to get relief from this enervating suspense and from my bursting headache. After some time, a reaction set in. I became indifferent, only half conscious. It is all over now, thank God!

Yesterday evening transports of wounded soldiers came past us repeatedly. Hearing the wailing and the groaning, seeing all the bloodiness, made me sick. I had better not write about this. While in the midst of the danger I had not been afraid; then, however, the fear of the front suddenly overtook me again. I violently reproached myself for having been so stupid as to enlist. There I was in the midst of this insane murder! And by my own free will!

Free will? At least, that is what we call it.

D—, *February 21, 1915.*

DEAR F—,

And now we are at the front. I have already spent more than two weeks in the trenches. Yesterday we were given eight days' leave. I went with a comrade whose parents live here in D—. The dear boy has become very much attached to me. He believes that I am a strong support for him! Must I weep at this, or laugh? Gaston has told me in great confidence that he gets occasional attacks of cowardice. And he asked me whether I did not despise him. He is terribly afraid that the fellows will notice it, but he did not mind confiding in me. Why in me? He says it is because he admires my imperturbable calmness so much. What could I reply? It seemed best not to tell him how things stood with me. Apart from the difficulties such a confession would cause me, I concluded that it would also be better for him to believe in my courage.

A little while ago I suddenly remembered the awe and admiration with which, in Paris and in V—, and even after that, I thought of the troops who

were fighting in the trenches. Now I am there myself. And so I myself have probably become a hero in the eyes of others.

A hero! But there are real heroes and make-believe heroes; and they are not always easily distinguishable. I do not hide from myself that I belong to the make-believes. And yet, it is remarkable that I did not find the second week at the front as terrible as the first. It is not as bad there as it seems. When once you get accustomed to the idea that you may be dead in a day, or in an hour, or in a minute, and when you are clear as to your future, your mood is relieved from constant depression. Involuntarily you become kind and helpful to those about you, you do not get vexed over trifles, you are ready to make all sorts of sacrifices. Of course, if, in the midst of such a condition, a grenade suddenly drops into your trench, if you see three or four of your comrades getting killed, your misery returns, no matter how good an outward appearance you may keep up. At least, for a while. But then again the thought comes that getting wounded means rest and safety, and good care. And death? that is still less terrible. One boasts of reaching one's destination along the shortest road! Is not death every one's final destination?

S—, *March 1, 1915.*

DEAR F—,

We are back in the trenches. It was a little strange at first, but we soon got readjusted. It makes a big difference whether one is in the front line or in the second or third. In the first, one is with few companions. And although one lies behind broad wire entanglements, one has to keep a steady watch. For there are openings in these entanglements, through which we pass to make an attack.

In the other lines it is safer — and

also pleasanter. We crowd together, usually in threes or fours. In the hiding-places there is the loudest talking, of course. The debate usually runs on the question as to how it will be after the war. How strange it seems to one sitting here, to imagine *peace*, and to think of sleeping on a bed night after night — on a real bed, in a room all to one's self! And of breakfast with a newspaper by your side! Or of a walk in the Bois de Boulogne! And of hearing nicely dressed boys and girls sing and play in the streets! And of being able to wash as often as you like, and to feel the freshness of clean linen on your body!

Of course there are other wishes and luxuries.

In the end every one is lost in his dreams. And then the thought comes sometimes: formerly, when we had the enjoyment of all these things, it seemed quite common, they made no one particularly happy. How long will it take after we get them back before we shall take them again as a matter of course? There is so little in life that has real enduring value. One looks for it here, another there; no one finds it. Who knows whether there are not some among us who, after many years, will think back to this time with a sense of regret and desire, who will feel that this was their most beautiful year, a time when they lived most fully and genuinely?

March 3, 1915.

It is peculiar that one can get so accustomed to danger.

I have tried to account for it, and it appears to be like this: at first our thoughts are almost incessantly occupied with the frightful things that are about to happen. Then moments come — only a single one at first — in which our thoughts wander away, involuntarily, and dwell on something else. Suddenly fear returns. But the periods

of repose become more frequent and of longer duration. And when they are disturbed by fear, the painful shock becomes gradually less violent. Neither does fear itself ache so hard. And then the time approaches when one is conscious of fear only on occasions when there is a violent fire, or when men fall. That is my present condition. There seems to be a further stage in which one is rid of fear for good.

So far I shall not get.

O —, March 20, 1915.

DEAR F —,

I am writing from the hospital. A fortnight ago I was wounded in the right hip by a grenade splinter. It was not very serious, only a flesh wound. I suddenly felt a shock; a feeling of heaviness came over me, rather than one of pain. At first I did not understand it and wanted to get up; but I fell over. I wanted to ask something, but before I could do that I became unconscious. When I regained consciousness, I was in the ambulance.

The first treatment of the wound was painful and took a long time. But at last I could be moved to the hospital. Here one can manage very well. Some of the physicians and nurses are surprised that most of the wounded are in such a tranquilly happy, almost blissful mood. But one lies in bed so quietly, one is cared for with so much tenderness, and above all, one feels so gloriously *safe*!

If the sister who sits near my bed, and who forbids me to continue writing, could read this, she would surely lose some of her admiration for *le brave Hollandais*!

March 31, 1915.

My wound has healed and before long I shall return to the front. I am urging to be allowed to go. Not from a desire to fight — indeed not! Simply from a common everyday feeling of

duty. I have no right any longer to occupy this place, to which some one else has greater claim. And why postpone misery which is inevitable? If it has to be, then let it be at once.

Without having given any occasion for it, I am being looked upon as a hero here. A friend of Gaston's is a distant cousin of one of the nurses. Gaston inquired after me, and apparently used that occasion to do a good deal of boasting. At any rate, some greatly embellished stories of my sang-froid have been going the rounds here. Without having to lie, I could say that all this was invented, or at least highly exaggerated. The consequence was that I was looked upon, not only as a hero, but as a giant of modesty as well. It is very annoying. However, to be honest, I must confess that now and then this undeserved praise gives me a feeling of satisfaction; I have always known that I was weak-minded.

A few times I was on the point of saying, 'Do believe me, it was not courage which made me become a soldier, neither was it courage which made me do my duty. (After all, what is it that I have done?) And it is not courage which causes me to urge my departure. Know that I would much rather remain in this hospital where I am so well cared for and where I am so safe.'

But I did not say anything. Because — so I tell myself — I know only too well that I should not succeed in making these people understand my base thoughts and my low sentiments. They would merely repeat their talk of 'modesty.'

H—, April 8, 1915.

DEAR F—,

I am back with my old company — a piece of good luck. And what is more, I have been promoted to a corporalship. No small thing, eh? Just the same, it made me happy. I was touch-

ed by the friendly spirit of the fellows Gaston shook my hand at least six times, muttering, 'Ah, *mon vieux, mon vieux*, how I have missed you!' This does one good. And I had better not get lost in the question as to how much of all this attachment I deserve.

H—, April 12, 1915.

A few days after my return to the troop we went back to the firing line. Yesterday I was in the second line of trenches. The Germans began an attack that was meant in earnest. There was incessant thundering of cannon. We had to withdraw to our hiding-places and wait — for hours and hours. The only relief we had was caused by a sudden avalanche of sand. A part of the trench appeared to have caved in. After the first scare, there came a feeling of relief and a certain satisfaction. At least we could *do* something now, digging ourselves out of the loose earth and repairing the damage with our spades. Then, again, it was waiting. A few times I clambered up to look through a periscope which a sergeant loaned me. Nothing to be discovered — nothing but smoke. Apparently our officers did not think that our turn would come very soon. I am glad of it, I thought. I could not see anything attractive in a hand-to-hand fight. I am not afraid of a gun wound, but when I think of getting a bayonet thrust, I shudder.

It cannot be helped. We have to take whatever comes along.

April 18, 1915.

Nothing in particular happened on the day on which the above was written. But the next day —! Not even now, five days later, have I regained my equilibrium. Shall I be proud of my conduct later on? Or shall I be ashamed of it? When I am with others, I can be cheerful. When I am alone or

when I lie awake at night, I feel very uncertain. But could I have acted differently under the circumstances?

In the early morning of the 13th the cannonading was resumed, and again we had hours of exhausting expectation. Toward noon we noticed that an unusual event was coming. The captain shouted something. I could not understand a word. Gaston understood: the wire entanglements in front of the first line of trenches had been shot to pieces. We had to hold ourselves ready. There was incessant telephoning.

'They are coming!' some one yelled.

I could not restrain myself any longer and looked over the edge of the trench.

They were coming indeed; I saw them. In broad, irregular rows they were running toward us. Straight toward me, it seemed. And behind them, there came others, and still others, ever more. The German guns were silent now. And then suddenly ours began to roar with redoubled vigor.

Holes, narrow clefts, and fissures were torn in the massive gray billows that came rolling toward us.

'Not a single one will get through!' I heard some one shout.

But behind the first wave came a second one, and a third one behind that. I saw them approach, losing in vigor, yet remaining strong.

We were ready. In that moment I felt no fear! Like the others, I was burning to fly out of the trenches. Suddenly a strange silence came, and then the call: '*Attaquez! Attaquez!*'

We clambered up, jumped over the edge of the trench, and ran forward. In front, to the left, to the right, everywhere there were French soldiers, storming forward.

I saw the Germans coming nearer, in their dirty gray uniforms, in rows, in heaps, and in smaller groups, some

VOL. 120 - NO. 2

even singly. I saw the glistening and flickering of their bayonets, I heard them yell and shout. My heart thumped so hard that I had difficulty in breathing. Around me our men were shouting loudly. I was shouting too, and felt relieved when I heard my own voice, however indistinctly. Now and then a rifle-shot could be heard. We were running fast. '*En avant! En avant!*'

Suddenly I became aware of a desire to hold back a little, and thereby to postpone, if only for a single second, the terrible moment of the clash. I happened to be pushed by a comrade behind me and I flew forward again.

At last we had reached the Germans. Six steps in front of me I saw Gaston bayoneting an officer. Not a second later the poor chap fell himself — hit by a rifle-shot, as I learned later.

Suddenly a big German stood before me, a deathly pallor on his face, his mouth drawn, his eyes crazed with fear. His terror gave me courage and a feeling of superiority. I jumped on him. He tried to defend himself, but with all my strength, I plunged my bayonet into his body. '*Bravo Caporal!*' I heard some one call. While with the greatest difficulty I pulled my gun out — it was being sucked into the wound, oh, horror! — scores of my comrades ran past. I tried to catch up with them, stumbled over a body, and fell, with my head to the ground. But immediately I got up again and ran forward, more slowly however; my legs felt weak and powerless. I saw one of our men struggling with an enemy, stopped for a moment, and drove my bayonet into his body. Forward again! I had no further encounters. The attack had been repulsed. The German guns began thundering again; we had to return to our trenches.

I took the death of Gaston (and of many others) more calmly than I had

feared. This is not so surprising after all. Death may strike any one of us, at any moment. We have accepted that chance. But if that is our attitude toward ourselves, why should we not have it toward our friends?

But it still seems strange to me that I cannot reach a definite judgment on my action in this last fight. Certain it is that the circumstances absolutely required my doing what I did, even leaving entirely out of consideration the fact that to every one his own life is dearer than that of a stranger. I cannot hesitate in the choice between a French soldier and a German soldier. But it is equally certain that killing men runs counter to my nature and is absolutely irreconcilable with ideas which I had always accepted without question. Efforts to remove the con-

tradiction between these thoughts must inevitably fail. It is in this way that I seek to explain the fact that at one moment I am cheerful, and sing with the rest—that I am invariably rejoicing over my good luck in the last fight, not merely having escaped without even the slightest scratch myself, but having had besides the good fortune of killing two Germans; while the next moment I sit worrying silently, asking myself, ‘How is it possible that you are taking part in this frightful war—as a volunteer?’

[This was the last letter of Jan R— received by Mr. van B—. A letter sent by the latter in March was returned to the sender with the notice on the envelope: ‘Fallen at Souchez.’ — THE EDITORS.]

TACTICS AND ARMAMENT: AN EVOLUTION

BY RAOUL BLANCHARD

THIS study is not the work of a specialist in military matters; it has no concern, therefore, with developments of a purely technical nature. It undertakes the simpler task of explaining the great transformations which have taken place in the operations on the Western front, passing from a state of most rapid flux to the absolute immobility of trench-warfare, and now tending to abandon this stagnation in favor of fighting in the open.

These vastly important changes, which have caused the contending armies to employ radically variant tactics in the course of the same war, are

to be explained by the prodigious advances made in armaments while the struggle goes on. For nearly three years now, the intellectual activity of half the peoples of the civilized world has been focused on the perfecting of engines of destruction or defense. The results have been incalculable; they have revolutionized the tactics of the battlefield. In Napoleon's time tactics changed every ten years or so, while to-day one might well say that they change every six months. This evolution is due to one factor which always works in the same direction: the continuous increase in strength, speed,

and range communicated to projectiles by explosives. Artillery is the essential element of present-day warfare, and artillery tactics have gradually penetrated the province of all other arms. For offensive operations we have witnessed, not only an increase of the number, the calibre, and the firing-speed of cannon, but also the conversion of the infantry into a sort of light artillery, flexible and quick-moving, while aviation has become in a way the artillery of the air.

The defensive, on the other hand, has been preoccupied with finding new means of protection against an artillery which grows more varied and destructive. In their progress the offensive and defensive have not always kept abreast; and it is this fluctuating inequality which has created the various phases of the conflict. At first the methods of attack were most effective, bringing about that *warfare of movement* which lasted through the two months of August and September, 1914. The side of the defensive, however, bent all its energy toward improving its condition, and, after a rapid process of perfection, evolved *trench warfare*, which reached its fullest development between October, 1914, and the beginning of 1916. During this long term, the means of attack went on improving in quality as well as in quantity, and 1916 once more saw the *dominant offensive*. These are the three phases which we shall analyze.

1. *The Warfare of Movement*

The first two months of the war marked a real triumph of offensive tactics — a triumph accruing chiefly to the Germans, who reaped the harvest of their admirable preparation. It will not be amiss here to consider briefly the elements of this preparation, and the condition of their adversaries.

The German superiority lay almost

completely in their armament — especially in the strength of their artillery. Every one of the army corps which went into battle was provided with 160 cannon. Among this number, it is true, were field guns of 77-mm calibre, of mediocre value, but there were in addition sixteen 105-mm howitzers and a battery of 150's. The command also had at its disposal, groups of heavy 210-mm guns, besides the Austrian pieces of 305 mm, drawn by motor-tractors, and, finally, the famous 420-mm howitzers, which have long been discredited. All this heavy artillery, with a range of from five to ten kilometres, was directed by a well-organized aviation service, which made it possible to strike the enemy without seeing him and without being seen. Herein lay the prime element of the early victories.

The infantry, however, also had great advantages. Although its automatically loading rifle possessed no marked superiority, it was provided with great quantities of machine-guns, permitting a fierce intensity of fire. The German soldier, too, was almost invisible, thanks to the *feldgrau* uniform which had been thoughtfully devised for him. The scouting and reconnoitring service had at its disposal a great number of armored motor-cars, making it easy to penetrate the invaded territory with lightning speed. This supplemented the cavalry, whose rôle was unimportant save in September and October, during the 'drive to the sea,' when it took the place of extremely mobile infantry.

Add to this material excellence the valor of the German soldier, his thorough-going instruction, his amazing faith in the triumph of his arms, and we have the principal reasons for that brilliant initial success. It is reported that the German Emperor, shortly before the crisis, declared: 'If war should

come, we will show the world what an army really is.' The Kaiser spoke truth. In August, 1914, the German war-machine might have been considered as a sort of terrible perfection.

The superiority of this instrument of attack was all the greater because Germany's adversaries had been more or less negligent of their own preparation. The little Belgian army was taken by surprise in the midst of reorganization. The British army, sturdy and brave as it was, was insignificant in numbers. As for the French, if their personal courage, their dash, their spirit of sacrifice were incomparable, their equipment left much to be desired. By way of artillery, they had a marvelous field gun,—the '75,' with its extraordinary accuracy and speed,—but their lack of heavy cannon was cruelly felt. The rapid-fire gun was little used by the infantry. The uniform had preserved the dazzling contrast of colors — red and blue — which had been adopted in the days of Louis-Philippe for the purpose of fostering the culture of dye-producing plants. Army aviation, though originated by the French, was regarded as a kind of sport, with no practical application. This superb force, therefore, filled with enthusiasm and patriotic fervor, went forth to battle in a state of insufficient preparation which was destined to bring cruel disillusionments.

The first of these came with the speedy fall of the fortresses. Peace-loving France, whose chief preoccupation had been with defense, placed her trust in these great walls of concrete. It was only necessary, however, for the heavy artillery to appear before them to lay them low. The forts at Maubeuge and the powerful redoubt of Manonvillers, in Lorraine, fell like a house of cards. It was the same story with the Belgian fortifications: Liège held out

only a few days against the guns of medium calibre; Namur resisted forty-eight hours, and a short time later Antwerp succumbed, bringing about a crushing demonstration of the superiority which offensive tactics, brought to perfection by an aggressive people, had won over the methods of defense.

It was the same story on the battlefields. The French army was filled with an admirable offensive spirit, but it had no means to give this spirit its proper outlet. In the first battles, therefore, we were treated to the spectacle of infantry charging across open country toward objectives which had scarcely been touched by the artillery; the Germans, invisible in their admirably protective uniforms of gray-green, rained down on the attacking columns such a storm of artillery and machine-gun fire that the assailing forces did not even get within striking distance of them. This was particularly true at Morhange and in the Ardennes. The Germans, taking the offensive, began by battering the battlefields with their heavy projectiles, only letting loose the assault when they considered that the enemy had been demoralized by this violent fire from hidden batteries. And, in truth, a great number of the French soldiers who fell in these initial engagements did not have the consolation of having fought; the majority of them were cut down before they had even seen the enemy. These first battles, in which the French soldiers struggled, so to speak, in the dark, overwhelmed by an infernal fire coming from an invisible enemy, left, in the minds of the survivors, the most frightful recollections.

This same army, however, which was put to such a searching test in August, was able, several days later, to snatch victory from defeat on the battlefield of the Marne. This stroke of good fortune was, in the last analysis, due to the fact that the French commanders had kept

their sang-froid, and the soldiers their spirit and confidence. It is hard to know where to accord the highest tribute of admiration — to the simple, clean-cut plan of the generalissimo, to the spirit of boldness and initiative of the army commanders, or to the generous ardor of the troops. It must be remembered, in this connection, that the extraordinary speed of the French retreat and the German advance had put the attacking forces at a considerable disadvantage. In spite of the admirable organization of the system of transports, the Germans were not able to bring up to the battlefield their full resources of heavy artillery, or to provide sufficient ammunition for their batteries. The battle of the Marne marked a munitions-crisis for both opposing armies. In fact, the material conditions of the adversaries were practically identical, so that the French soldier was able to give convincing proof of his superiority. The Germans had no choice but to retreat. Then, deprived for a moment of their powerful means of attack, they took the defensive in order to win time to bring up the material and the supplies which were so sorely needed. They thus provided an example to their opponents which from their point of view was bad: for when the Germans, finally reinforced, attempted to resume the offensive toward the end of September, the French simply imitated them. Then commenced that long period of trench warfare which marked for almost a year and a half the triumph of the defensive.

2. Trench Warfare

The trenches, whose part in the war became so vitally important toward the end of September, 1914, were no novelty. The Russians and the Japanese had dug themselves in for months in Manchuria, and throughout the Balkan War trenches were continually made use of.

During the period of flux, the two adversaries dug trenches whenever the opportunity was presented, even during the battle of the Marne. The French, of course, were loath to employ this method, but they were forced to adopt it at times. If the Germans set them an example on the Aisne, the French returned the compliment with warmth in Picardie, near Arras, and in Belgium, where the great waves of the German offensives of October and November were thrown back from the weak, haphazard breastwork of trenches which their opponents had hastily established. From the fifteenth of November, however, both sides, thoroughly exhausted, turned all their energies toward converting their trenches into a powerful system of defense, under cover of which they could gather together once more their troops, their munitions, and their supplies. Both succeeded so well that, in spite of repeated attempts to break through, the battlefront remained fixed in an immobility which lasted more than one year. To the trenches, themselves a stout element of defense, was added a complete system designed to prevent the enemy from approaching the works; and though new means of attack were devised and perfected, no real advantages were secured by either side during the entire year of 1915.

The trench, at first, was a mere shelter, designed to protect the fighting men from the terrible fire which scorches the battlefields, and from the rifle-bullets and the fragments of shells from both sides; it also insures invisibility to the infantryman and puts him out of harm's way. At the same time, too, it enables him to attack without being seen. It gives him an opportunity to shoot without exposing himself dangerously, and to prepare for the offensive under cover. It is, therefore, at the same time a sort of ambushade from which the assaulting party emerges, and

a fortification where it takes shelter. Naturally, however, when two lines of trenches confront each other, keeping close watch one over the other, the defensive rôle predominates, and the trench becomes, above all else, a fortification, with its *glacis*, its redoubts, its arteries of communication and of access, and its barracks. A trench is a ditch about two yards deep, scarcely wider than one yard, and often less. The earth thrown up from the excavation is piled high on the side facing the enemy and forms a sort of rampart called the parapet, dominating the whole length of the trench. This parapet is pierced by loopholes for rifle-fire; these loopholes are generally concealed with great care, and are closed by shutters, and protected by high-heaped bags of earth. An infantryman, standing at a loophole, is safeguarded from bullets which pass above him or bury themselves in the parapet. Even the shells need not be reckoned with unless they explode just above the trench or within it; and, in order to minimize this danger, the trench takes an irregular course, forming a deep bend every four or five yards, called a *pare-éclat*. Roughly speaking then, the trench is a zigzag ditch, and the men in it can scarcely be harmed except from above — or from beneath.

It was necessary, however, to find some means of preventing the enemy from advancing close to the parapet, whence he could leap into the trenches or hurl hand-projectiles. In front of the trenches, therefore, a network of barbed wire is constructed, the wire being fastened to wooden stakes or to *chevaux-de-frise*, which form the most dangerous sort of entanglement. Only a few intricate passages are left open through this wire, and these are watched with care. To make assurance doubly sure, narrow ditches are dug out in front of the trenches, in the direction of the enemy,

ending in holes which are used as advance posts. These are the listening posts, joined to the trenches proper by means of saps.

This first line, the nearest to the enemy, is generally called the firing trench. In case it should be carried by a surprise attack, the enemy must be stopped short as soon as possible, and so, at a short distance to the rear, — twenty or thirty yards, — there is a second line, the auxiliary trench, and sometimes a third. These lines are connected by narrow sinuous trenches, the *boyaux*, in which barricades can be hastily improvised by means of bags of earth. Finally, in order to establish communications with the rear without fear of bullets or shells, another intricate system of trenches leads back from the firing-line for a distance never less than several kilometres.

We have, then, a labyrinth of winding narrow lanes, forming a whole city, half underground, swarming with life, but singularly silent.

In these muddy holes the soldiers live, perforce, day and night, with no chance to emerge. To protect themselves from rain or cold, they lose no time in digging themselves dwellings in the sides of the trenches. These are sometimes mere niches, hollowed out of the earth, or, again, deeper cavities, the ceilings of which are reinforced by timbers or by iron beams. These are the dug-outs, constructed below the level of the trenches, to which one gains access by a rude stairway. Rough bunks are found in them, as well as benches and tables, especially in the rear lines. The soldiers crowd into these to sleep; sometimes it is possible for them to light a fire. These are the barracks, or rather, the houses, of the subterranean city.

As the life in this city is extremely crowded, great care must be taken with the sewage system. Gutters must be

dug to carry off the surface-water, and a sort of pavement made of thin strips of wood must be laid. These precautions do not prevent the trenches, and especially the communication trenches, from being constantly flooded with mud in which the unfortunate men who lead this underground life often sink up to their knees, sometimes even disappearing completely, as though swallowed up by a quicksand.

As we have seen, the soldier is almost completely sheltered from bullets and shells. It remains to prevent the enemy from approaching the trench and seizing it. For this purpose, the defensive weapons have been brought to a high pitch of perfection. The rifle, whose rôle really grows less and less important, is the weapon of the sentinel who stands guard at the loophole; it is usually held firmly in a brace and carefully aimed at an enemy loophole. Here too, however, the machine-gun has been far more efficient. Located in a shelter and hidden with great care, it covers the open ground in front of the trench. It stands guard over every turning of the lines, and is ready to check by enfilading fire the progress of the enemy, if he succeeds in penetrating the works at any point. It is, on the whole, the most formidable instrument of defense.

Many others, however, have been devised — especially the short-distance projectiles which are hurled over the parapet and fall within the enemy's trenches. Some of these are thrown by hand; at first they were nothing but jam-tins, fitted out with explosive and detonator; then came all the varieties of bombs, and, finally, the grenades, some of which are thrown by hand, others fired from a gun. There also grew up in the trenches a special class of artillery which fires with a very high trajectory all manner and size of projectiles — shells, bombs, and even aerial

torpedoes loaded with a huge charge of explosive.

At the slightest apparent movement of the enemy in the trench close by, he is showered with projectiles, and a barrage-fire of artillery from the rear may even be called for. The field artillery always stands ready a short distance back of the first lines, taking advantage of the least protection and artfully hidden. At the least suspicion of an attack these field pieces rain down a hail of shells on the enemy's trenches and in the zone called No Man's Land, so that it is difficult indeed for the infantry to advance without suffering horrible loss through this terrible barrage-fire, which is reinforced by a storm of bullets from the machine-guns. Defensive tactics have thus become a formidable force; in fact, a good many people believe that they have reached their climax of efficiency.

There has been, nevertheless, a corresponding development of offensive tactics, calling into play all sorts of hideous devices. Obsolete methods of warfare were revived and put to present-day use; all the forces of nature were enslaved in the attempt to strike at the infantryman behind the frail, yet efficient barrier of his earthen parapet. Mine galleries, dug deep into the ground, were driven forward beneath the enemy's works and exploded, the soldiers of both sides then rushing forward to seize the crater, join it to their own lines, and fortify it. The Germans, who recoil from no act of cruelty, invoked the aid of gas and chemicals. It is their practice to direct against their adversaries' positions a jet of inflammable liquid which bursts into flame as it leaves the projector, and burns alive the occupants of the trench under attack. Toward the end of April, 1915, they began to employ chlorine gas, which, being carried forward by the wind, advanced close to the ground in

an opaque cloud, flooding the French trenches, asphyxiating their defenders, and causing them to die in horrible torment. Later on, these tear-producing and asphyxiating gases were emitted by exploding shells.

Moreover, if the artillery, by means of barrage-fire, can effectively defend the trenches, it is even better fitted to destroy them. For this purpose the field guns are poorly adapted; the situation calls for cannon of short trajectory, firing high-explosive projectiles. Thus there came into being the trench-mortar, whose shells fall directly into the enemy lines. Heavy artillery, too, played an increasingly important rôle. It was the task of these big shells to break up the wire entanglements, shatter the parapets, and crush in the dug-outs. Out of every hundred shells fired, perhaps only one will find its mark, but this hundredth shell works terrible havoc. Heavy shell-fire will render a trench untenable and clear the way for assaulting parties.

All this elaborate system was gradually worked out in 1915. The progress made in defensive tactics, however, was so great that attempts to take the offensive were checkmated before any decisive results had been attained. Four times, in 1915, the combatants launched great attacks against the enemy lines, each marking an advance over the preceding effort, but failing to justify, on the whole, the efforts and sacrifices involved.

The first of these 'drives' was made by the French in Champagne, at the end of the first winter of war. It was practically fruitless. At that time offensive tactics against trenches were in their earliest stages of development. The artillery preparation, carried out almost exclusively by field artillery or by heavy guns which could fire only at long intervals, was quite insufficient; the wire entanglements remained in-

tact, while the trenches themselves were scarcely touched. For the success of the attack everything depended on the infantry, who charged forward with fixed bayonets. Under these conditions, everything was made easy for the enemy; the machine-guns mowed down the assaulting columns as they struggled in the barbed wire. By sheer force of bravery, the French captured a few sections of German line, the enemy digging himself in immediately to the rear; but after a few days of this the troops were exhausted, while the results obtained were nugatory. It was the same story when an attempt was made toward the beginning of April to reduce the salient of St. Mihiel. Such methods were effective in small local engagements, or in strengthening a position, but it was useless to count on them for winning a decisive success and breaking the enemy's line.

At the close of April important progress was made. It was at this date that the Germans tried the use of asphyxiating gas north of Ypres, and almost succeeded. The French troops who first met this terrible ordeal were so cruelly tried that for several hours their entire defense gave way. If the Germans had had sufficient courage that day, the Ypres salient might have fallen, but it seems they did not know how to follow up their advantage. As it was, the French troops spontaneously made a fresh stand at the rear, and saved the situation. The Canadians, supporting them on the left, gave priceless assistance. In all, then, there was only a retreat of two kilometres. After this the Allied troops were immediately supplied with masks which permitted them to make a stand against this new death-dealing element. The gas was still formidable, to be sure, but its action was no longer irresistible.

The French, in their turn, undertook a great attack in May, 1915, which was

almost crowned with success. This time the preparation was made with care; a great artillery force hammered away at the enemy positions, and the assaulting units were appointed each to its particular task, all details of time and space having been carefully worked out. It should be noted that the first line of attacking infantry was now instructed not to waste any time in the captured trenches, but to keep driving ahead, leaving it to the supporting forces to make a clean job of it. Unfortunately, the plan miscarried. On the right and left wings (Neuville-St. Vaast and Carancy) progress was slow and difficult, while in the centre it took the attacking troops one hour to reach Souchez, instead of six hours, as had been calculated. The result was surprise, confusion and hesitation; the Germans were given a chance to reassemble their forces, bring up reinforcements, and stop up the great gap which had been torn in their lines. The battle dragged on until June — in vain; it was lost. Once more the action of the artillery had not been sufficient to permit the infantry either to carry the enemy positions, or to make the most of the advantage procured by their furious assault.

The French, undaunted, determined to do better. This time it was resolved to swamp the German lines under a deluge of projectiles that would blast away the entanglements, wipe out the trenches and the *boyaux*, and annihilate the dug-outs. For the first time the attack was industrially organized: back of the selected sector of the front (Champagne) railways and roads were constructed, special conduits of water were brought in, and batteries and munition dépôts established. Communication trenches and parallels were dug; from these the assaulting troops were to pour forth.

The artillery preparation, main-

tained in all its terrible intensity for 72 hours, almost completely destroyed the German first lines. The French infantry was able to penetrate beyond them, practically unharmed, to a depth of from three to four kilometres, gathering in thousands of prisoners who were stunned by the ceaseless crashing artillery fire and starved by the cutting off of their communications with the rear. The Germans, however, anticipating the attack, had established a second line some distance back of the first, out of reach of the artillery, against which the French assault beat vainly for a fortnight. The same happened in Artois, between Loos and Vimy, proving that, in spite of the superhuman efforts which had been made, the methods of attack were inadequate, and that they must be brought to a higher pitch of perfection if it was hoped to break through the defense.

3. *The Progress of Offensive Tactics (1916)*

The Germans were the first to profit by the lesson of the Champagne drive of September, 1915. Inspired by this experience, they attempted an offensive at Verdun which narrowly grazed success. The Allies, in turn, did still better on the Somme, and finally the French, before Verdun, showed in October and December, 1916, that progress in carrying out an offensive had been constant and methodical.

The results of the battle of Champagne had shown that artillery can utterly demolish the defensive works of the enemy by deluging them with projectiles of all sizes, and that the infantry can then take possession with small sacrifice of life, capturing at the same time many prisoners. The German General Staff decided that this same procedure could be applied to operations on the broadest scale, provided

the action were taken deliberately and carried out in such a way as to permit the artillery, after destroying the first lines, to deal with the secondary systems of defense along a wide stretch of front. The attack, then, must be delivered without haste, not in whirlwind fashion, as the French had constantly attempted in 1915. It would thus be certain, and economical of men, as the brunt of the task would fall on the artillery. Hence the formula, so often repeated, which was destined to become the guiding principle of later offensives: the artillery crushes, the infantry takes possession.

The essential condition of this method of attack is the use of an exceptionally strong force of artillery. The Germans fulfilled this condition well. They brought up to Verdun ordnance in immense quantities, employing only guns of large calibre — from 210 to 420 mm — in preparing for the attack. So many were there that it was at first impossible to determine the number of batteries in action. With such means at their disposal, they counted on covering and blasting to powder every foot of coveted soil, thus shattering the defensive system of the French, together with their batteries, their stores of ammunition, and their lines of communication. Under these conditions, the infantry attack would be mere child's play, all the easier because it would be held back until everything was ready. Before it was launched, a reconnoitring party was to be sent forward to the objective, followed by a detachment of pioneers and bomb-throwers. The waves of the assault could then roll on in safety, establish themselves on the captured ground, and organize the defense.

Of the success of their plan the Germans felt no doubt. It is well known that during the first five days of the attack they won from their opponents,

demoralized as they were by the fierceness and intensity of the artillery fire, greater gains than they had dared hope for, and in less time. The resistance offered them, however, was formidable; there were no signs of sudden demoralization. Leaving aside the heroic qualities of the French soldiers, their intelligence and spirit of sacrifice, — although these were important factors in the final success of their resistance, — the tactics employed by their leaders were also admirable. These were based on three cardinal principles. First, the barrage-fire of the artillery. If artillery almost captured Verdun, it was through artillery that the fortress was saved. Here, once more, were shown the marvelous defensive qualities of the 75-mm cannon, which protected the French positions by a veritable wall of fire and rained down projectiles on the points of departure of the German assaulting infantry. This bombardment was all the more effective because the enemy was now established in positions which had been pulverized by his own shells, where no shelter was left intact. In the second place, the machine-guns fulfilled the great hopes that had been built on them. Placed wherever there was the slightest protection, they swept the attacking troops with a pitiless fire. Finally, the French tirelessly delivered counter-attacks against the points which the Germans were trying to carry. It will be remembered that in May they took back Douaumont, and that Thiaumont was lost and recaptured ten times. Instead of marching forward quietly and irresistibly toward objective points already subdued by the artillery, the German infantry was continually held back by savage charges and hand-to-hand fights which brought them terrible losses and very little conquered territory.

And so the progress made in offensive tactics, which had appeared deci-

sive during the first five days of the battle of Verdun, was once more set at naught. In five months — from the end of February to the middle of July — the Germans had succeeded only in penetrating to the depth of two kilometres on the right bank of the Meuse, and this at the price of the heaviest sacrifices.

The Allies were determined to do better on the Somme; and, in fact, the results of their offensive were greater and more lasting. Just as the attack on Verdun had been inspired by the Champagne drive, so the Somme offensive was modeled on the precepts learned at Verdun. The French and British had at their command heavy, swift-firing artillery which assured them a means of attack which they had so far lacked. They determined, therefore, to destroy methodically each of the three lines of defense possessed by the Germans at this particular point, and to limit the infantry attack to certain specified objectives, beyond which no further progress was to be made. These plans had a most successful issue in the French sector, south of the Somme. In ten days the three German lines had been destroyed and taken by assault, with small loss of life to the French; the infantry, advancing no less than seven kilometres, penetrated as far as Péronne, isolated detachments entering even here. Unfortunately the sector thus captured was not sufficiently large to permit a general drive into the enemy's rear. North of the Somme the British artillery had been unable to break down their adversaries' defenses thoroughly enough to permit the infantry to make rapid progress. This delay gave the Germans a chance to bring up reinforcements in sufficient quantity — notably batteries for maintaining barrage-fire. The offensive, it is true, was not brought to a standstill: it continued to advance steadily from

July to October; but here again success came hard, bought only by sheer heroism and lavish expenditure of life.

We have seen that in the drive on the Somme there was as yet no convincing affirmation of the new power of the offensive. By way of compensation, the last engagements at Verdun, undertaken by the French in October and December, 1916, were striking examples of what a well-prepared offensive can accomplish. Though the Germans were on their guard, though they had made every preparation for a desperate resistance, they lost in the October attack, in the space of a few days, all their hard-won conquests of five months, with 6000 prisoners, and 25 cannon to boot. In December they were flung still farther back, leaving in French hands more than 11,000 prisoners and 100 cannon. Thus was proof given that it is possible to crush the defense of the enemy on a front of eleven kilometres, drive him back to his artillery positions, and capture even these latter. The offensive had at last come into its own. Let us examine the conditions under which this was accomplished, as well as the arms and tactics employed.

The dominant principle of present-day battle-formation is based on the fact that it is impossible to break down defenses except by exceptionally intense bombardment. The entire responsibility, therefore, devolves upon the artillery. Countless batteries, of extraordinary variety, open the engagement, prepare the terrain, and follow every phase of the operations with their fire. The infantry itself has become a sort of light artillery, extremely mobile, whose function is to overwhelm the enemy with a storm of projectiles which tend to become progressively more numerous and powerful.

The artillery forces installed on the battlefield are like an enormous and highly specialized industrial plant. This

plant has its own lines of communication — roads and railways which bring the munitions and material to the front. In the first line, the trench artillery is specially commissioned to destroy the enemy's entrenchments. During the period of preparation its mortars ceaselessly pour forth high-explosive bombs which break up the wire entanglements and *chevaux-de-frise*, demolish the parapets, and crush in the trenches. At the same time, larger mortars, of calibre running from 220 to 400 mm, established in the rear, concentrate on all the fortified vantage-points, especially on villages where deep bomb-proof shelters have been constructed. They are assisted by the heavy artillery of short trajectory, which destroys the defenses out of reach of the trench artillery; the field artillery, with its guns of 75 and 105 mm, covers with its fire the entire zone under attack, helping on with the task of destruction and preventing the enemy from bringing up reserves or repairing the damage done his works. Other ordnance — long-range guns and heavy artillery of greater trajectory — are trained on the enemy's rear, striking at his communications, his railroads, his camps, and his stores; while, finally, a great force of guns of all calibres is devoted to the silencing or the neutralization of the opposing artillery fire. This tempest of steel lasts from two to five days, according to the strength of the positions to be destroyed. The task of the cannon is not ended, however, when the infantry goes forward to the assault. Their fire accompanies the attacking troops, preceding them by a hundred metres or so, and continues to hold back the enemy behind a curtain of projectiles. Moreover, the fire of the light field-pieces still protects the infantry after they have reached their objective, keeping up a barrage-fire while they are establishing themselves in the

new positions. The artillery, guided by the aviation service, never ceases to play a major part in all the phases of the battle.

The aeroplane, too, has become a real aerial artillery, no less specialized than the terrestrial variety. The largest machines are used in bombarding squadrons; their function is to drop projectiles on barracks, railway-stations, and munition-dépôts. They are accompanied and protected by the high-speed planes, which drive away enemy aviators who may attempt to make observations or drop bombs. Observation aeroplanes guide the artillery fire. Sometimes they go so far as to accompany assaulting parties, keeping the artillery posted as to the progress of the onrushing waves of infantry; and occasionally they even turn their machine-guns on troop-trains and enemy infantry in the trenches.

If the infantry continues to be an important factor for success, this is due, as I have said, to its transformation into a sort of artillery, very mobile and of a strength undreamed of at the outset of the war. Like the artillery, it has become subject to endless specialization, according to the situation to be met. The rifle, with its bayonet, — the infantryman's only arm in 1914, — was at one time nearly abandoned. To-day it is coming into use again, but its rôle is secondary, and if the majority of the troops still carry it, many of them now have arms which are more efficacious and better adapted to the new duties of the foot-soldier, such as the small *fusil-mitrailleur*, with its speed and precision, which needs a support and is served by a team of three soldiers. Then there is the grenade, in reality a little shell which can easily put several men out of the running. Sometimes it is thrown by hand, by men trained for the work; again, it is fired from a specially constructed gun. The regular machine-

gun is naturally still employed, but where in 1914 one found four or six to a regiment, there are now twenty-four, served by special crews. The infantry also takes with it into action a small-calibre cannon, a marvel of speed and accuracy, which takes particular charge of the enemy's machine-guns. Pioneers accompany this strange medley of grenadiers, machine-gunners, artillerymen and riflemen, which has evolved from the infantry units of yesterday. There is practically no resemblance to the old-fashioned bayonet-charge in the assault delivered by these infantrymen. They advance in open formation, nearly always at the double-quick, following up the progression of the artillery's barrage, according to that strange formula which calls on them to march into their own shell-fire. Behind the first wave of assault come bodies of troops armed with knives, automatic pistols, and hand-grenades, whose duty it is to clean things up and crush such resistance as may be offered by the enemy left in the trenches. When they have reached their appointed goal they halt, bring the cannon and machine-guns into position, and wait until the lifting of the artillery fire permits fresh progress. An offensive attempted under these conditions is almost irresistible; it seems probable that it will soon become completely so.

It must not be thought, however, that the defensive is yet a lost cause. It disposes of powerful agencies. Even if trenches and wire entanglements are rendered useless, the machine-gun, which remains the greatest protective weapon, is established wherever possible — behind some fragment of wall, oftener still in a shell-hole, whence it can put a stop to the advance. The artillery lets loose its barrage-fire on the assaulting troops, often forcing them to hurry back to cover. In place of walls of earth we find ramparts formed by bullets and bursting shells, which often suffice to halt the strongest attack and provide sufficient time for the organization of new defenses at the rear. In spite of the formidable progress made by the artillery, a few men, standing firm under the deluge of projectiles, can set at naught a drive which would seem irresistible. The warfare of to-day has become a sort of colossal death-grapple between engines of destruction, an infernal factory kept in operation by mechanics and chemists; but it is an undeniable fact that never has the self-abnegation, the individual courage, and even the spirit of initiative of the combatants counted for so much. These are qualities which belong to Americans as well as to Frenchmen, and in this fact lies a new pledge of victory for both peoples.

NEUTRALS AND PERMANENT PEACE

BY L. SIMONS

As I begin to write this paper, peace seems further away than ever. War has been knocking at the door of the last of the neutrals, and Germany has announced her resolve to resort to the last desperate remedy of submarine warfare. But we of the Netherlands feel that this summer both groups of combatants must arrive at the end of their physical and financial resources, and, desperate as is the present, we raise our eyes to a better future which cannot be far off.

What light of peace shall Europe and the world see? An artificial, a temporary peace, or an eternal light, so far as anything can be eternal in this everyday world of ours? What sort of peace are we preparing for the world? What, in the eyes of the smaller neutral states of Europe, may be considered sufficient guaranties for the future?

It is this latter question which the *Atlantic* has asked me to deal with. But I need hardly make it clear to the reader that this minor question depends first of all on the larger one: how are we to secure anything like a permanent peace for the world at large? If peace is to be secured for every one, then of course the smaller neutral states will run as little risk as the larger ones. And if we are to narrow down the question to its most limited application, we had best put it in this form: Which of the means proposed to secure permanent peace implies the greatest, and which the least danger to these smallest nations?

If we were to face the problem in this
190

extremely limited form, however, we should hardly do it justice, especially since we find that the problem of war and peace, even between the nations of Europe, has very little of a purely European character.

I

War is nothing but a disease in the body politic, like fever in the human body. If we want to know how to prevent it, we must first study the causes which lead to it, and the hygienic measures which are most likely to remove those causes. The question of medical or surgical treatment comes in only when hygiene has proved unsuccessful in its preventive working. As regards the present war and its effect on future peace or strife, my article on 'Neutral Europe and the War'¹ is as clearly outspoken as any one could desire, my aim having been to prove beyond doubt that, if this war were to end with a decisive victory of either side and the consequent crushing of the vanquished beneath the conqueror's feet, the world would be ripe for a fresh period of unrest, ending in a more terrible war; just as the peace of Frankfurt, in 1871 had as its sequel the nursing of French *revanche* and the present war. When President Wilson in December addressed the belligerent powers, he gave weight and prestige to the same point of view.

If the world is to be given a chance for anything like a permanent settle-

¹ *Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1916.

ment at the conclusion of this war, it will have to adopt the basic principles of no annexations, no economic leagues of one group against the other. The watchword of the future will have to be *international coöperation*, certainly not international economic strife assisted by protection and elimination.

II

The fact that the present war originated in a kind of dynastic or racial quarrel between Austria and Serbia should not for a moment blind us to the facts of international history of the last twenty-five years. During this period Europe and the world at large have constantly been waging war, or living on the brink of it. But if Britain and France, Britain and Germany, Britain and Russia, France and Spain, France and Italy, Italy and Turkey, Germany and France, Japan and Russia, Britain and the United States of America, the United States and Spain, the United States and Japan, threatened to come to blows, or actually went to war, it was not on account of political questions near at home, but rather because of questions arising out of the general policy of expansion in America, Africa, West and East Asia. The more strictly national questions came to the front only in the solution of the Balkan problem; and here economic exigencies, and the pressure for outlets to the open sea for Austria, Serbia, and Russia, and for Germany free play in Asia Minor, were always behind the so-called racial and national difficulties.

In reading the history of these last twenty-five years, one finds one's self confronted by such an intricate network of diplomatic intrigues to get the better of the other parties, to make the most of another nation's difficulties, to form combinations and counter-combinations, that one is bound to

come to the conclusion that peace now made on a purely European basis would give no security whatever against future troubles and outbreaks. So long as there remains any chance of a race for concessions and monopolies, for the favoring of national commerce and industry, or for 'friendly treaties' which practically mean annexation, no real peace is possible. If 'chartered companies' can cause raids and wars; if the murder of a few missionaries, sent out to open the way for trade, is looked upon as giving sufficient right to claim 'compensations'; if the demand for concessions for railways, like the Bagdad line, can be turned into causes for political 'measures' and international governmental wrangles, we need not hope for lasting peace, even if all the nationalities in and outside Europe were to be given their own again.

This is quite true with regard to the treaty of peace which is to be entered into at the end of this war. It may have struck the reader that, whereas Germany showed herself prepared to open peace negotiations by the end of 1916, her reply to President Wilson put off the discussion of the League of Peace question until after the conclusion of peace, while the Entente declared itself quite willing to treat of both at the same time — but only at a future date. As a matter of fact, both these attitudes prove exactly the same thing. It is quite clear that if the nations are going to enter a League of Peace, which, if effective, must prevent any future readjustment of the political map after the next peace-treaty, the draft of this treaty becomes one of paramount and lasting interest. And so Germany says, 'We must know what this treaty is like, before we bind ourselves to uphold it for an indefinite future.' Britain says, 'We must first secure our supremacy over Germany. Once this is secured, we shall be only too happy to turn it

into permanency.' If Germany, thanks to her successes in the Balkans, secures free access to Asia Minor, she will have no objection to concluding a 'lasting peace' on this basis. Neither will Great Britain, once she has barred the way to Asia Minor against her powerful competitor.

It is clear, however, that a permanency thus based on outdoing one's competitor will have as little sound foundation as a house built on shifting sands. It will be worth no more than other 'scraps of paper.' The history of the last twenty-five years is full of examples of wriggling out of treaties, of promises and undertakings, the moment these conflict with lust of expansion. And there will be no end of wriggling out of this future peace treaty, if it is to be based on the paramountcy of either party.

If, therefore, the world is to be set really at rest, and not again handed over to unending conflict, the entire aspect of the commercial and industrial world will have to be revolutionized. We shall have to eliminate the smallest possible chance of struggles for 'places in the sun.' In other words, every one will have to be welcome everywhere. The doors will have to be thrown open, all the world over. The world's exploitation of commercial and industrial assets and possibilities will have to be made a universal instead of a national affair.

The idea is, no doubt, at first sight startling enough, and all the more so as it goes directly against the tendencies awakened by this present war, which has caused such an unheard-of revival of fanatical nationalism all the world over. It goes against the schemes for narrower commercial alliances put forth both by the Central Powers and the Entente. It is the entire reversal of protectionism, which seems to hold the field; yet however startling, it will real-

ly prove 'the only way out.' The world will have to accept it, or go to ruin. And before taking the trouble of studying further schemes to enforce peace, we shall have to reason out whether, notwithstanding all the powers at work for hypernationalism and protection, there is any chance for this internationalization of the world's commerce and industry to develop out of the present chaos.

It is a curious phenomenon that this war, while greatly impoverishing the contending parties, has on the other hand brought about a general technical and industrial revolution and organization which will be the starting-point of a new era for each of them, once the war is over. Everywhere machinery and methods have been overhauled, new technical possibilities discovered, and the national industry founded as nearly on a basis of self-help as science and technique, combined with national materials, would allow. This will mean a future competition in the world's markets quite different from what it was before. Former clients will have become independent of each other and better able to compete. Prices and values will in consequence run each other closer than ever before. A fractional change in price will mean big orders won or lost.

Such a state of close competition will again necessitate the cutting down of margins of costs of production to the lowest level. Each factor will have to be studied with the greatest care. Differences in standards of living, in costs of living, will tell their tale more effectively than ever. The first result will therefore be the establishment of a tremendous case for free importation of food-stuffs. The next will be another strong case for free importation of materials. Free importation of goods in the rough will follow. Last of all will come the free importation of the neces-

sities of life. The only remaining things on which customs duties can be levied will be luxuries of all sorts. The fact that the margins in price will be very small, will give national industries an easy lead in their own countries, so long as the freight charges from one part of the country to another do not exceed the freight charges from any foreign state. From a purely economic point of view, therefore, the chances for international free trade are not so bad as they may superficially appear.

And, after all, this question of the 'open door' is one of economic insight and experience only. Insight and experience, even if scientific, are not such objective values as to stand free from psychological and emotional bias. If this war has taught us anything at all, it has shown us how our human faculty of reasoning is swayed by prejudice and sympathy. Even among the so-called neutral nations, few individuals appear to have been able to keep their minds open; and a person who has followed the debates between free-traders and protectionists in any country must know well that, as soon as prejudice enters the field, arguments are as easily manufactured as they are ignored.

The foregoing argument as to the possibility of the world's accepting the system of the 'open door' therefore pretends in no way to be a prophecy. It goes no further than this: common sense and knowledge of history teach us that without this 'open door' there is not the slightest chance of a world-peace. The outlook for trade after the war is such that it will offer strong inducements for free trade to each nation that wants to compete in the world's market. If mankind comes to its senses after the war, we shall find a multitude of arguments in favor of universal free trade. It is not to be assumed yet, however, that it will come to its senses, or that it will profit by the

lessons of history, for the simple reason that, generally speaking, men know very little of history; and what they know is mostly incorrect.

Small as my own country is, Holland offers an object-lesson in the art of studying economic facts and profiting by what they teach. This is mentioned here by way of encouragement to those readers who may take too pessimistic a view of the future; for both home-country and colonies have been practicing free-trade for half a century, and have remained true to its principles notwithstanding the fact that the whole world around them (with the exception of Great Britain) was building its tariff walls higher and higher, thus aiding the formation of trusts and state interference with trade and commerce. When protection was abolished, Holland's industry and commerce, agriculture and shipping were at their lowest ebb. In the half-century that followed, she was able to maintain a population, increased by eighty per cent (1869, 3,579,000; 1914, 6,339,000) in greatly improved conditions, both materially and morally; her state budget was more than doubled; the total of her general commerce had grown in 1913 to eight times that of 1867-71; her export of agricultural products to nine times that of 1867; the extent of her industrial railways had increased to four times that of 1881; and the capital invested in her larger industrial concerns had multiplied five-fold from 1895 to 1912; the tonnage of her mercantile fleet in 1913 was three times that of 1895; her export of textile industries increased to seven times that of 1870; and the amount of general exports to her own colonies, notwithstanding the abolition of protectionist rates, had grown to three times that of 1870.

Of course, this entire development was dependent on the general growth of commercial life, especially since

1895; but though we are a small nation, handicapped by high tariff walls all around us, we improved our place in the world's commerce, taking fifth place instead of sixth, which we occupied in 1886. We grew with the people around us; and so deeply rooted in our people was the conviction that we were doing well under the banner of free trade, that various attempts on the part of the conservative clerical faction to force us to adopt protection were frustrated at the polls; the industrial leaders, who had thriven under the stress of competition, standing foremost in the ranks of those who withstood the onslaught on our free-trade system.

Now, why should we remain alone in our adherence to a system which has done so much for us under the worst conditions? Granting that protection may also have done wonders for greater, more self-sustaining nations, we stand ready to prove that free trade may turn out quite as beneficial. Moreover, as the future of international relations demands universal free trade, the case for its adoption may on the whole line be said to have been established — at least, as soon as common sense may speak out freely again, uninfluenced by the bias of hypernationalism. Should the return of national sanity be slow, and the idea of immediate coöperation between the parties now at war prove unacceptable, it might not be difficult to find a form of free trade which would permit this coöperation without making it appear too repulsive to the unreformed Jingo mentality. The neutrals might be called upon to form trading companies on a neutral basis, the shares of which would be divided among all trading and industrial nations according to an impartial scale. All rights of trading, concessions, and commercial exploration could be put in the hands of these companies, which in this form would be

truly representative of the entire trading and industrial world, and would prevent any country from feeling itself excluded. An international committee could superintend the working of these trading companies and see that they allowed fair play to the trading world at large. The rulers of commercially unexplored parts of the world could allow these trading exploration companies a free hand, feeling sure that no annexation would follow their trading, and diplomacy would have no chance of creating mischief for selfish national ends.

III

Standing out against the chances that after the war the contending parties will show themselves obdurate toward allowing the enemy free economic play, there are two elements which will certainly work for international coöperation. Whatever may be said of the animosity and hatred fanned to such terrible heat by journalists and politicians, who have not been in the war, in the armies no such mutual hatred exists, and we may rely on the return of the troops to knock this nonsense out of the stay-at-homes. Besides, no hatred or distrust born of former wars has prevented Britain and France, Russia and Japan, Bulgaria and Turkey from fighting side by side, the moment it became clear where their interests lay. If only the basis of the peace to be concluded be such as to eliminate causes of friction, there is no reason why the natural run of economic coöperation cannot be secured.

A second favorable element will be the financial position of the nations which have taken part in the war. We all know by this time how the realities of the war have put to shame all prophecies, especially those regarding economic factors. Once more the 'dreary science' has been set at naught by the

psychological factor of necessity. We have witnessed an outburst of inventive genius which has staved off the collapse predicted within the first half year. The impossible has been accomplished, both in economic and in purely financial matters. Yet although paper finance has performed the most wondrous feats, we may say that debts have been run up by both sides to unheard-of totals. Peace will find the creditors knocking at the treasury doors with no uncertain sound. To pay both interest and capital, the state budgets will have to be doubled, if not trebled, everywhere, and the costs of military preparedness for the future will prove to have undergone no diminution. The size, quantity, and cost of guns and ammunition have been incredibly augmented during the war. Even the richest nations in Europe will prove unable to bear this double extra burden. To prevent state bankruptcy, either the debts or the military preparation will have to be curtailed; and if we count on a return of common sense after peace is concluded, we need not ask which of the two will have to suffer. After this terrible waste, every nerve must needs be strained to restore the shattered economic fabric. So, apart from psychological and sentimental factors at work, the policy of every statesman in Europe will have to be directed toward a diminution of armaments, and as this can be made possible only by mutual consent, coöperation must be the watchword of the near future.

So far as Europe is concerned, this will mean, in practice, first of all, an understanding between Great Britain and Germany. In the two contending groups we find both these countries leading the others and holding them in financial dependence. Outside Europe, the United States and Japan are the chief creditors, and if they are prepared to fall in with an international

scheme, it will no doubt stand a good chance of being seriously considered and, possibly, accepted.

That Japan would be inclined to join such a scheme is, of course, very doubtful. That country will come out of this war greatly strengthened and enriched, while her European competitors in Asia will be greatly weakened. Unless she is forced by the other powers to unite in a general movement for the 'open door,' with military combinations against refractory states, she will certainly prefer to play the game of expansion independently, and secure her paramountcy in eastern Asia.

Great Britain, however, coming out of the war with prestige greatly weakened by her enforced dependence on colonial assistance, will perhaps understand that Japan would only have to combine with Russia or Germany in order to oust her from her place in the East; and she may therefore be more willing to enter into a combination that will bind Germany, Russia, and Japan, and keep them from making mischief.

I am already trespassing on the political problems which are presenting themselves to us with regard to the world's peace of the future. It seems fairly clear that the danger of a recurrence of war-fever will be greatly diminished by a peace without victors and vanquished; without annexations and humiliation. This hygienic measure will be strengthened by allowing free play to all national aspirations both by the 'open-door' policy for the world at large, and by the economic and financial necessity of lessening armaments after the war.

However, we must not be blind to the fact that hygienic measures, however wholesome and necessary, are not absolute safeguards against disorders. If we want to build up a real world and not a fool's paradise, we must now look further for curative means. In doing

so, we are sure to meet with a great deal of distrust of former pacifist specifics, such as treaties and congresses. Certainly we cannot deny that this war has shown them to be of little avail. They have been tried and found wanting. The cry now is all for sanction and penalties in international law; more especially with regard to the keeping of peace. Modern pacifist literature abounds in propositions making it imperative that no state should resort to the arbitration of arms before it has brought its case before an international impartial tribunal.

In dissecting the proposition here set out in its most general form, we find ourselves confronted with the following elements: —

1. The question of the formation of such an international court.
2. The question as to what we are to understand by a 'case' in international politics.
3. The question whether the court's powers should be directed toward conciliation, or arbitration, or both.
4. The questions, what penalties shall be inflicted; who shall determine them; what power is going to execute them.

We know that the second Peace Conference at The Hague has given the world the nucleus of such an international court, but matters have not progressed beyond the establishment of provisions in various treaties for the calling together of such a court, if need be. Now, it is clear that in times of stress machinery must be ready at hand to meet the emergency, thus doing away with the necessity for ill-considered improvisation. The very first thing, then, to be done will be the setting up of a *permanent* court, which will be able to take cognizance of any case within its jurisdiction. As there may be some cases calling for conciliation, others for arbitration; and as the former are rather more of a political, the

latter of a judicial nature, it may prove to be practicable to split the court in two. Questions may indeed arise out of the reading of international treaties and conventions; or they may be of a dynastic or economic nature; to the president of the court, or to the contesting parties, should therefore be left the choice as to whether conciliation or arbitration should be employed.

In international politics, however, we frequently meet with problems of a most complex nature which are not easily to be so formulated that they can be laid before a court, whether of arbitration or conciliation. Take, for instance, the difficulties which arose in July, 1914, between Austria-Hungary and Serbia. The murder of the heir to the throne was laid by Austria-Hungary at the door of the Serbian government. But immediately back of this one finds the Pan Slavist movement, led by the Russian consul in Belgrade, and directed against Austria. And behind this one sees clearly the historic strife between Russia and the Dual Monarchy for supremacy in the Balkans.

If the Austro-Hungarian government had brought the case before an international court, it might of course have done so in the form of a request for an injunction against Serbia, declaring its government guilty of having suffered or assisted the conspiracy within its precincts, and demanding punishment of all those implicated. But could it by this means have struck at the root of the matter? Could it have brought the Russian consul to account? And if so, what about the Pan Slavist movement, and, finally, the Russian influence in the Balkans?

It is clear that the formulation of the case to be laid before an international court would have been no easy matter; yet we all feel that it should have been done; we feel it all the more strongly

since we are not at all sure that the dual government had any real proof of the charge against the smaller state. And so long as governments and diplomats need to blind their subjects and the world, and to cover up widespread secret policies, we may well understand what difficulties lie in the way of the adoption of this measure, which appears so simple and necessary to most of us.

Yet apart from the crafty methods of diplomatists, we must not shut our eyes to the dangers that await every state, and especially the smaller ones, if the application of coercion is not restrained by very clear and explicit definitions. Great stress has been laid by Dutch students of international law on the necessity of limiting such application to clear and explicit cases. Another great difficulty lies in the matter of military preparation pending the settlement of cases before the court. So far, the proposals to enforce peace leave it open to a party to have recourse to arms, should it not receive the satisfaction it had demanded from the court. By taking its case before the court, it thus gives the other party and its possible friends time for making preparations for war. In 1914, Germany's *casus belli* against Russia was said to be the mobilization of the army of the latter pending negotiations. No government, therefore, which felt itself prepared for war would take its case before a court, unless an injunction would at once forbid all preparations for war to the other party and its friends. But not only could the time pending the hearing be usefully employed for invisible preparations and drawing up of plans, but the injunction would certainly prove most advantageous to the side of Might against Right, if ultimately the strongest litigant should refuse to listen to justice or reason, as voiced by the court. And so one

is fairly driven to the conclusion *that no room should be left for the free play of arms, after the case has been up for conciliation or arbitration.*

IV

Let us now consider coercion following either a refusal to lay differences before the court, or the pronouncement of its decision. Already a great variety of coercive measures have been pronounced, and in a report written by Professor João Cabrol, of Brazil, for the International Congress for the Study of the Principles of a Durable Peace (which was to have been held at Berne in 1916)¹ I find the following enumeration, as proposed by M. Romarowsky:—

1. The exclusion of the rebel state from the said court.
2. Rupture of diplomatic relations with the rebel state.
3. The annulment of every treaty especially favorable to the rebel state.
4. Denial of the right of any citizen of such state to reside in territory belonging to the other states.
5. Prohibition of import and export of produce as between the former and the latter.
6. Blockade of the rebel state.
7. Finally, as a last resort, the employment of armed force.

Leaving the first and minor points aside, we may consider the last three, as they also form an inherent part of the scheme set out by the American League to Enforce Peace.

As to the boycotting, we have now before us the idea of a general and financial embargo against the offending state; and the more moderate proposition made by three Dutch delegates in a report prepared for the proposed

¹ Since published by The Central Organization for a Durable Peace, with headquarters at The Hague. — THE AUTHOR.

Congress at Berne, in the name of the Dutch Anti-Oorlogsraad, namely, a limitation on the selling of any contraband of war to the offending state.

As to the application of armed force, two main propositions have been suggested by your League to Enforce Peace. The first provides that all the other signatories to the international arrangement should declare war on the refractory state. The second, set out by Professor Ehrlich and our Dutch Professor van Vollenhoven, envisages the formation of one international armed force, to which each of the signatories should contribute its share.

The limitations of the writer's subject-matter may absolve him from the obligation of considering both schemes in their general working and effect. He has only to analyze their possible effect on the smaller nations of Europe, as eventual co-signatories of the treaty. It is clear that the scheme of the American League to Enforce Peace would render it utterly impossible for them to remain neutral in any future war, as Holland, Switzerland, Spain, and the Scandinavian countries have done so far in the present conflict. Suppose the League had existed in 1914. Then, on Austria's refusal to bring her grievance against Serbia before a court of arbitration, all Europe would have been obliged to boycott her; and, if this had proved ineffective, to declare war against her. Of course, if Austria had known that this would be the result of her refusal to arbitrate, she would probably have assented. Even as it was, she would not have acted as she did in 1914 if she had not been absolutely certain that Germany was going to back her up. And Russia would not have started her mobilization and taken up a threatening attitude if she had not relied on France to assist her. France, in her turn, was relying on the support of Great Britain. So the working of the

scheme of this League would first of all depend on its making alliances, such as the Triple Alliance, or the Entente, impossible, whether open or secret. One of the essential provisions of the new world-organization would therefore of necessity be a prohibition of such alliances. But how is this to be effected?

Let us return to our hypothetical case of July, 1914. Austria having refused to submit her case against Serbia to arbitration, the rest of Europe would have been set in motion against her. Of the smaller nations, Switzerland, Serbia, and Roumania are her neighbors. If Austria had been ready for the fray, she might have attacked first these smaller countries, which would then have had to bear the initial impact of the world's move against the peace-breaker. Of course, if Germany had refused to stand by Austria, she would have hastened to Switzerland's assistance; but owing to Russia's lack of preparedness, Serbia and Roumania might in the meantime have become the victims of aggression.

It will be urged, however, that the smaller nations need not coöperate on the field of battle. They might simply join the international boycott. The reply is that the idea of boycotting a foreign nation is quite practicable — under certain conditions only. Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, could easily join in a boycott of Russia; Sweden could not. Neither could Switzerland boycott Austria; Holland, Belgium, and Denmark could not boycott Germany or England. Besides, a boycott would certainly be construed as an unfriendly act and cause for war. Any big nation that saw its profit in attacking a smaller neighbor at the beginning of hostilities, would at once put the question, 'Are you going to join the boycott against me?' And an affirmative answer would no doubt prove a *casus belli*.

As I have already said, the report prepared by the three Dutch delegates for the projected Congress at Berne in 1916 proposed to limit boycotts to articles of contraband. This would minimize the danger, but would also weaken the effect of the measure. True, all such outrages on the smaller nations would in the long run be revenged on the wrong-doer; and even the strongest power would finally have to yield to the combination of the world's forces. But let us try to imagine a Russia with as strong an economic and military organization as Germany's: it would take the combined world's power years to overcome its resistance, and in the mean time, Sweden, Roumania, and Poland would have been overrun by Russian armies and turned into vast battlefields like Belgium and Serbia in this war. And what if one or more of the signatories to the general treaty of the League saw its interest in joining hands with the wrong-doer instead of declaring war on him? No reader of history will deny that diplomatists have always shown themselves past masters in the art of finding 'honorable' reasons for evading treaty obligations, the moment their national interest seemed to call for such a course?

The smaller nations, then, in joining the League to Enforce Peace, would certainly be taking a leap in the dark and exposing themselves to grave dangers, far graver than the Great Powers. The Van Vollenhoven-Ehrich scheme sets to work on a different basis. It does not demand declarations and acts of war from each government separately; but it aims at creating an international navy and army, which are to enforce the law of the world on any unwilling power that threatens the world's peace.

Now, it is clear that, apart from general objections to the feasibility of this scheme, it puts the smaller nations on

a different footing from that of the League to Enforce Peace. The only thing that is demanded of them is that they should bear a share in the costs and maintenance of these instruments of international police. It is not their government which has to declare and wage war on the wrong-doer; not their armies which have to lead an attack; and so the risk of their country being turned into a battlefield, and playing the part of pawn in a great game of chess, is largely diminished. What they would have to contribute to the international army or navy would be a great deal less than they are paying now for their own ineffective defensive forces.

On further investigation of these matters, one finds one's self, however, confronted by questions of still broader significance. It is easy to talk about concerted world-movements to enforce peace, or to state that an international military force will have to be set in motion. But who is to order the move? who is to take the lead? Such concerted action of the Great Powers, as we have already seen, has been directed only against smaller or far weaker states—Turkey, Crete, the Balkans. How late and indecisive such combined action has always proved! If it is to coerce any of our big powers, it must be ready to strike quick, crushing blows at once. Those persons, therefore, who have thought the problem out are demanding an international executive: first, to call any warlike power to order; then, to set in motion the forces against it, and lead them if necessary. And we find pointed out to us that here at The Hague we have already a permanent administrative council which has only to be turned into an executive council and strengthened with military, naval, and financial advisers.

Baron Palmstierna of Sweden, pursuing the idea still further, finds that a permanent legislature, a permanent

court of arbitration, a permanent court of inquiry and conciliation, a permanent executive power and public prosecutor, will constitute the necessary machinery to secure for us permanent peace. Now it is clear that all this machinery is the *machinery of a federated world*. And if it be necessary, in order to make any scheme to enforce peace effective, first to create all this machinery, then why should we fear to pronounce the great words themselves — ‘The Federation of the World’s States’? I am not speaking of a world’s federation, but of a federation of all the existing states, in a combination which would leave each of them an entirely free hand, and yet would unite them for the furtherance of their common interests.

Already the world knows some great and small federations of this kind. There are the United States of America; there is the British Empire, with its self-governing colonies; the German Empire, with its federated States; Austria-Hungary as a dual monarchy; the Swiss Republic. It is especially the British Empire which will serve to give us an idea of the nature of the Federation of the States of the World. Take Canada and Australia in their relation to the mother-country. For all practical purposes of internal policy, they are as independent of the mother-country as Holland is, say, of Switzerland. Their constitution and their social fabric have developed without any real interference from Great Britain, and they both differ from the mother-country and from each other in many respects. The tie that binds the Empire together is very loose indeed. It is strengthened only in times of danger. But far more significant for us from our present point of view is the fact that, whatever differences might arise between them, they would not think of settling them by means of war.

The same thing may be said of the Federated States of America since the Civil War; the same of Prussia and Bavaria after 1871; of Austria-Hungary after 1849, and of Switzerland. *Practical experience teaches us, therefore, that federation may include states very widely separated or very near each other; that it may knit them very closely together, or leave them practically independent; but that, whatever form it takes, it is always effective in abolishing war as a means of solving differences between the federated states.* We may therefore conclude that a Federation of the States of the World could be founded the day after this war ends, on a basis of entire mutual independence as regards constitution and social fabric, thus giving us the one proved means of preventing war and strife. The indispensable thing is the abolition of tariffs, and the formation of a sort of machinery to deal with all questions of international interests.

I have tried to make it clear that without this abolition of tariffs even the minor schemes of the League to Enforce Peace, or of Professor van Vollenhoven, would prove more dangerous than effective. And it will need no further proof that, if the three schemes all necessitate this evolution, — or revolution, — the most effective one of the three is also the most to be recommended. Of course, the working out of such a federation of states and the setting-up of its machinery would mean an immense task. But this would be equally true of the establishment of any of the smaller schemes. Much preparatory study has already been done for the latter, which would come in quite handy for the former. What the Hague congresses have already agreed on, or merely discussed, will be no less valuable as a nucleus for the larger scheme.

True, the force may be lacking to

weld this great world of ours together, even in the form of the loosest cohesion; and the idea of ending this present war by the setting up of a World Federation of States may well appear the wildest of dreams. Is not even a Federation of the States of Europe as far away from reality as one may well imagine? And yet, a federation of the entire world is, once one comes to think of it, far more easy of realization than a merely European federation. On the European basis we are at once confronted with the question of hegemony: Great Britain or Germany will want the lead; and we do not wish any more hegemonies. In a Federation of the States of the World, however, this highly ticklish question of supremacy falls at once outside the field of practical politics. Even Germany and Great Britain will not claim supremacy over America or Japan. In a federation on a European basis the smaller nations would feel themselves under the heel of the larger ones. In a Federation of the States of the World this element of oppression would at once disappear. Moreover, we have made it clear that the questions that have disturbed Europe are not of a purely European nature. They involve the world at large; and they can be settled only by the machinery of a federation that embraces the whole world.

The idea is staggering, but it is a comparatively simple one, even com-

pared with the other schemes. Its great and immense advantage over a League to Enforce Peace is that it resolves once for all the narrow idea of nationality into the wider sphere of a common humanity. In it nationality will remain a force of progress, no longer a force of destruction as well. The League to Enforce Peace leaves the mind of the average citizen of an independent state where it was before this war — as narrow-minded and self-centred, full of race-prejudice and hatred. The Federation of the States of the World exalts it to those higher, freer regions above all the artificial boundaries which keep the world in a state of constant friction. It does not aim at international brotherhood. It is based merely on international interest. It only gives expression to the idea which this war has tended to quicken in all of us, that all our existences, no matter how widely we may be separated from one another, have, thanks to the evolution of technical science, become interrelated for better and for worse. With finance and commerce as absolutely international powers, the welfare of the man of commerce in New York and of the artisan in Holland have become intertwined, even though they be unaware of each other's existence. This war has shown how the world has grown into a real unity. And if we are to deal with its evils, we shall have to deal with them on the basis of this same unity.

MONEY

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

'As the world is, and will be, 't is a sort of duty to be rich,' wrote Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; and her words — which sound almost ascetic in our ears — were held to be of doubtful morality in the godless eighteenth century which she adorned and typified. Even Lady Mary endeavored to qualify their greed by explaining that she valued money because it gave her the power to do good; but her hard-headed compatriots frankly doubted this excusatory clause. They knew perfectly well that a desire to do good is not, and never has been, a motive power in the acquisition of wealth. Lady Mary did render her country one inestimable service; but her fortune (which, after all, was of no great magnitude) had nothing whatever to do with it. Intelligent observation, dauntless courage, and the supreme confidence which nerved her to experiment upon her own child — these qualities enabled her to force inoculation upon a reluctant and scandalized public. These qualities have lifted mankind out of many a rut, and are all we shall have to depend on while the world rolls on its way. When Aristotle said that money was barren, he did not mean that it was barren of delights; but that it had no power to get us to any place worth reaching, no power to quicken the intellectual and spiritual potencies of the soul.

The love of gold, the craving for wealth, has not lain dormant for ages

in the human heart, waiting for the twentieth century to call it into being. It is no keener now than it has always been, but it is ranker in its growth and expression, being a trifle over-nourished in our plethoric land, and not subjected to keen competing emotions. Great waves of religious thought, great struggles for principles and freedom, great births of national life, great discoveries, great passions, and great wrongs — these things have swayed the world, wrecking and saving the souls of men without regard for money. Great qualities, too, have left their impress upon the human race, and endowed it for all the years to come.

The genius which in the thirteenth century found expression in architecture and scholasticism, which in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries found expression in art and letters, finds expression to-day in applied science and finance. Industrial capitalism, as we know it now, is the latest development of man's restless energy. It has colored our times, given us new values in education, and intruded itself grossly into the quiet places of life. We should bear with it in patience, we might even 'admire it from afar,' if only we were sometimes suffered to forget. 'Money talks,' we are told; and, by way of encouraging its garrulity, we talk about money, and in terms of money, until it would sometimes appear as if the currency of the United States were the only thing in the country vital enough to interpret every endeavor, and illustrate every situation.

Here, for example, is an imposing picture in a Sunday paper, a picture full of dignified ecclesiastics and decorous spectators. The text reads, 'Breaking ground for a three-million-dollar nave.' It is a comprehensive statement, and one that conveys to the public the only circumstance which the public presumably cares to hear. But it brings a great cathedral down to the level of the million-dollar club-houses, or boat-houses, or fishing-camps which are described for us in unctuous and awe-stricken paragraphs. It is even dimly suggestive of the million-dollar babies whom reporters follow feverishly up and down Palm Beach, and who will soon have to be billion-dollar babies, if they want to hold their own. We are now on circumstances of easy familiarity with figures which used to belong to the abstractions of arithmetic, and not to the world of life. We have become proudly aware of the infinite possibilities of accumulation and of waste.

For that is the ebb and flow of the tide of American wealth. It is heaped up with resistless energy and concentration; it is scattered in broken and purposeless profusion. We are told that we possess one fourth of the wealth of the world, that we are richer than the British Empire and France combined; that our fortune is close to two hundred billions, and our income approximates thirty-five billions. Yet we rank fifteenth among the nations 'in percentage of savings accounts to population.' Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand save more per capita and per income than we do. The average savings per capita in Switzerland are \$47.03. The average savings per capita in the United States are \$4.84. What can this mean but weakness in the moral fibre of a nation? There is no power of the soul strong enough to induce thrift but pride. There is no qual-

ity stern enough to bar self-indulgence but the overmastering dictates of self-respect. There is no joy that life can yield comparable to the joy of independence. A nation is free when it submits to coercion from no other nation. A man is free when he is the arbiter of his own fate. National and individual freedom have never come cheap. The sacrifice which insures the one insures the other; the resolution which preserves the one preserves the other. When Andrew Marvell declined the bribe offered him 'out of pure affection' by the Lord Treasurer, saying he had 'a blade-bone of mutton' in his cupboard which would suffice for dinner, he not only held his own honor inviolate, but he vindicated the liberty of letters, the liberty of Parliament, and the liberty of England. No wonder an old chronicler says that his integrity and spirit were 'dreadful' to the corrupt officials of his day.

II

There are Americans who appear to love their country for much the same reason that Stevenson's 'child' loves the 'friendly cow.'

She gives me cream with all her might
To eat with apple tart.

When the supply of cream runs short, the patriot's love runs shorter. He holds virulent mass-meetings to complain of the cow, of the quality of the cream, and of its distribution. If he be an immigrant, he probably riots in the streets, not clamoring for the flesh-pots of Egypt, — that immemorial cry for ease and bondage, — inasmuch as the years of his thralldom had been softened by no such indulgence; but simply because the image of the cow is never absent from his mind, or from the minds of those to whom he looks for guidance. The captain of industry and the agitator, the spendthrift who flings

his money about our city streets, and the president of the Woman's Trade Union League of New York, who said, 'When we get an eight-hour working-day, we are going in for a six, and when we get a six, we are going in for a four,' all seem to be actuated by the same motive — to grasp as much and to give as little as they can. It is not a principle which makes for citizenship, and it will afford no great help in the hour of the nation's trial. Material progress and party politics are very engrossing things; but perhaps Mr. Francis Parkman was right when he said that if our progress was to be at the mercy of our politics, and our politics at the mercy of our mobs, we should have no lasting foundation for prosperity and well-being.

The tendency to gloat over the sight and sound of money may be less pervasive than it seems. It may be only a temporary predisposition, leaving us at heart clean, wise, and temperate. But there is a florid exuberance in the handling of this recurrent theme which nauseates us a little, like very rich food eaten in a close room. Why should we be told that 'the world gapes in wonder' as it contemplates 'an Aladdin romance of steel and gold'? The world has other things to gape over in these sorrowful and glorious days. 'Once a bare-foot boy, now riding in a hundred-thousand-dollar private car.' There is a headline to catch the public eye, and make the public tongue hang watering from its mouth. That car, 'early Pullman and late German Lloyd,' is to the American reader what the two thousand black slaves with jars of jewels upon their heads were to Dick Swivel — a vision of tasteful opulence. More intimate journalists tell us that a 'Financial Potentate' eats baked potatoes for his luncheon, and gives his friends note-books with a moral axiom on each page. We cannot really care

what this unknown gentleman eats. We cannot, under any conceivable circumstance, covet a moral note-book. Yet such items of information would not be painstakingly acquired unless they afforded some mysterious gratification to their readers.

As for the 'athletic millionaires,' who sport in the open like — and often with — ordinary men, they keep their chroniclers nimble. Fashions in plutocracy change with the changing times. The reporter who used to be turned loose in a nabob's private office, and who rapturously described its 'ebony centre-table on which is laid a costly cover of maroon-colored silk plush,' and its paneled walls, 'the work of a lady amateur of great ability' (I quote from a newspaper of 1890), now has to scurry round golf-links, and shiver on the outskirts of a polo field. From him we learn that young New Yorkers, the least and lowest of whom lives in a \$900,000 house, play tennis and golf like champions, or 'cut a wide swathe in polo circles with their fearless riding.' From him we learn that 'automobile racing can show its number of millionaires,' as if it were at all likely to show its number of clerks and ploughmen. Extravagance may be the arch-enemy of efficiency, but it is, and has always been, the friend of aimless excess.

When I was young, and millionaires were a rarity in my unassuming town, a local divine fluttered our habitual serenity by preaching an impassioned sermon upon a local Cræsus. He was but a moderate sort of Cræsus, a man of kindly nature and simple vanities, whom his townspeople had been in the habit of regarding with mirthful and tolerant eyes. Therefore it was a bit startling to hear — from the pulpit — that this amiable gentleman was 'a crown of glory upon the city's brow,' and that his name was honored 'from

the Golden Gate to New Jersey's silver sands.' Therefore it was more than startling to be called upon to admire the meekness with which he trod the common earth, and the unhesitating affability with which he bowed to all his acquaintances, 'acknowledging every salute of civility or respect,' because, 'like another Frederick II of Prussia,' he felt his fellow citizens to be human beings like himself. This admission into the ranks of humanity, however gratifying to our self-esteem, was tempered with so many exhortations to breathe our millionaire's name with becoming reverence, and was accompanied by such a curious medley of Bible texts, and lists of distinguished people whom the millionaire had entertained, that we hardly knew where we stood in the order of creation.

Copies of this sermon, which was printed 'in deference to many importunities,' are now extremely rare. Reading its yellow pages, we become aware that the rites and ceremonies with which one generation worships its golden calf differ in detail from the rites and ceremonies with which another generation performs this pious duty. The calf itself has never changed since it was first erected in the wilderness — the original model hardly admitting of improvement. Ruskin used to point out gleefully a careless couple who, in Claude's picture of the adoration of the golden calf, are rowing in a pleasure boat on a stream which flows mysteriously through the desert. Indifferent to gold, uninterested in idolatry, this pair glide smoothly by; and perhaps the river of time bears them through centuries of greed and materialism to some hidden haven of repose.

III

Saint Thomas Aquinas defines the sin of avarice as a 'desire to acquire or

retain in undue measure, beyond the order of reason.' Possibly no one has ever believed that he committed this sin, that there was anything unreasonable in his desires, or undue in their measure of accomplishment. 'Reason' is a word of infinite flexibility. The statisticians who revel in mathematical intricacies tell us that Mr. John D. Rockefeller's income is one hundred dollars a minute, and that his yearly income exceeds the life-time earnings of two thousand average American citizens, and is equivalent to the income of fifty average American citizens sustained throughout the entire Christian era. It sounds more bewildering than seductive, and the breathless rush of a hundred dollars a minute is a little like the seven dinners a day which Alice in Wonderland stands ready to forego as a welcome punishment for misbehavior. But who shall say that a hundred dollars a minute is beyond the 'order of reason'? Certainly Saint Thomas did not refer to incomes of this range, inasmuch as his mind (though not without a quality of vastness) could never have embraced their possibility.

On the other hand, Mr. Rockefeller is responsible for the suggestion that Saint Paul, were he living to-day, would be a captain of industry. Here again a denial is as valueless as an assertion. It is much the habit of modern propagandists — no matter what their propaganda may be — to say that the gap between themselves and the Apostles is merely a gap of centuries, and that the unlikeness, which seems to us so vivid, is an unlikeness of time and circumstance, not of the inherent qualities of the soul. The multiplication of assets, the destruction of trade-rivalry, formed — apparently — no part of the original apostolic programme. If the tent-maker of Tarsus coveted wealth, he certainly went the wrong way about getting it. If there was that in his spirit

which corresponded to the modern instinct for accumulation, he did great injustice to his talents, wasting his incomparable energy on labors which — from his own showing — left him too often homeless, and naked, and hungry. Even the tent-making by which he earned his bread appears to have been valuable to him for the same reason that the blade-bone of mutton was valuable to Andrew Marvell — not so much because it filled his stomach, as because it insured his independence.

'L'amour d'argent a passé en dogme de morale publique,' wrote George Sand, whose words have now and then a strange prophetic ring. The 'peril of prosperity,' to borrow President Hibben's alliterative phrase, was not in her day the menace it is in ours, nor has it ever been in her land the menace it has been in ours, because of the many other perils, not to speak of other interests and other ideals, filling the minds of men. But if George Sand perceived a growing candor in the deference paid to wealth, to wealth as an abstraction rather than to its possessor, a dropping of the old hypocrisies which made a pretence of doubt and disapproval, a development of honored and authorized avarice, she was a close observer as well as a caustic commentator.

The artlessness of our American attitude might disarm criticism were anything less than public sanity at stake. We appeal simply and robustly to the love of gain, and we seldom appeal in vain. It is not only that education has substituted the principle of getting on for less serviceable values, but we are bidden to purchase marketable knowledge, no less than marketable food-stuffs, as an easy avenue to fortune. If we will eat and drink the health-giving comestibles urged upon us, our improved digestions will enable us to earn larger incomes. If we will take a highly commended course of horse-shoeing or

oratorio-writing, prosperity will be our immediate reward. If we will buy some excellent books of reference, they will teach us to grow rich.

'There are one thousand more millionaires in the United States than there were ten years ago,' say the purveyors of these volumes. 'At the present rate of increase, the new millionaires in the next few years will be at least twelve hundred. *Will you be one of them?*' There is a question to ask a young American at the outset of his career! There is an incentive to study! And by way of elucidating a somewhat doubtful situation, the advertisers go on to say: 'Typical men of brains are those who have dug large commercial enterprises out of a copper mine, or transformed buying and selling into an art. You must take a leaf from the experience of such men if you would hold positions of responsibility and power.'

Just how the reference books — chill avenues to universal erudition — are going to give us control of a copper mine or of a department store is not made clear; but their vendors know that there is no use in offering anything less than wealth, or, as it is sometimes spelled, 'success,' as a return for the price of the volumes. And if a tasteful border design of fat moneybags scattering a cascade of dollars fails to quicken the sales, there is no tempting the heart of man. Our covetousness is as simple and as easily played upon as was the covetousness of the adventurers who went digging for buried treasures on the unimpeachable authority of a soothsayer.

The endless stories about messenger boys and elevator men who have been given a Wall Street 'tip,' and who have become capitalists in a day, are astonishingly like the stories which went their round when the South Sea Bubble hung iridescent over London. Man-

kind has never wearied of such tales since Aladdin (one of the fools whom Fortune favors) won his easy way to wealth.

The domination of Wall Street over the public mind and over the public morals was convincingly illustrated last December. The President of the United States sent a 'Peace Note' to the warring powers of Europe. He was impelled to take this step by the menace of Germany, who was threatening unrestricted murder on the seas. The note was a guarded one, equal in lucidity and in expression to any of its predecessors. It was fairly well received by the Allies, and candidly answered. France, indeed, betrayed some irritation at being asked what she was fighting for; but she may have thought that the presence of an invading army on her soil sufficiently answered this question. One does not, as a rule, ask a man whose windpipe is clutched by an adversary what it is that he is trying to do. On the whole, however, the Peace Note, although frankly self-concerned, — and every intelligent American knew we had good reason for concern, — cleared the atmosphere in Europe, and revealed to us the close-knit bonds, by help of which the allied nations hope to preserve the imperiled civilization of the world.

But what happened in the United States? The message which aimed at tranquilizing Europe became a high explosive at home, bursting in all its fury upon Wall Street, and scarring its victims for life. Whose fault or whose folly it was which precipitated this ignoble combat will never now be known; but the echo of the strife rang loudly and bitterly in our ears long after the note itself had ceased to interest a rapidly moving world. We had grown to look upon international correspondence as a trifle academic, and that it should involve a treacherous

raid on our American securities was no less humiliating than disastrous.

IV

'T is man's perdition to be safe,' and 't is his deepest and deadliest perdition to profit by the perils of others. The accession of wealth brought us by the great war has been too sudden and too vast for any principle of moderation. A writer in the *Bankers' Magazine* for December, 1916, reviewed simply and without arrogance the impressive rôle which the United States has for two years played in the industrial and financial history of the world.

'Our opportunism has lifted us to supreme heights of commercial and fiscal triumph. Our aggregates of exports have surpassed our wildest dreams. The economic achievements of our bankers and financiers in their handling of large international credits are none the less real and remarkable. New York has become the world's money centre. Everywhere prosperity abounds, bewildering in its magnitude.'

As a result of this unprecedented situation, controlled with unprecedented skill, the number of supertaxable incomes in the United States was doubled in twelve months, and the number of citizens who modestly, and perhaps reluctantly, confessed to incomes exceeding a million of dollars came close to trebling in the same period. Yet these returns, however staggering, inadequately represent the swollen tide of wealth. Ours has been the Midas touch. We have coined gold as easily as did the long-eared king, and we may find ourselves in time as uncomfortable as he was. There are those who say that the profits yielded by munitions have been excessive, and that our bargaining with nations, whose needs were for the time desperate, savored a little of Jacob's bargaining with his fainting

brother. It was certainly a shock to our feelings when a Sheffield company offered last winter to supply the United States with fourteen-inch and sixteen-inch guns at a trifle more than half the price demanded by American ammunition-makers. Great Britain, it is true, frowned upon this transaction; but we have been asking ourselves ever since if the patriotism of our manufacturers has kept pace with their cupidity.

It was a shock to our pride, no less than to our feelings, when the Hon. John Skelton Williams, Comptroller of the Currency, told us in January, 1917, that our contributions to the war-sufferers of Europe had in the two previous years amounted to one twentieth of one per cent of our earnings. We did not give away our easily acquired money, we spent it — spent it as lavishly as every avenue of self-indulgence permitted. The spirit of waste, which ran riot in all our big cities, surpassed itself in New York, where it was reckoned that three hundred and fifty thousand non-residents assembled last winter to teach the residents a needless lesson in prodigality. It was what the proprietors of hotels and cafés strikingly describe as a 'lush' season, meaning a time when the spending of money was the foremost consideration of their guests. A profound contempt for cost swayed the crowds which gathered day after day, and night after night, wherever wealth could be squandered. The great jewelers smilingly confessed that never before had they done such a thriving business. Nothing they could produce was too extravagant to find a speedy purchaser. The spectacle of well-dressed hordes eating and drinking all they could possibly hold, and far more than nature ever meant them to hold, became wearisomely familiar. Interesting stories went the round about Western men who were so fortunate as to pay thirty dollars apiece for

theatre tickets, and about Western women who, by dint of energy and determination, succeeded in finding twenty-five-dollar bibs for their little children to wear.

Side by side with these exhilarating anecdotes, jostling the 'record prices' paid for old lace or Japanese prints, were the brief statistics which told us of Polish women dying of starvation (*their* little children starved long ago), of typhus fever ravaging the hunger-stricken towns of Belgium, of Armenians devouring carrion as did the Jews in the siege of Jerusalem. It is but a little world to show such sharply contrasted pictures. We Americans have had a place in the sun so big and so warm that the rest of mankind seemed to shiver in the darkness; but the sound of their tears has affronted our pleasures, and vexed our repose. We are ready now for a readjustment, ready to rise from sleep and turn from play, ready for any sacrifice imposed in the name of duty. Mohammed prayed that he might be found among the poor on the Judgment Day — a prayer echoed by Saint Bernard, who took some pains to insure its fulfillment.

If money does not make for charity, neither does it make for liberation. When Germany dared us last winter to send out our ships, voicing her threats in the most fantastically insolent message which one nation ever dispatched to another since the Dauphin sent the tennis-balls to Henry V (and he mistook his man), what help did all our millions give us? When we dug our mail out of an American steamer, and asked England — England overwhelmed with debt and bleeding at every pore — to carry it over the sea for us, what solace did our wealth afford our humbled pride?

'Money talks!' Yes, but how wise and resolute are its words? Perhaps when Mr. Cleveland said that, if it took

every dollar in the Treasury, and every soldier in the United States Army, to deliver a postal card in Chicago, that postal card should be delivered, he was glad to think that the nation's wealth could be used to sustain the nation's rights, and fulfill the nation's obligations. But it takes more than a treasury full of gold to send a postal card across the sea. An American rhapsodist, singing the pean of money, says in its mighty name, —

'I am the minister of war and the messenger of peace. No army can march without my command. Until I speak, no ship of trade can sail from any port.'

'Until I speak!' Again the emphasis upon that powerful voice, and again the certainty in our souls that when men lay hands upon the 'hilt of action,' there is scant need of words. Money stops talking and obeys.

A college principal at Oxford has asked plainly if England could ever have hoped to do anything better with her national resources than spend them to save the nation. The money which before the war was a menace, has since become a safeguard. 'Better,' he says, 'that the country grow poor for a cause we can honor than grow rich for an end that is unknown. Who can regard without deep misgiving the process of accumulating wealth, unaccompanied by a corresponding growth of knowledge as to the uses to which wealth must be applied. This is what we see in normal times, and the spectacle is profoundly disturbing.'

That the war, which brought to England and to France agony of soul and body, brought them also something akin to peace of mind, is one of life's comforting mysteries. We can understand the generous sympathy which springs from a common danger, the generous insight born of an unassailable ideal. But that tranquility should

walk hand in hand with violence, that the mental attitude of men and women forever face to face with grief should be a composed attitude, has a psychological rather than a spiritual significance.

'There is more repose in social intercourse than there was before the war,' writes an observant Englishman; and this acute comment is a key to the nation's serenity, to the measured breathing which resists tumult and trepidation. How long ago was it that the Caillaux trial shamed France, revealing depth after depth of sensuality, treachery, and greed! How long ago was it that the National Gallery had to be guarded like an arsenal, because frenzied women, obsessed by the will to destroy, slashed the pictures which were their heritage, and the heritage of coming generations! These excesses seem to belong to some remote period of corruption and madness, before the cleansing breath of a great purpose blew away the pestilence, and healed infected souls. Now, instead of

sound and fury,
Signifying nothing,

we hear the quiet words of Sir Edward Carson, spoken in the House of Commons, February 21: 'In the face of sacrifice and trials, of ships sunk without notice, of the drowning of wounded soldiers, and of frozen corpses brought in from torpedoed merchant vessels, I have yet to hear of one seaman who has refused to sail.'

So are many minor problems solved by the great problem of an assaulted civilization; so do we come to recognize the values by which essential things are weighed and measured; and so does money — no longer 'barren' — slip into its lawful place, the servant, not the master of mankind. 'We are richer or poorer by what we do or by what we leave undone,' says President Hibben tersely. The National Association of

Manufacturers in the United States, which issued a bulletin deprecating submarine warfare, but pointing out that the destruction of the Allies' trade would open to us the markets of the world, took no count of the fact that Great Britain owes her commerce as much to the courage as to the astuteness of her sons. Her seamen who think little of danger and much of duty, and who have never been in the habit of calling heroism heroic, are the upholders of her fortunes no less than of her honor. Were they driven from the waterways of the world, their great opponent would make us pay in blood the price of our inheritance.

Mr. Shane Leslie, shrinking sensitively from that oppressive word, 'efficiency,' and seeking what solace he can find in the survival of unpractical ideals, ventures to say that every University man 'carries away among the husks of knowledge the certainty that there are less things saleable in heaven and earth than the advocates of sound commercial education would suppose.' This truth, more simply phrased by the Breton peasant woman who said, 'Le bon Dieu ne vend pas ses biens,' has other teachers besides religion and the Classics. History, whether we read it or live in it, makes nothing clearer. Mr. Henry Ford is credited with saying that he would not give a nickel for all the history in the world; but though he can, and does, forbear to read it, he has to live in it with the rest of us, and learn its lessons firsthand. No one desired the welfare — or what he conceived to be the welfare — of mankind more sincerely than he did; and he was prepared to buy it at a handsome figure. Yet Heaven refused to sell, and earth, inasmuch as the souls of men are not her possessions, had nothing worth

the purchase. The price of war can be computed in figures, the price of peace calls for another accountant. The tanker *Gold Shell*, which first crossed the 'forbidden' zone, did more to support the civilization of the world than a score of peace ships. Its plain sailors who put something (I don't know what they called it) above personal safety; and their plain captain who expressed in the regrettable language of the sea his scorn of German marauders, were prepared to pay a higher rate than any millionaire could offer for their own and their country's freedom. We know what these men risked, because we know what agonizing deaths the American sailors on the tanker *Healdton* suffered at Germany's hands. The *Gold Shell* seamen knew it too, and met frightfulness with fearlessness. The world is never so bad but that men's souls can rise above its badness, and restore our fainting faith.

Bishop Lawrence has denied in very simple and gallant words that Americans are wedded to ease, or enthralled by money. Their strength and their wealth are at the service of the nation, and they stand prepared to spend for noble ends the accumulated riches of the country. God will not sell us safety. In so far as we are prepared to lay down our lives for justice and humanity, in so far as our welfare is secured. The reduction of unnecessary consumption is perhaps a matter of taste. The discipline of action and endurance is a stern necessity. The time for proving that we coined money in no base spirit, and that we hold it at no base value, is at hand. For our own sake, no less than for the world's sake, this truth must stand the test. The angel who looked too long at Heaven's golden pavement was flung into Hell.

A DOUBLE EVENT¹

BY MRS. ASQUITH

I OPENED my eyes at 8 o'clock on a bright morning in June, and found them fixed on my ball-dress. I looked at the clock; I saw I had exactly one hour in which to bathe, dress, breakfast, and get to Paddington.

Out of bed in an instant, I shouted for my maid. She had not been eight years with me for nothing. My habit, long coat, buff waistcoat, hat, boots, gloves, were all put out. I munched toast while she brushed my hair.

I always find that the double tie is the toilette trap in dressing for riding. Pulling up the centre under the chin, pinning down the sides, while keeping a straight line at the top of the turnover, is touch and go. It was June, however, — a month in which no one hunts but young ladies in fiction; and I need hardly say my tie was perfect. I pushed my arms into a covert coat, and, rushing downstairs, jumped into a hansom.

Hansoms are now as extinct as duelling or garrotting. No one can deny that they had every fault: you caught your dress getting in, you fell on your head getting out; if it rained, you were soaked, or if the window was down and the horse slipped, your head went through the glass. But it was a highly becoming conveyance, and generally went along quickly; unfortunately for me, this hansom went painfully slowly. I delayed it by poking my whip up through the trap-door and shouting, 'Hurry up! I will give you five shillings more!' I gave this up as the lash

of the eager driver tingled over my face (another danger to which a hansom exposed you), and full of grim determination, — as the Ulstermen said in 1914, — I made up my mind that I would have to race for the train.

I was going to a famous horse-dealer in Swindon, to try hunters for myself, Ribblesdale, and other members of the family. Elaborate arrangements had been made for me to join my sister, Mrs. Graham Smith, later on in the afternoon, and to miss this train would not only have put the family about, but have cheated me of riding strange horses over strange fences — an amusement which made my spirits rise.

I ran into the station; my train was moving slowly out. A porter was standing in an open doorway of one of the compartments. I jumped onto the step, caught hold of his coat, shouted, 'Don't shut the door,' and as he stepped off, I stepped in. My gratitude knew no bounds. I threw the man ten shillings — if he had shut the door, or shown any fear, I should have been done. Trains move off with great dignity, and if travelers would move on — instead of crawling like rolling-stock — fewer trains would be lost.

Out of breath, but full of gladness, I looked at my top-boots and wondered how many of my friends wore loose boots with thick soles to them. Everyone has a different sort of vanity; mine went to my head, not to my feet: two pairs of stockings and loose boots were essential to my comfort out hunting.

Apropos of this, I must digress a

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little. The present Duke of Beaufort's father once scolded me for wearing tight boots,—we were riding back to Badminton with the hounds on a cold evening,—and I assured him that they were so loose that if one of the hunt servants would pick up my boot, I could kick it into the road. He challenged me. I kicked my boot off with the greatest ease.

It was not my boots but my hats from Mr. Lock in St. James's Street that I fancied. From the hoop to the hobble is not a more violent change than from the riding hats of 1893 to the riding hats of 1917. I see young ladies riding in the Row with very wide flat brims and no crowns to their hats. Rotten Row has always had a good many loose horses with riders on them, so perhaps it is not fair to judge from this. I dare say if I went back to Melton I would see men and women with crowns to their hats. But I must return to my train.

After arranging a pillow at my back and tucking a rug round me, I looked at my fellow travelers. A beautiful old man in a roomy blue overcoat sat reading near the window, with his hat off. He had a beard of black and silver, and curling black and silver hair, a fine studio head with onyx eyes, and a thin large aquiline nose. An unworldly-looking youth sat next to him, arranging papers and letters in elastic bands. The seat next to the young man was piled high with letters, documents, and papers of every description.

I watched with interest the awe with which the old gentleman inspired the young man. Every time there was a flaw in the packets the young man's chin retreated further and his attitude became more servile.

For the first time I noticed labels on the windows at each side of the carriage. I said to myself, 'Hullo! I am not in my right place. I must apologize for having thrust myself into this

reserved carriage.' How had I best begin? In my youth I called men 'Sir'; this was peculiar to myself and by no means a fashion (I was born at a later period than *The Fairchild Family*).

I fidgeted about, with an occasional glance at the old man. Suddenly I caught his lively eye fixed on me.

'I am sorry, sir, that I hurled myself into this carriage. I see it has been reserved for you; but missing this train would have been a serious matter to me.'

The Old Gentleman.—You need not apologize. I do not mind at all. I was afraid you might hurt yourself—what you did was very dangerous—you must never do it again. Why would it have been serious for you to have missed this train? [He said this in a grave tone, and added threateningly] What are you going to do?

She.—I am going to try horses for myself and my brother-in-law. What are you going to do?

He [very deliberately].—I am going to save souls.

She.—You are sanguine!

He.—Don't you believe in saving souls?

I confess I thought it a poignant pretension; but he was so bold and good-looking that I did not want to appear unsympathetic.

She.—Yes, I know what you mean. Can't say I have ever seen the process, though I have often heard of conversion. There is something morally vulgar to me in trying to get rapidly familiar with men's souls.

He [indignantly].—When you are dealing with the drunken and the depraved, you must not be morally aristocratic. You know nothing of real life—I have only to look at you to see that you are not only very young but extremely inexperienced. Look at me, young lady, and tell me truly. When have *you* seen souls flickering out for

want of a little light? What do *you* know of the depravity that devastates whole districts? The world you know is not the real world at all! What sort of a world is yours? I do not suppose you have ever seen a pauper! Have you ever been to a workhouse? I don't suppose you have ever seen a lunatic. Have you ever been to an asylum? I don't suppose you have ever seen a convict. Have you ever been in a prison? Have you ever been into a public-house and seen men — yes, and women too — grappling and fighting in the sight of God before the eyes of man, stiff with drink?

He paused and after a reproachful look at me continued, 'What do *you* know about drink? You have probably never seen drunkenness in your life.'

She. — Oh! have n't I just! I am Scotch.

He [not listening]. — Fighting, not with their fists, young woman, but with their souls. The morally aristocratic won't help us much here! What is wanted are workmen and workwomen. I am thinking of the next world — you are thinking of this. I can see you are fond of this world and its amusements — perhaps you are fashionable?

She. — Oh, dear, no!

He. — Who is your brother-in-law?

She. — Ribblesdale.

He. — What is your name?

She. — It won't convey anything to you. I am quite uninteresting!

He. — On the contrary, you interest me. — Do you believe in Hell?

She [decidedly]. — No, nor do you.

Much surprised at this remark, he took off his coat and as he leaned forward, I saw 'Salvation Army' embroidered on his blue jersey. So this was General Booth! I had heard much of him and Mrs. Booth, I had had close personal experience of their work in my districts (Whitechapel and Wap-

ping), but I did not want our conversation to be interrupted by any autobiography, so I went on rapidly, —

'You *think* you do, but you *don't*. Holding Hell over the heads of the drunken and depraved is playing down to the lowest side, even of these poor people. This is the weak part of your teaching: you excite fear, and a sort of spiritual fever.'

He. — If you were not a rich, idle, self-indulgent young lady, you would see that what you call spiritual fever I call spiritual hunger. This does not belong to the lowest side of humanity, but the highest. Spiritual torpor is Hell.

She. — If that is the kind of Hell you mean, I *do* believe in it. I have always thought Hell is within us — just as I think Heaven is, and as certainly as I think God is above us.

He. — There is a deal of nonsense in that kind of talk. Good is good, evil is evil, and God is God. Heaven is Heaven and Hell is Hell. Don't be equivocal and ecclesiastical, but be frank with your faith. Don't be sly, like the High Churchmen. I believe in Hell and I believe in Heaven. You say Heaven lies within us; does it only lie within us? Is there no destination — only the route?

She. — I did not mean that! You may as well say a corridor and Calvary are the same. Of course no one would go on walking or fighting if there was no goal, unless they were fools or saints; but fear of Hell is not a good incentive. Threats would have no effect upon me! I would much rather feel that my nature responded to love than to fear. Why worry about Hell? Heaven is the light to hold before your flickering souls. I can't argue on theology. I feel like the child who was flying its kite high on a misty day. When they said, 'Do you enjoy flying your kite when you can't see it?' the child said, 'Oh! yes, I always feel it tugging at me.'

The old man liked this story. He said, 'I was not talking of theology, I was only defending myself when you were saying my army does not appeal to the highest in human beings. I say it does. If you had what I call spiritual hunger and you call spiritual fever, you would not be wasting your time trying horses for your brother-in-law.'

Relieved at this departure from theology, and noticing a slight twinkling of his eye I said, —

'I see no great harm in trying horses for my brother-in-law.'

He. — What sort of man is Lord Ribblesdale?

She. — He's a fine rider and a great judge of a horse.

He. — Is he a *good* man?

She. — One of the best! Now, general, what you want to know is how much field for conversion you can find in me and my family, and how to start about it. In practice conversion is extremely risky: it is like a practical joke. You can never know if the end is satisfactory; in conversation it is vain — making — It is not a good topic. It is ultimately dull, as it means different things to different men. Don't let us talk about conversion — I want to know about your wife and your society.

He. — My wife was the most wonderful woman God ever made. This society was entirely her idea; it was her creation, not mine.

He spoke of her with deep feeling — of her amazing oratory and true goodness. I could only say what I had heard about her, and how much I admired him, his family, and his work. He was not very forthcoming, which disappointed me. I longed to know much more about himself and how the idea of the Salvation Army started, but he never pursued any subject for long; he was a restless listener. I asked him if his wife believed in Hell.

He [guardedly]. — I think she would

have agreed with you about Hell. What is the name of your father?

She. — My father is called Charles Tennant; he makes chemicals in Glasgow and gold in the Mysore mines in India.

He. — You are Margot Tennant. I know all about you. (I felt inclined to say, 'Oh! do you?') Your father refused to give our army any money.

She. — I don't think my father ever refused to give money to any one in his life. He knows the value of money too well not to give; he is a very happy man and suffers none of the apprehension, suspicion, and low temperature of the rich. My father would never understand your army and he hates noise.

He. — Noise!!

She. — Yes, you know your lassies thrum tea-trays for hours in the streets, and shout even on grass slopes where people play golf. The seventeenth hole at St. Andrews — on the road where your people parade — is a very ticklish hole; my father is irritable and highly strung —

He. — Are you?

She — *Very*; noise is physical pain to me. It does not take much to put you out when you are putting.

He [not listening, but watching me closely]. — Do you say your prayers?

She: Always.

He: Would you like to pray now in this carriage?

She [gravely]. — Certainly, if you would like to.

General Booth was unprepared for this answer. He had made up his mind that I was a fearless, frivolous female. He had been baulked in his scheme of conversion by a conversational digression and was anxious to return to the charge. For a moment neither of us spoke; then with a courteous movement of his hand to me he said, 'Let us kneel and pray.'

The young lieutenant, the general,

and I knelt down in a row, with our elbows on the opposite seats of the carriage. He opened by exhortation: Would God 'bless and be near this our sister'? He was not censorious, but I noticed that he emphasized the word 'quietness' in quoting St. Paul: 'In quietness and confidence lies our strength.'

He prayed erect upon his knees, with an upright head, throwing his long hair back. I shall never forget that prayer: I found myself not merely conforming, but acquiescing and praying. He was perfectly un-self-conscious; humble, without being self-centred; grateful, without being complacent; original and uneccentric; full of ideas, without being jumpy; reverent, imaginative, and, to me, deeply moving.

He finished and we all got up. I took his hand, pressed it with both of mine, and thanked him. I told him how much I had liked his prayer. We sat down in silence. He asked me what I had got in my writing-case. I took out books and a few photographs and trifles, and showed them to him. None of these interested him at all.

I always travel with a little leather commonplace book in which I have copied from the writings of many authors quotations concerning death and prayer. He took up the book and asked me to lend it to him. I did not want to do this, as I have never had much success in lending books to friends. There were a few empty pages, and I said, 'You write something in my book for me; I cannot lend it to you; I have never shown this to any one.'

He did not give me back the book, but held it in his hand.

He.—I suppose when you get home you will make a good story of our talk and journey to-day.

She.—If you regret it I will tell no one, but otherwise I shall certainly tell my sister.

He [smiling].—And the brother-in-law?

She.—Yes, all of them—but I don't know what you mean by 'good story.' If you mean that I think it funny to pray, you are completely out in your calculations.

He.—You haven't often knelt in a train before, and prayed, have you?

She.—No, never. I generally say my prayers to myself, but I have often prayed out loud with my factory-girls, and never observed any of them take it amiss.

He.—Shall I ever see you again? Will you ride down Rotten Row in one of my Salvation bonnets?

She.—No. I think they are hideous. I can see that your converts have been very conventional people; you take it for granted that I am vain and worldly, and you want to startle me into loving God. I have always believed in the Salvation Army, and given money to it, but I don't see that riding in your bonnet would bring in more souls or more subscriptions.

He.—It would be an advertisement.

She.—It would cover you, me, and your soldiers with ridicule.

He.—Christ did not mind being ridiculed.

She.—He would not have liked being advertised—Just write in my book, will you? I will give you my address so that you won't forget me.

He wrote in silence. We were nearing Swindon station. I felt very sorry to part with my dear old new friend.

He gave me back the book. I read what he had written:—

'What is life for but to walk in harmony with God, to secure that disposition and character which will fit us for the enjoyments and employments and companionships of Heaven—and to spend and be spent for the temporal and eternal weal of this suffering world?—WILLIAM BOOTH.'

I shut my little book and put it in my bag.

He. — I am very glad to have met you: we will pray for each other, and meet soon.

He took my hand in both of his.

I told him I had loved his prayer and would never forget him; that he must come and see me, or if he wanted me, I would go and see him. We said good-bye, and remained friends till he died.

I was met at Swindon by the horse-dealer in a buggy — a little man of mild eye, gentle voice, and full-blooded brogue. He talked of the horses he had got for me to see. I did not listen much; I wished I had been with the general, for our journey had been too short. I wanted to read again what he had written, but my bag was under a horse-cloth at my feet, and we went at such a pace that I felt that I could not open the bag without upsetting all the things; so I engaged in the following conversation:

'Havoc is the one for you — a little short in the rib but a foine shoulther, and *great* stroide. I took him with the duke's hounds over some rails in the corner, and not *warn*' ['one,' which he pronounced as if it rhymed with *tarn*] 'followed. There's a bit of a gray mare you shall see in the ring; she goes a little quick at her fences, but —'

She [rather snappily]. — I loathe a rusher!

The Dealer. — *That she is not!* [with great emphasis]. She has great courage. If you gave her the office she would jump into a conservatory — this is what you'll be wanting for the Leicestershire bottoms — there'll be no gates there.

She. — You're wrong; it's the best-gated country in the world.

He. — And is that so? But it only takes one fall to kill you down there, and here no one is the worse for a roll or two.

She. — That is true. What else have you got for me to try? In your letter you recommend Dandelion.

He [with a melting eye]. — Sure and I did. He's a beautiful horse — something to conjure with! — thoroughbred — all but in the book — full of pride and vanity! He is difficult to ride in the small enclosures; it's the shires he is wanting. If he puts you down I'll give him to you. I thought of entering him for the Grand National, but Lord Lonsdale said to me, 'Racing will be the ruin of him.'

We were tearing down the road when he pulled up suddenly at a brick house set in laurels and surrounded by sheds and stables; I saw through the trees a large paddock with a tan ring and fancy fences.

He [throwing the reins to an ostler and taking his watch out of his pocket]. — Five miles in ten minutes, and only gave ten pound for you!

'Liar!' I said to myself, collecting my things.

We went into the loose boxes to look at the hunters. Bustling stablemen stripped one animal after the other in monotonous succession. I am always at a loss what to say on these occasions, so begged him to get his man as soon as possible to ride whatever was ready over the fences for me.

He. — It's yourself shall choose; which shall it be?

She. — What about Dandelion?

He. — Oh! you shall ride him yourself with me later on, down the road.

She. — Down the road? You mean over the fences!

He. — Not just at first — you must feel him under you! Jim! bring the gray mare to the paddock — we'll walk on.

We walked down to the gate and into the field, Jim following on the gray. I could see that Jim was a fine rider — long stirrups, a loose easy seat,

and brimless hat. The gray, so far from being a little mare, struck me as big, angular, and gawky. The moment her large feet touched the ring she shot off! Jim handled her well, but as she approached the first fence, which was small and bushy, she rushed at it like a bull at a flag, took off from her stomach, and, hardly rising at all, landed twenty feet the other side. The fence closed up behind her, and one might have supposed she had never touched it — in Leicestershire I knew the fence would either have been taken up by the roots or I would have been taken home on a hurdle. It was the same with every fence in the ring. Had it not been for Jim, who with gigantic strength and iron nerve forced her to rise from her quarters at the only two obstacles of any merit, they must have parted company.

'Good Heavens!' I said; 'if she's not a rusher I've never seen one! I hope you give Jim high wages!'

He. — Bless your soul, I would n't give a curse for a horse who, with the one fence leapt, had n't the next one challenged!

Although I was rather amused, I was by no means mollified by this; I felt it had been an unlucky show. The dealer quickly perceived what was in my mind. His voice was very tender, almost caressing, as he said, —

'It's summer, and the devils don't get half enough exercise; I sell them off too quick! It's meself that should look after them.'

She. — Really, it's useless to show me this kind of animal! Let us see Comedy, the Havoc horse, or Dandelion. What about the great Dandelion?

He did not respond to this, but went on wondering how he could remove the evil impression that the gray had made on me.

'Ah! if the mare had been fit you'd have had a foine ride this morning!'

'Not I! My only chance would be if she was tired, and then she'd lay me out for dead.'

'Is it the gray mare you mean? *She would not.* I'd gladly be in prison for the stealing of her! Jim's not a rider like yourself; I would n't take two hundred for her. Now I'll tell you what I'll do — I'll get her fit and give you a mount with the duke, and you can break her neck and I'll say never a word!'

'She'll break mine, and then neither of us will be in a position to argue. Let us see Dandelion.'

He bustled off to bring out the favorite. I stood on the stone block and saw two men bringing out Dandelion — one leading him, and the other walking by his side with a towel over his arm.

Dandelion was, I must say, a most fascinating horse — to look at; dark chestnut, his coat shining like the back of a violin; a short back, loose elbows, and not a blemish anywhere. Something in his appearance reminded me of a Disraeli novel — the quivering nostril of his little nose, the rather vindictive roving eye. He looked like a brilliant adventurer. If this horse was all that he said, both my fortune and the dealer's were made.

I watched him coming toward me; his walk was resolute and elastic. Something moved in the laurels, and he stopped at once. I could see that he was terribly observant; the second ostler instantly clutched the other rein close to the bit, Dandelion pointed his toes and danced up to the block at an impossible angle for me to mount.

The Dealer. — Begorra! Bad luck to it! he is fresh too. Now, boys, steady! steady with the cloth!

This mysterious, almost clerical expression mystified me for a moment; a third stable-boy came out, and, winking rapidly at one of his compan-

ions, assisted with great energy in holding a towel round Dandelion's restless head, covering his eyes. The horse, quivering all over, was gently pushed to the block. My heart sank. Why did the ostler wink? Why had I come at all? Why get out at Swindon when I might have gone on to Wales with General Booth? My old friend was right. I was a rich, self-indulgent young lady — I was doing exactly what I liked. (*Was I?*) This would never do; it was high time to show some spirit.

She. — What is all this paraphernalia about, pray?

He [persuasively]. — You never liked a quiet one now, did you? Dandelion is high-strung — he is over-bred and never could endure the block.

She. — But you said I was to mount off the block. Very well, I don't mind; take the towel off his eyes and put me up from the ground.

He. — Bless your soul, you're on him but for the putting of your foot out.

I stood perfectly still on the block.

Ostler [soothingly]. — It's all right, lady! You need n't be frightened.

She [indignantly]. — I am not frightened, but Dandelion is!

He [with forced animation]. — Bless your soul! Is it Dandelion that would be frightened? It would take a new Heaven and a new Hell to scare him.

With great boldness he stroked the only part of the horse's neck that was uncovered, saying soothingly, —

'There, there! Come, come! You're a g-r-a-t-e horse, are n't you!'

I put my foot into the stirrup. Suddenly changing from coozer to caution, the dealer shouted, —

'Steady! Steady, boys! Let go.'

I was up; the three men burst away like squibs as Dandelion flung the towel to the earth with an ugly upward jerk of the head. After that we did not seem to get into position: I could not feel his

mouth; Dandelion's head was reposing on my chest like a camel's. Great Heavens! He had a swivel neck! Why had I never noticed this? I felt a mixture of irascibility and apprehension creeping into my blood, as the dealer and I rode off side by side down the road in perfect silence.

Dandelion dropped his head. Feeling happier, I said with the courage of a hard funder, 'No one can try a horse on the road; let us gallop round the fences in the paddock.'

'There is foine grass by the side of the road further on. Let us start steady — it's very hot.'

I kept my eye on him. He was watching Dandelion with a look of intense anxiety; his face was shining like the blest with perspiration, but he said nothing. We walked on side by side at a studied pace, when suddenly I felt Dandelion's quarters rise and his fore-legs hit the ground with uncalled-for violence. The reins hung in festoons; he rolled his head toward my chin, and after hearing a great cry as of one in pain a long, long way off, followed by the roar of a donkey engine in my brain, I knew no more —

When I 'came to,' figures and furniture seemed to nod and throb around me. A thunderstorm was going on with the windows shut — a perpetual wail of 'Holy Virgin! say you're not dead!' was mixed up with a good deal of blurr and bustle.

When I regained complete consciousness, I found myself in the dealer's parlor with hot-water bottles all round me, the dealer, the doctor, and the district nurse talking to each other, and the stable boys peeping in at the windows.

The Doctor. — Megrimms, you call it?

The Dealer [very subdued]. — Sure, that is right, sir.

We never quite knew who was the hero of the good story.

MAY, 1917

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

THE earth is damp: in everything
I taste the bitter breath of pallid spring.
Hark! In the air a fanning sound,
Like distant beehives. — Ah, the woods awake;
And finding they are naked, cast around
A mist, like that which trembles on the lake.

 The forest murmurs, shudders, sings
 On pipes and strings,
 With harp and flute;
 And then turns coy,
 As if ashamed to show its joy,
And in a flush of happiness grows mute.

Alas, the spring! Ah, liquid light,
Your vistas of transparent green
Fall on my spirit like a blight.
The tapestries you hang on high
Are like a pageant to a sick man's eye,
 Or sights in fever seen.

Behind your bowers and your blooms
Volcanic desolation looms;
 Your life doth death express;
Each leaf proclaims a blackened waste,
Each tree, some paradise defaced,
 Each bud, a wilderness.
And all your lisping notes are drowned
By one deep murmur underground
 That tells us joy is fled,
 Love, innocence, the heart's desire,
 The flashing of Apollo's lyre, —
 Beauty herself is dead.

In all the valleys of the earth, —
Save for the dead, — no wreath is hung.

Long, long ago the sounds of mirth
Died on man's tongue.

Love is an interrupted song,
And life a broken lute;
The huddling moments press along,
And into days are whirled
Untimed, as in a dream of pain.
Chaos has wrecked the outer world,
Chaos invades the brain.
The sounds, the sights, the scents of spring
Awake that sullen suffering
Which opium soothes in vain, —
Like the sad dawn of dread relief
That tells the greatness of his grief
To him that is insane.

Would I had perished with the past!

Would I had shared the fate
Of those who heard the trumpet-call
And rode upon the blast, —

Who stopped not to debate,

Nor strove to save,

But giving life, gave all,

Casting their manhood as a man might cast

A rose upon a grave.

Would that like them beneath the sod I lay,

Beneath the glistening grass,

Beneath the flood of things that come and pass,

Beckon, and shine and fade away.

THE NEW PAGANISM

BY EDWARD LEWIS

I

SOME years ago there appeared in England a single number of a magazine styled *The New Pagan Review*. It was edited by William Sharp, and it is commonly believed that he himself wrote all the articles which were contained in it. His other writings, particularly those which were published under the pseudonym of Fiona Macleod, had considerable vogue; and it may have been this fact which determined him to so bold a venture. The Review was a failure; and was at once dropped.

It is not difficult to account for this, quite apart from the fact that the contents of the magazine — although they were explosive enough — were of no great interest or merit, and did less than justice alike to the editor and to the subject which he chose in this provocative fashion to present to the world. For to give a name to a thing is often to damn it. A label is a distinguishing mark which not seldom has an extinguishing effect. It frequently happens that to pin a nickname on a man is as good as to hang him; in the narrow circle of his friends the name may pass as a term of endearment, but it provides the general public with a jest and a weapon. The Germans were rapidly conquering the world by a process of 'peaceful penetration,' but in a fatal hour they inscribed 'Pan-Germanism' upon a banner, hoisted it over a park of heavy artillery for all the world to see, and the world — saw it! William Sharp may have thought that it was the Neo-

Pagan element in his books which made them so attractive to a large and faithful company of readers, and he may have been quite right in so thinking; but he did not perceive the risks he ran in abstracting them from their imaginative and literary setting, and exposing them in all the nakedness of their proper name. It is one thing to have 'The Dominion of Dreams' upon your table; and another to be seen handling *The New Pagan Review*; the former might reveal the delicacy of your taste in modern literature, the latter would throw some shadow of suspicion upon the correctness of your morals. The label killeth. The great majority among even intelligent people are not unlike the woman — an ardent teetotaler — who during a serious illness had a shrewd idea that she was being dosed with brandy — with excellent effect. 'Give me the — medicine, nurse,' she would say, 'but for heaven's sake don't let me see the bottle.' We can — and do — take a good deal from the Devil provided that his horns are concealed beneath a silk hat and his hoofs in patent leather.

Had Neo-Paganism been a movement of any volume, it would have been strong enough to carry its label, and could easily have run its own review, but it has never been such in our western civilization; least of all modernly in Anglo-Saxon, Protestant countries, which are for the most part under the hand of traditional religion and conventional morality, and in which the tyranny of material prosperity is

very exacting. Under such conditions the perennial root-stock of Paganism is not likely to sprout with vigor. Not that, even here, it has been without its voices; but they have been sporadic. Emerson and Walt Whitman, for example, — too great, both of them, to be discredited by the label, — are among its major prophets; but they cried in the wilderness, and the feebler tones of their successors, if there be any, serve only to make the irresponsiveness of the world the more impressive. For the rest, it was chiefly to be found lurking as a gentle and innocuous cult in coteries chiefly of leisured folk with artistic leanings. We may speak, therefore, of the Neo-Pagan attitude toward life, or of the Neo-Pagan spirit, but scarcely of a Neo-Pagan movement.

When William Sharp, who, like other minor prophets, was more enterprising than the greater ones, placed his ear to the ground and believed that he could hear the sound of waters rising in such strong tide that on the crest of its advancing wave *The New Pagan Review* would be borne into popularity and wide fame, he must have been using a microphone. Perhaps it would be more fair to him to say that he was listening with a prophetic ear. Certainly, during the years immediately preceding the outbreak of the war there were signs that sympathy with the Neo-Pagan spirit was deepening and becoming more widespread. In literature and art, in journalism, in philosophy, and even in the Church, among social reformers, there were solitary individuals and small groups of men and women who were beginning to make themselves heard, and it almost seemed as if the world, weary of the old shibboleths, were pricking up its ears to listen. The most potent element in this hopeful ferment was probably the increasing influence of Nietzsche among those who

were willing to read him and trusted not either in his interpreters or in his slanderers. It is not unlikely, however, — such are the tricks which the gods are pleased to play upon us, — that, since it is popularly (and therefore fallaciously) supposed that next to the Kaiser himself Nietzsche is responsible for the war, his very name will nip the growing bud like an untimely frost. Indeed, there are already those who endeavor to discredit Neo-Paganism by giving it the nickname of Nietzscheanism — a not inapt illustration of the point referred to above.

But the greatest difficulty which Neo-Paganism has to overcome (we may now return *The New Pagan Review* to the momentarily disturbed dust on the shelves of the British Museum) is the fact that the word 'Pagan' continues to stink in the nostrils of Christendom. This is an obstinate reminiscence of those far-past days when the early Church perceived Paganism as among its most powerful and subtle foes, fought it tooth and nail by every device it could lay its mind to, and celebrated the triumph achieved on Golgotha with the ringing cry 'Great Pan is dead!'

It may be said, by the way, that Pan is not dead; nor, happily, is he ever likely to die. No deity has a juster claim to live than he; and, could he die, all other deities would perforce become silent and powerless, for the natural is the taproot of the spiritual. It is interesting also to remember in this connection that, in dividing so absolutely between Pan and Christ that the triumph of the one involved the annihilation of the other, the Church committed a mistake which all along has dogged its heels and now threatens to overtake it with judgment. In the Church's logic Pan and Christ were contraries; but in Life there are no contraries. The Church treated the artificialities of its

logic, which are valuable in their way, as if they were the realities of Life. Life is a unity; but the Church ran a schism through the universe, and authorized a deed of separation between Flesh and Spirit, Pan and Christ, the World and itself, thus putting asunder what God had joined together.

This schism has been perpetuated and is rife to this day. Christianity and Paganism are commonly regarded as two adversaries so utterly opposed to each other that they cannot by any manner of means settle down in the same universe together. Nor have there been any half-measures in the age-long dispute. The antagonism is bitter and *à outrance*. To vilify one's opponent is an ancient trick, and one so serviceable that it may be questioned whether mankind will ever let it drop.

A conquering race, bringing its own gods with it, was in the habit, not only of setting up their worship in the shrines of the conquered gods, but of turning these latter into devils. Thus was victory sealed and made secure. Doubtless to the early Christians Pan became as one of the devils, perhaps the very Devil. Paganism meant — Saturnalia. There was, of course, a good deal more in Paganism than that! There were Socrates and Aristotle; there were Pheidias, Homer, and Pindar; there were Æschylus and Euripides; there was even Archilochus! But to the sheep in the Christian fold, Paganism was the wolf. To the children in the Christian nursery, Paganism was the bogey-man.

We are not disputing the expediency of this, but showing cause why it comes about that nowadays the word 'Pagan,' in the minds of respectable citizens in a Christian land, usually connotes little more than orgy, libertinism, lawlessness, riot, and all manner of self-indulgent excess. The vision of an over-fed, wine-bibbing Epicurean is allowed to loom so large before the mind as to ex-

clude even a glimpse of the frugal, highly-disciplined Stoic, who was no less a pagan; and neither the sweet-smelling sanity of Walt Whitman, nor the clean, frosty, bracing savor of Nietzsche's doctrine of renunciation as expounded in his *Will to Power*, makes itself felt, because the nose is altogether occupied with the sensual vagaries of some Oscar Wilde.

II

Life is too short to argue with a prejudice, but to those who are still of open and expectant mind, — and it is through such alone that the forward movement of life is achieved, — it may be worth while to point out what the spirit of Paganism really is, and what is in the thoughts of those who look for and announce its revival, sooner or later, in the modern world.

It will be at once observed that we speak of the revival of the pagan spirit — not of a set of pagan tricks, nor of the ancient pagan cultus as a whole. In order to make this point clear, we propose now to discuss the idea of revival, and to show that, while it is absurd to speak of the restoration of an old *cultus* (for this is impossible in the nature of things), it is natural to expect a revival of the pagan spirit, and that nowhere would this rebirth appear more congruous than from within Christendom itself.

The word 'revival' conceals a snare. The prefix is apt to mislead. In ordinary speech the term is used of bringing an old thing back again, as for example the revival of a play, or of a fashion. But in the unbroken flux of Life there can be no such thing as 'back again.' The answer to our 'encore,' even if it be the same song, is always different, if only for the fact that we have already heard it once. Nothing recurs. The fallacy which lurks behind Nietzsche's doctrine of Eternal Recurrence arises

from the vain attempt to apply mathematical and logical principles to a spiritual, indeterminate movement such as life is. There can be no revival in the sense of the restoration of the same identical fact; events, epochs, take their place in the living texture of that seamless fabric which is ever issuing forth from the loom of Time; they are not like beads upon a string, so that they might repeat themselves here and there as the thread lengthens. Whatever it is which is to be revived, it must have suffered change by having been excluded for the time being; the second circumstance, also, must vary from the first; it will therefore be subject to a twofold modification. Life proceeds in a spiral, it does not move in a circle. History climbs. Like travelers zigzagging up a mountain pass, we may come back several times to the same view, but at higher points of vantage; a corresponding view, therefore, rather than the same view. Ourselves also have changed because of the experience in the interim, and hence a further modification, since what we see is largely determined by what we are. The relation between the primitive animism and the modern immanentist theory is an excellent illustration of a true historical revival.

In brief, revival is a phenomenon which appears within the general circumstance of progress. Progress is constant. The fact of periodic retrogression does not deny this, any more than the retreat of the broken wave is a denial of the rising of the tide; it only serves to warn us that progress must be measured vertically, not horizontally. Some sweeps of the spiral may be long and flat, others shorter and steeper; so that the same degree of progress may, at one time, be registered in a single generation of extraordinary spiritual illumination and impulse, which, at another time of dimmer vision and less

potent inspiration, may require an age. Life proceeds irregularly. Nature does make leaps. But the upward movement is continuous and universal. It involves even the gods. We insist that our gods themselves must grow. It was not only a different people, but a different god also, which emerged now from Egyptian bondage, now from Babylonian exile.

The revival of Paganism must be considered as subject to this general principle. It does not mean the return of Pan. We have no intention of repeating the foolishness of those who set up the images of Jupiter in the seats of Jehovah. Mere substitution never effects anything. The timidest reader need not be alarmed that anything so crude is likely to be attempted. In our wildest dreams we have never imagined Pan with his pipes and little hoofs capering up the solemn aisle of the church and taking his seat by the altar, while the congregation rises to do him honor; or the displacement of the prayer-meeting in favor of a bacchic revel. Pan will always have his shrines and his company of followers with their quaint antics, for no civilization is ever homogeneous, and any god may get at least some worshipers at any time; but in a world permeated by the Christian impulse and considerably transformed by the Christian discipline, there can be no question of the return of this half-man and half-goat to recognized authority. Old Pan will not do, any more than old Jehovah will do.

The Pan of the New Paganism will have suffered change by reason of the exile into which the Church drove him. His proportions will have been altered. Such a suggestion as this would, anciently, have been reckoned a gross impiety. In the classic representations of Pan there are no prognostications of change, no hint of tension between the dramatically consorted parts. On the

contrary, he is apparently satisfied (which means that his worshipers were satisfied) with the proportion of man and goat in him. Indeed, the absence of anything like aspiration in the upper portions of the figure conveys the impression that, on the whole, the lower half is the predominant partner. He is not so much a partly humanized goat, as he is a goat represented anthropomorphically.

This is one of the cases — perhaps rare — in which the modern view of life is profounder and truer than the ancient. That spiritual and artistic genius, Auguste Rodin, has handled this antique symbolism, and has taken as the subject of one of his masterpieces, *La Centauresse* — a figure half-human and half-brute. But in this astonishingly vigorous presentation of the dualism in human nature, between the forepart and the hinder part there is immense strain. The pose of the human portion of the figure — face, head, torso, and every subordinate feature and muscle — suggests striving and forwardness. Contemplating it, the impression grows more and more vivid that the human part is not so much issuing out of the animal part as a snake sloughs its skin; nor is the former dragging the latter along with it as an Old Man of the Sea; but rather that the emerging Soul is, by the very energy of its aspiration, transmuting those lower elements which are united with it in the whole nature of Man.

La Centauresse does not, and is not intended to, represent a deity. There could be no such thing as worship of a being at such strain within itself. It is essential that a deity should exhibit harmony, poise, and repose. He must symbolize a unity of some sort. Blake's *Jehovah*, for example, is effective as a representation of deity because, although the head is that of an old man and the tree-like limbs are

those of youth, the whole figure suggests a complete harmony between wisdom and strength, between the power to conceive and the will to execute. The images of Buddha convey the impression of a unity attained through self-conquest, and a transcendence of the Soul over Sense. Pan himself, undistinguished figure though he be, has the unity of animal innocence. Buddha strikes us as being all soul, with the flesh finally shut out; Pan, on the other hand, as being all flesh, with the soul totally absent. This denial of an integral part of human nature — flesh or soul as the case may be — makes each of these deities, which are the extreme opposites of each other, unsatisfactory. The unity they represent is artificial, for it is not possible to reach a real unity by the method of abstraction.

If we could imagine Rodin's *Centauresse* as having fought out its inner warfare, harmonized its discord, re-composed itself into a unity wherein the soul and the flesh alike should find proper place and function, dwelling together in mutuality and at peace, we should have for the first time in history a conception of deity — that is to say, of the goal of human aspiration — which would be adequate to the facts of life and to the witness of religious experience. So far all deities have been one-sided; therefore exaggerated; therefore unreal. Because of this, their shrines, one after another, have been forsaken, first by Life itself, and then by living worshipers. The perfect god is still to come.

The Church has said, 'Pan or Christ', and in so saying has rendered impossible the fullness of religious experience to all who accept the antithesis. The ultimate achievements of Life can never be formulated as a disjunction. The irresistible tendency of Life is toward synthesis. 'Either-Or' may occur in

the mid-course of some vital process, but no living movement ever rested in an 'Either-Or.' Why 'Pan or Christ'? Why not 'Pan and Christ'? Not as a compromise for the sake of peace, nor as two coördinate principles sharing the throne together, but as a true synthesis in which all that is divine in human life and all that is human in divine life shall find due place.

The hands cannot be put back upon the dial of Time. The gates on Life's highway open only in the forward direction. There cannot be a restoration of an old cultus, but there may well be a reëntry of an old spirit after a period of suppression. It is, indeed, natural to expect that there should be. To look for the revival of the pagan spirit after nearly two thousand years of Christian discipline is as legitimate, and withal as exhilarating, as to look for a renewal of one's youth in middle life. An analogy crops up here, and it is worth examining more closely.

To renew one's youth! Is that only a fantastic dream, a delusive mirage, or is it a promise? Sub-human nature offers a hint of this human experience. The new-born butterfly which, having dried its wings in the genial sunlight, has just flitted away across the garden, exhibits every mark and sign of youth. Last spring, this same creature was born a caterpillar. Between these two states of youth successive the one to the other there is no break in the continuity of individual existence. From the laying of the egg to the spinning of the cocoon, the insect passes through all the natural stages of infancy, youth, maturity. But lo, a second youth!

It would scarcely be possible to set before one's self a brighter, more alluring hope than that of renewing one's youth in middle life. For it is superfluous to praise Youth, and its 'self-confident morning.' How beautiful are its properties — exuberant energy, meas-

ureless trust, unbaffled resiliency, insatiate curiosity, fearless venture, and a passion which idealizes both its loves and its hates! How good are its quests — to live, to enjoy life, to plunge in the cup and drink deep of the waters of experience, to express one's self, to give one's self away! The Inner Wisdom would stand openly convicted of unwisdom if these gifts were bestowed only to be lost before we could fully advantage by them, and not rather to be more firmly possessed. Is Youth intended to be nothing but a bright, tantalizing memory? We do not ignore its threats and perils. Exuberance easily degenerates into rankness and riot. The lack, as yet, of an established personal centre means many a door left open for dissipation. Instability may harden into a habit of fickleness. Independence tends to pass into a looseness which is the reverse of liberty. Until the inward throne is secure, Youth's fine scorn of external authority is fraught with great danger. Strength which is not focussed and duly controlled may often be overrated, and, like bluster and bravado, injures far more than it effects.

III

Nevertheless, when all has been said, and the last warning uttered, the spirit of Youth remains the only true and healthful spirit of life. The objects which the passionate heart of Youth pursues remain always the vital ones. The direction given to Youth by the creative impulse which brings it into being, before Society coerces it and the Church warps it, remains the right direction unto the end of life. Nor can there be a higher reach of faith than that of which the unwritten creed of Youth is the expression — I believe in joy, in lifewardness, in self-expression. I believe in the world and in the flesh. I

believe in the natural man, the health of his instincts, the purity of his functions, and in his divine potentialities. I believe in the soundness of the human heart, the goodness of life, the beauty of all experience.

The worst of it is that, when we are young as years go, we never possess our Youth.

It is a fact of common experience that this first paradise is lost. Upon the wildness, passionate adventure, vigorous self-expression of Youth there follows a period of restraint amply provided for by the State with its education and its policemen, Society with its codes and conventions, the Church with its 'Thou shalt' and 'Thou shalt not.' Circumstances, too, press more closely and more heavily upon the youth as he comes to practical grips with them, and there is a consequent hardening at the surface, a thickening of the epidermis of personality. So the vision fades; the fires burn low; the spirit descends more deeply into matter.

This supervening discipline has its value, and is by no means negative only — as the youth himself is apt to think. It plays an essential part in the development of life. Only failure awaits such as miss it, or refuse it. It is like the pruning of the tree which fosters root-growth; or the narrowing of the channel which deepens the bed of the river. It is the resistance under which the centre crystallizes and is established — for the secret of effective self-expression is self-possession. Tradition, usage, convention, prohibition, creed, rules, and all the other props and externally provided authorities, are the paraphernalia of the nursery and the schoolroom through which all the children of the higher life must pass. They have their time. But they have their term, also.

Discipline is a means, not an end. A means whereto?

There is no virtue in restraint in itself. If one should say, 'See what a disciplined, orderly, regular person I am!' the Wise Man will not be greatly impressed; for such a one may be as dull as the proverbial ditch-water, void of illumination, incapable of passion. He does not swear, or lie, or stand in danger of the constable; but it requires still to be asked concerning the style and quality of the life redeemed by discipline from the follies of Youth — is it bold, gay, rich in enterprise?

Another says proudly, 'I am master of myself!' To him the Wise Man answers, 'Thou doest well. But what of this Self over which thou boastest mastery — is it whole or emasculate? What sort of a creature is this which thou hast harnessed and holdest the reins on — can it soar to the sun, or are its wings clipped? Hast thou broken its spirit and drawn its teeth? Is it a docile ass, a safe hack, or a rampant steed?'

We now approach to where the secret lurks. The purpose of discipline is not to quench but to centralize the spirit of youth with a view to its reëntry and revival. The value of restraint is that, when its lesson has been learned, the quests of Youth may be sought and won with greater boldness, steadier resolve, and a more single will. Control derives all its importance from the straightness and constancy it imparts to life. There is no real advantage in virtue if it chills and diminishes passion. Mistakes matter little. Correctness is a mean thing. Excess, which is the vice of the weak, is the virtue of the strong, and (as Blake said) for him the highway of wisdom. The great sin is, not to live with enthusiasm and power when one is ready and the opportunity is at hand. The great untruth is to be unreal. The great treachery is to refuse expression to a Self which is, at last, concentrated and free. Personal

discipline is a means to the renewal of youth.

The renaissance of Youth! Oh, the dreary length of the days in which we go to school with the Law — the old dame with her cupboard full of pains and penalties! Oh, the bitterness of the continual repression of desire, the galling of the bands, the chafing of the fetters! Oh, the heavy stupidity of authority — how it makes us fume and fret! Oh, the monotony of the path with its trim hedges, and the everlasting warning to trespassers wherever to our furtive eye there comes a glimpse of a wider wilder world which promises the chance of risk and adventure! But, patience, my heart, patience a little while. Something meanwhile is growing deep and strong within thee. This is thy true freedom, and at such a cost has it to be purchased. One day, when at last thou art able to bear thy freedom, thou shalt awake to a world in which thou mayest roam in every wood, loiter in every glade, drink of every stream, follow what path thy desire prompts thee to, and, without hurt or peril, all things shall be thine richly to enjoy!

Here, then, on the plane of personal life there is a sequence of natural development — immature youth, discipline, second youth. Is it too bold to prophesy that, on the plane of moral and religious history, there should be a parallel development — Old Paganism, Christianity, New Paganism? Is it not, on the contrary, a natural expectation? The Church supervened upon the Old Paganism as a discipline. That is the significance of the Church in respect of the practice of life — it represents a discipline, an obedience. As every one who comes under its influence knows, it works first as a repression, a restriction. The vast majority of its members never seem to get clear of this tutelage. They run their life with the brakes on, or else with the foot nervously hover-

ing about the brake-pedal. They talk much about the liberty of the spirit, but they do not manifest it.

Now, discipline is good, but its worth is vindicated only in the issue of a freer life. What is the purpose of the Church's discipline as perceived by itself? It is, chiefly, that we may gain the freedom of the next world. But why the next world? Why not this world? Why beggar ourselves in respect of the beauty, the delight, the triumph, the glory of living in this world, for the sake of a world to come — which, possibly, may not come? Why not reap the fruits of discipline here in the free usage and the complete enjoyment of this world? The Christian may say, 'I find the fruit of my discipline in the fact that I no longer need this world'; to which the reply is, 'Because you no longer need it, you are precisely the one who should enjoy it.' If he says, 'But it no longer interests me,' the only answer is a silent regret that any religious practice should be able to take from him all interest in anything so wide, so rich, so full of adventure, so lofty in challenge, as this world proves itself to be to one who confronts it with self-possession and mastery. The freedom of this world is a rich heritage to enter into, and it awaits the claim of those who, having learned the lessons of restraint and obedience, are able and worthy to receive it. For our part, we believe that the real function of Christianity has been, and is, that of a disciplinary interim; its law, also, is a schoolmaster; and, because of this, it is from within Christendom that we look for the revival of that youthful spirit which long ago, and according to its knowledge and experience at the time, said 'yes' to this world and to life in it.

For such do we conceive the essential spirit of Paganism to be. It is the spirit of yea-saying and of joy in life, in contrast with that nay-saying which is

so conspicuous in Christian practice, and that promise of joy in after-life which is central to the Christian gospel.

The primitive pagan is the child in the human family. He approximates to the emotional and spiritual condition of the child. Like the child, he occupies most of his time in eating and sleeping and play; unlike the child, he has to hunt for his food and sometimes to fight for his life, but he relishes both the battle and the chase. Occasionally he suffers hardship, and is no stranger to anger, disappointment, or fear; but sunshine soon blots out the memory of the storm, and his wounds are quickly healed. It may be that his disposition is indolent; certain it is that his world makes but little demand upon his will-power, for Nature is generous and his society is communistic in structure. He may exercise himself to gain skill in a game or with a weapon; he may discipline himself to courage and endurance; but, whatever his discipline may be, it is frankly to the end that he may enter more fully into his world and its life, possess it, enjoy it.

The primitive has often been represented as if he were constantly beset with dreads, and went hourly in fear of his life from sinister and hostile influences lurking around him on all sides. It has been said that out of this fear he created his gods — the first gods that ever were. Modern researches continually increase the number of reasons for doubting this; and it is fairly safe to say that on the whole he finds his world a good, broad world to live in; and he accepts it for better or worse. When better, he has much pleasure; when worse, he sets himself to make the best of it. The thought of another world has not cast its shadow upon him. He affirms his world and its life.

This principle remains fundamental even when Paganism blossoms out into Greek civilization. It lies behind the

practical philosophy alike of the Epicurean and of the Stoic. The vulgar formula, 'Eat, drink, and be merry,' is rather a caricature than a characterization of Epicureanism; it is false in over-emphasis, but it is true so far as it accents the Epicurean's acceptance and affirmation of his world.

The Stoic would live 'according to Nature,' and he defined Nature in a strangely modern way as a growth, a living movement, an upward tendency toward perfection. In Nature he heard more than the Pipes of Pan; he heard the music of rising waters. For him Nature was good because it constantly performed its function of bringing all things on toward perfection and the fullness of life. Nature was a fountain of Life, pouring forth its waters into all things according to the capacity of each, seeking to fill each to the brim, sometimes finding a free course, sometimes meeting with resistance, but faithful in the ascending effort. Things were good according as they performed well their functions, whatever these might be. Like Nietzsche, the Stoic was determined to see the necessary in all things as beautiful and good. Perfection was interpreted in terms of efficiency; and Nature's purpose was achieved in any creature when, after its own kind, it was efficient in life. He himself was good on precisely similar terms, — efficiency in functioning, — and it was his function as a self-conscious personality to coöperate with the universal natural striving toward perfection. His heaven was within him, and he had reached it when he was in harmony with himself and the soul of the world. He accepted and affirmed his world. If it was kind to him, he had pleasure; that was good. If it was hard with him, he had battle; and that was good, too. He cultivated self-mastery in order that he might enter into possession of his world and enjoy it.

The revival of Paganism means, therefore, the reëntry of this spirit of affirmation in a world which is all the more able to rise to it because it has suffered for two thousand years the restrictive influence of Christian ideas and practices. The Church has affirmed the Soul as against the World; of this we shall not complain if now we are able to affirm the World for the Soul. In a familiar passage, Amiel says that the Church 'decomposed the human unity.' Perhaps it was necessary that this should be done; but its complete justification would appear if now the

unity may be recomposed at a higher point — that is to say, all things are good, for use and for enjoyment, because the Soul has become master in its own house.

'It may be that only in Heaven I shall hear that Grand Amen,' but why only in Heaven? Why make a deferred expectation of that which is to hand? The revival of Paganism means that this Grand Amen to life should begin to sound here and now; not drowning, but enlarging the music of those pipes which still call to all that is free and young in the human heart.

THE LIFE OF ADVENTURE

BY EDGAR J. GOODSPEED

'ADVENTURES,' said the gifted Mr. Disraeli, 'are to the adventurous.' Stevenson somewhere recommends the conception of life as a series of adventures, each morning witnessing as it were a new embarkation upon some treasure-quest or feat of arms. And I have often observed that my adventurous friends have a knack of reporting with all the flavor of genuine adventures, experiences which upon sober reflection seem rather to fade into the light of common day. It would, therefore, appear that it is they who put the adventurous into life, rather than life which is responsible.

In this fact lies much encouragement for one whose life seems set in a routine of commonplace; who lives upon a decent city street, where even burglars seldom penetrate, and nothing more exciting than automobile collisions or-

dinarily happens. These last are, however, of a gratifying frequency, if it is excitement that one craves. Indeed, we have latterly come to a weary sense of annoyance when the familiar crunch informs us that two motorists have simultaneously claimed the right of way. The pious duty of sweeping up all that was mortal of these unfortunates sometimes becomes really distressing, and one feels like a modern Tobit, keeping watch o'er man's mortality.

I make it a point never to witness these distressing occurrences; that would be a vocation in itself. Only when the fatal crash is heard do I emerge, like Æsculapius from his temple. I was a witness once, but only in a burglary. I had not, of course, seen the burglary, but I could remember seeing the *corpus delicti in situ*, as it were,

later than any one else; and the proof that the object had existed had, of course, to precede the evidence that it had disappeared. Such is the logic of the law. Twenty several times I accordingly visited the Halls of Justice, and twenty several mornings I sacrificed upon the altar of duty. Months wore on; we witnesses, from our frequent meetings, came to be firm friends. We talked of forming a permanent organization. We even began to produce a literature, though all I now remember of it is, 'For we're trying Johnny Artzle in the morning.'

I became so seasoned an habitu  of the court building that belated witnesses for other tribunals, on reaching the witness-room, would rush up to me and explain in broken English that they had been detained, that they had come as fast as they could and hoped I would excuse them; showing that there was nothing about me that looked out of place in the precincts of the Criminal Court.

But, with all this assiduity, we did not convict our burglar. The kindly judge reduced his bail, that he might rejoin his family; he seized the opportunity to filch some golden teeth, which a prosperous dentist had destined for his fashionable clients, and this irate gentleman thrust in his case ahead of ours (though the Statute of Limitations had not yet run against us) and thus snatched from us the satisfaction of immuring our defendant in his deserved dungeon.

This is why I never witness motor accidents. But it is plain that even this unhappy business may take on the glamour of romance when approached from the point of view of adventure. The other morning, when the familiar crunch informed us that we were again to function as first aids to broken humanity, I rushed into the street, to see a large limousine of the eight-passenger

type now usual at obsequies, resting comfortably on its port side on the opposite parkway. What might it not contain, in the way of youth, beauty, and interest? Yet in point of fact, when its cargo had been laboriously hoisted up through the main hatch, which was ordinarily its right-hand door, it proved to be nothing very romantic after all, and we gave it its coffee with a certain vague sense of disappointment. Some people really are not worthy of adventure, and it is a great pity that many who have adventures refuse to accept them gratefully in an adventurous spirit.

War is, of course, the main avenue to adventure, and even so commonplace an affair as military drill has, at least in its early stages, adventurous possibilities. Our corporal (for I have to admit that I am only a private — as yet) being one day kept from duty by a seminar on Plato, an expert on the history of art, excluding that of war, was set over us. His eagerness exceeded his experience, and it is not too much to say that he led us into places of danger previously unsuspected. The company, though with the gravest misgivings, was called upon to deploy as skirmishers, guide left. Placing himself at our head and crying, 'Follow me,' our gallant leader at once set off at a double-quick in the wrong direction, where a lieutenant much out of breath overtook us, crying, 'Hay, corporal! you belong at the other end of the line!' 'Follow me,' ordered our leader unabashed; and we double-quickened to the other end, there to meet the other lieutenant, with the cry, 'Hay, corporal! you belong in the middle of the line!'

But one of our most inflexible deans occupied the middle with his squad, and his conception of military duty would not permit him to budge without orders. Perhaps he remembered

the Marne and defeat by dislocation. With no place to go, our embarrassment was relieved by the captain's 'As you were,' and we formed again in our familiar column of squads. But in the slight confusion which I have to admit had for a moment prevailed, a metathesis had taken place: from being third squad we had become fourth, which position carried with it the responsibility of leading the second platoon. When therefore the hoarse order, 'Platoons column left,' rang out, the company plodded placidly on in column of squads. We seemed to have lost our platoon consciousness. Our captain was annoyed; he knew that he had two platoons, but they declined to separate. Again the order came, without effect.

The company now vaguely felt that something was wrong, and suppressed cries of 'Hay, corporal! you're pivot man!' 'Hay, second platoon! wake up!' came to us from front and rear. With a start, our guilty squad awoke to its new responsibilities, and a sense of the eternal watchfulness of the soldier's life. *Qui vive? Qui va?*

The day before Marshal Joffre arrived, I asked our guide, a Plattsburg veteran, whether the Faculty Company was to participate in his review of the battalion. His face darkened with apprehension.

'Say,' said he, 'that would be a mess! He's reviewed better troops than we are!'

Never more desperate ones, though, we agreed. Like all great soldiers, our officers are modest, even about their handiwork. We of the ranks, however, in our eagerness feel some disappointment that we cannot exhibit our newly won proficiency, even to General Barry. Why keep it all for Hindenburg?

Battalion drill is a great day in the life of the military neophyte, and our favorite evolution is the company

front double-quick. It would have been a pleasure to perform this for the Marshal of France, but our last execution of the manœuvre made our officers reluctant to exhibit our proficiency in it again to the jealous eye of authority. In company front, we spread in two ranks well across the field, and at the command 'Double time!' we inaugurated a really imposing movement, before the reviewing officer. For some reason the front rank of the first squad set a rapid pace, which the whole rank nobly strove to imitate. The second rank, in fear of being distanced, came thundering up behind, and the first rank, hearing their onset close upon their heels, regularly ran away. In consequence, our alignment, usually so precise, suffered considerably; and it began to look like an interscholastic 'quarter mile' badly bunched at the finish. Reduced to the more professorial 'quick time' at the end of the race, we soon recovered our breath if not our composure, and it was remarked that in the rush it had been the Faculty orators that led the field; both things being after all at bottom a matter of wind.

Before we were dismissed that morning, the reviewing officer commented favorably on our drill, excepting only the double-quick, and admonished us to try to keep from laughing. Yet is it not well known from the writings of Captain Beith and others that the British Tommies go into action laughing, joking, and singing music-hall ballads?

The other day the major's usual stirring lecture on the art of war was replaced by that threadbare faculty device, a written quiz. The first question (I believe I am disclosing no military secret in telling) was, 'Name the textbook.' The answer was, of course, I.D.R.; but some poor fellows who had plunged into the contents without

first mastering the cover, were found wanting.

The sociability characteristic of con-vocation processions naturally tends to pervade our military marching as well. At battalion the other day we were trying to catch the captain's far-off orders and then to distinguish which of several whistles was the 'command of execution' for our company, when a late arrival dropped into the vacant file beside me, and in the most sociable manner began to relate an experience on the rifle range the Saturday before. This extended narrative was much interrupted, for I lost him every little while under the stress of those far-off orders, of which he appeared quite unconscious. His method seemed to be to wait for the evolution to be completed and then rejoin me wherever I might be and resume his parable, though he did occasionally complain that he had not heard the order.

Nevertheless, we learn quickly. The other day the first sergeant, a theologian of a wholly unsuspected bellicosity, called upon the squad leaders to report. The first corporal at once glibly cried out, 'All present or accounted for'; whereupon each successive corporal, confident that none of his men had been killed or captured since the day before, joyfully answered with the same crisp and comprehensive formula.

For all our attempts at militarism, a certain democratic informality still lingers among us. The captain is ordinarily affectionately addressed as 'Henry.' Thus while at rest a voice is heard from the rear rank: 'Well, Henry, I don't understand what the rear rank is to do on the order, "Company platoons right." Now the front rank —'

'There's no such command,' answers the captain patiently, thus closing the incident.

The captain frequently marches

backward, so that he can face us and enjoy the swift precision with which we carry out his orders. The other day he backed into the east bleacher and sat down abruptly on the bottom step. Fortunately he gave the command to halt, or in our blind obedience we should probably have marched right over him up the bleacher and off the back of it into space.

I shall never forget our first review. It was with no little reluctance that our captain consented to our participation in it. He seemed to fear that we might shy at the visiting officers' decorations, and run away. Only the most protracted good behavior on our part carried the day. After marching past the reviewing party, in as straight a company front as we could exhibit, we opened our ranks for inspection, and the visiting colonel prowled about among us. Just before he reached our company, a student major, in a frenzy of apprehension, came up and gave us one final adjuration not to wiggle.

The colonel — a fine military figure — marched swiftly up and down our ranks, stopping now and then to address a few crisp questions to one or another of the men. He seemed to select those whose soldierly bearing suggested military promise; at least our corporal and I thought so, as we were the men he spoke to in our part of the line. Or it may be that we were standing so like statues that he wanted to satisfy himself that those marble lips could speak. Our comrades were of course eager to know what he had said, and we had later to tell them that he had imparted to us important military information of a confidential character; to which they cynically replied, 'Yaas, he did!'

We also tactfully let it be known that the colonel was anxious to learn whether our officers were perfectly satisfactory. With more tractable and

appreciative inquirers we entered into more detail. He had asked the corporal whether he had ever shot a rifle: corporal blushing admitted that he had once shot a squirrel. (Corporal is a football hero, and accustomed to meet the enemy at much closer quarters than rifle range. The rest of us, on the other hand, are publicists, and are deadliest at distances of from 500 to 5000 miles.) Number 2 was asked if he could cook, and claimed that he could. Colonel in his haste did not think to ask Number 2 if any one could eat what he cooked, or he would have learned that Number 2's cookery is best suited to prisoners of war.

Colonel had no sooner departed on his inquisitorial way than the student major reappeared from nowhere, in a fearful rage, to inquire if we could n't stand still even for *two minutes*, and to complain bitterly that during the inspection one man had been guilty of rubbing his nose. Murmurs of disapproval ran through the ranks at the mention of this wretched offender, who was probably responsible for dragging our company down to a tie with the Law School for third place out of nine in the honors of the day.

Captain now mercifully ordered, 'Rest,' and a prodigious and concerted sigh rose from the ranks. Each man abandoned his pokerlike pose of '*Ten-shun*' for an attitude of infinite dejection and fatigue. It was 6:15 and I remarked to Number 2 that my back ached. He said his ached clear through. Our former corporal asked the captain what a man was to do if he had a dinner engagement. Captain said he had one, but guessed we'd all have to wait for orders to dismiss. Corporal replied that he had n't one, but just wanted to know. If one is to rise in the service, one should never lose an opportunity of extracting military information from one's officers.

We have not yet been promoted to uniforms, but last night after drill we were informed that while we could not be provided with the invisible olive-gray now in fashion, some antiquated khaki-colored uniforms of 1910 were being provided for our adornment. This arrangement met with no objection. The fact is, we are not wholly unaccustomed to wearing clothes of the fashion of 1910, and furthermore, while we have no desire to be conspicuous, some of us rather shrink from the idea of wearing invisible clothing, no matter how fashionable.

So full of adventure is military life, even in its most elementary form. But after all I am not primarily a soldier: I am a human coral insect — that is to say, a university professor, before whom life stretches, as Stevenson said of another class, 'long and straight and dusty to the grave.' I should like to be a volcanic being, shouldering up whole islands at a heave; or even, if that could not be, perhaps engulfing one or two, reluctantly of course, now and then. Whereas it is my lot in life to labor long and obscurely beneath the surface, to make the intellectual or historical structure of the universe soldier by some infinitesimal increment, about which in itself nobody except my wife and me particularly cares.

Sometimes, however, I repine a little and wish I were, say, a porpoise, splashing gayly along at the surface, and making a noise in the world. Once in a while, when I am going to sleep (for even a coral insect must sometimes sleep), dreams float through my mind of sudden achievement, such as might make one a porpoise or better; and once one of these nearly came true. Judge how nearly. I was wandering through a half-subterranean Spanish chapel, fitly set with huge old missals, dark altar-pieces, covered stalls, and quaint curios. Its dim recesses beck-

oned us on from one rich relic to another. Interest quickened. It seemed a place where anything might be, awaiting only the expert eye of discovery. I had often fancied such a place, and finding in some dim corner of it a certain long-lost work of literature still remembered after a thousand years' absence; somewhere in such a sleepy treasure-house it doubtless lay, enfolding within its mouldering folios, not its quaint contents only, but fame and fortune for its finder. And look! Yonder, under a corner staircase, is a shelf of old books, large and small. You approach it with feigned indifference; here, if anywhere, will be your prize, a manuscript whose unique rarity will awaken two hemispheres. It is not among the ponderous tomes, of course; so you take them down first, postponing putting fortune to the decisive touch. But these small octavos have just the look of promise; they are thin, too, as it would be; and what period more likely for it than that sixteenth century to which they so obviously belong?

Only the other day, a friend of mine who lives on our reef, and on a branch even more recondite than mine, found among the uncatalogued antiques of an American museum the one long-lost Tel-el-Amarna tablet, which had disappeared almost as soon as it was dis-

covered, and of which it was only known that it was probably in America. Thus may one be changed in a moment from polyp to porpoise, and be translated from the misty obscurity of the bottom to the stirring, dazzling, delightful surface of things.

But after all, the plain truth is that adventure consists less in the experiences one actually has than in the indefatigable expectancy with which one awaits them. Indeed, I sometimes fear that people must be divided into those who have adventures and those who appreciate them. And between the two the affinity for adventure is greater treasure than the experiencing of it. If we are possessed of the affinity, adventure itself is, at most, just round the corner from us. This opens the life of adventure to all who crave it. What possibilities lie in merely crossing a street, for example! Some one remarked the other day as he dodged across among the motor-cars, 'Why not take a chance now and then and lead a real life for a few minutes?'

I therefore recommend the life of adventure. It conceives each day as a fresh enterprise, full of delightful possibilities and promise, and so preserves the wine of life from growing flat.

Here is the secret of youth. The moral of Mr. Disraeli's epigram is, 'Be adventurous.'

A TALE UNTOLD

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

THE stranger was not of the age to be called venerable, but his silvered hair and the bloom of his elderly good looks had won upon the serious favor of the ladies, and they made him welcome in their cabin at the stern of the boat. In the fashion of Western river-travel sixty years ago, they sat there with their sewing and knitting in the morning, and played and sang at the melodeon in the afternoon. Usually they played and sang hymns, and then the stranger led what might be called their devotions, from a better acquaintance with the hymns.

When he left them, with polite excuses, for a walk on the hurricane-deck, he had to pass the men who sat at euchre around a table in the forward cabin. He always faltered for a glance at the cards they held and for a glance from the cards to their faces, while he kept humming the psalm-tune he had been singing. At last one of the men asked him with humorous deference if he would not sit down.

'But you don't like the sight of this, deacon,' the gambler suggested.

'Then I wish he would lump it, damn him!' another gambler broke out. He had been losing heavily. 'Move on, now,' he called savagely up at the stranger, who hurried away.

'Well, I don't know,' the other gambler objected, 'as I would want to damn him away, exactly.'

'You take this hand,' the loser blazed back, 'and you may do the damnin' yourself.'

The stranger put himself beyond

hearing, and after that he seemed anxious not to glance at the gamblers as he passed, though other people stopped and followed the game to the end from the hands of the players.

A day or two later, as he stole by with his face carefully turned from the players, the losing gambler jumped to his feet and shouted, 'Now you see here, will you! I ain't goin' to have you overlookin' my hand and settin' the cards ag'inst me. If I did n't know we was all gentlemen at this game, I would say you was in cahoots with somebody; but I ain't a goin' to have it, anyway. Now you just leave! You go back to your psalm-singin'!'

He shook his cards in the stranger's face and roared away his protest that he had not meant to look at them, much less tried to overlook them; that he did not believe in the power of overlooking a hand, and should consider it wrong to use the power if he had it. The other players sided with the stranger and clamored at the man to sit down, to go on with the game, and not be a fool. The gambler said he wanted the stranger to keep away, that was all, and he violently shrugged off the touch which the stranger laid on his shoulder in mild entreaty, and slumped back into his chair. He studied the cards he held, and 'Can't tell,' he growled, 'what the hell I *have* got, any more.'

The sight and sound of the affair sickened Stephen West, who had stopped on his way to the hurricane-deck. The voyage was his farthest travel from the village where he had lived in a

vision of the world, as he knew it equally from Tennyson and Longfellow and from Thackeray and Cervantes. In this vision the good and the evil of the world had the same charm for him, but he liked to verify it from the experience of a practical man like the pilot, and he had the habit of talking with him about life. Stephen's reading and thinking had aged him beyond his years, but the pilot was of a worldly wisdom which he could not hope to gain when the years had made them contemporaries.

The pilot's worldly wisdom, though it was so wide and varied, was of a decency which the boy could share without fear or shame. Stephen came away refreshed and strengthened in his ideals, with increasing respect for a person who seemed to be as fearless with men as he was blameless with women, and able to meet danger from either with steady courage. There seemed few incidents which the pilot's experience had not included. In Stephen's unenvious eyes he bore himself becomingly in a tall silk hat, a broadcloth coat, and a velvet waistcoat. He wore very thin-soled, high-heeled boots, such as Stephen never found for sale in his village.

Stephen was not going to talk with him now, or even willingly look at him. A few days before, in the wide range which their conversation often took, the pilot had come out with the abominable doctrine that the Declaration of Independence could not apply to negroes in its axiom that all men were created equal, because negroes had no souls and might be fitly enslaved for their defect. Stephen had heard this doctrine before, but in his amazement at hearing it from the pilot, he lost hold of the counter-arguments commonly used in that day against it. He could only allege the example of the fathers of the country in their abhorrence of slavery, and he recalled the saying of Jefferson that he trembled for his coun-

try when he remembered that God was just. He thrilled with the poetic solemnity of the words as he pronounced them; but the pilot flew into a sudden Celtic fury and cursed himself, and swore that he did not care for what Jefferson said, or for any fool who did care.

Stephen could scarcely believe that the thing had happened. He got himself somehow out of the place and went about trying to think how he could best resent the outrage put upon him. He was still boy enough to feel that a blow could be the only fit retort to such an insult, but he had not sufficiently dramatized the action when he saw the stranger, who had followed him up to the hurricane-deck and was now making towards the pilot-house. He felt that the right moment had come and that he could not do better than follow him and deal with the pilot in his presence; he had not contrived just how he should knock the pilot over his wheel and then have the stranger interpose and quiet the passions of both, but the scene enacted itself in his seething fancy without specific details, while he walked back and forth across the deck. Through the vindictive tumult of his revery he kept fitting certain aspects of the river scenery with apt phrases, and it embittered his resentment the more to realize that a person who could do this should have been so vulgarly insulted. He controlled his impulse to burst into the pilot-house and fling himself on the pilot, no matter how the boat ran wild among the snags and sandbars; and he set his teeth hard and clenched his fists so tight that the nails cut into the palms of his hands. But the pilot stretched forward on tip-toe and called through his open window, 'Come in here a minute, Mr. West, won't you?' Stephen eagerly construed his appeal as an overture to apology, and obeyed.

The stranger was sitting on the

benching behind the pilot and humming one of his psalm tunes, with an air of courteous abstraction. He saluted Stephen blandly, but offered no reason for the pilot's invitation, and the pilot gave none. He said to the stranger, over his shoulder, 'Just show them to him, will you?'

The stranger returned from his absence. 'Oh! I was merely letting our friend here see some pieces of jewelry which I secured at a low rate from a bankrupt stock a few days before we left Cincinnati.'

He had a tone of excuse, as if the fact was something too trivial to be more than passingly noted to a person of Stephen's quality; but the glitter of the things dazzled the boy in their variety of brooches, bracelets, rings, neck-chains, and watch-charms.

Stephen had a silver watch, with no present hope of a gold one; he had meant some time to have his watch plated, but he did not like the notion, and he had thought he would wait; but now the sight of a guard very rich and massive tempted him. Until he could buy a gold watch he might wear such a chain, and leave the spectators to imagine a gold watch at the end of it in his pocket. He did not like the notion of that, either, and he stood looking at the jewelry and then at the stranger who had not offered it for sale to him.

'I was just saying to our friend the captain,' the stranger remarked, giving the pilot his courtesy-title, 'that these guards were such a bargain, that I doubted whether the auctioneer knew their value; but I did not feel bound to inform him that they were 18-karats fine.'

'Tell him,' the pilot commanded, 'what you offered one to me for.'

'Oh, well, captain,' the stranger deprecated, 'that was to *you*.' But he lifted the chain which he seemed to have seen Stephen admire, and viewed

it with something like surprise, as he spread it with his thumb and finger. 'I am not sure that I could let another go for that.' He dropped the chain back into the shining heap in the handkerchief opened on his knees, and began to muse his hymn tune again.

'Would you say, Mr. West,' the pilot asked, more to give dignity to the transaction than to Stephen, as the boy felt, by the ceremonious use of his surname, 'that a watch-guard like that was worth three dollars?'

'Oh, no, captain!' the stranger interposed, 'three-fifty, three-fifty!'

'Three,' the pilot insisted.

The stranger was sure of three-fifty, the pilot of three, and the pilot was reddening under the contradiction. The stranger made a courteous inclination toward him, and waved his hand in concession. 'Very well, three, if that is your recollection, captain.'

'What do you say, Stephen?' the pilot repeated toward West.

'I don't know, Captain Ryan,' Stephen answered stiffly. 'I never bought anything like it.'

'I would put one to you, as a friend of the captain here, on the same terms,' the stranger suggested. 'There are two, I see, exactly alike.' He examined the jewelry as if he had not observed the fact before. 'I bid off the lot together, and I can't tell whether I am losing money or not, but I should like to get back a little cash. I will let the two go at the same figure. The figure Captain Ryan says.'

He held up a guard in each hand.

It was very convincing. If Stephen should yet decide to have his watch gold-plated, a gold watch-guard was the irresistible logic of the event. He drew a deep sigh, but he shook his head. 'I could n't afford it,' he said finally.

The stranger smiled benignly. 'I know just how you feel, and I can't help approving of your caution in a

young man; but there is this to be said on the other hand. If this guard here is the same as cash and more than the same, why it is n't parting with your money at all. It is like putting it in the bank where you can draw against it whenever you want it.'

In treating the case as a hypothetical abstraction the stranger appealed to the caution which was a strong principle in Stephen's nature.

The boy heaved another sigh. 'I could n't, I could n't.'

'The boy is right,' the pilot violently interposed. 'I did n't ask him to buy one of them guards. I asked his opinion, but I don't want him to take mine.'

He was holding the wheel with one hand and with the other rummaging in his waistcoat pocket. He drew out some bank-notes and flung them toward the stranger. 'How much is there there?'

The stranger caught them without dropping his jewelry and counted the bank-notes. 'Just three. I thought there were four. All right, captain.'

He held the notes in one hand while he reached the watch-guard to the pilot with the other. The pilot pushed it into his pocket without looking round. The stranger remained seated and began absent-mindedly humming again. Then he began to speak to Stephen of the scenery and of the high water. By a natural transition he spoke of the life on the steamboats of our Western rivers and its differing character from north to south. He touched upon its darker aspects, and he said he would take the privilege of an elder man in warning Stephen against the games of chance which might tempt him by the sight of the easy winnings. Then, as if unwilling to remind him of the treatment Stephen had seen him suffer from that blackleg, he turned from the point and remarked that he had not met Stephen at the evening singing in the

ladies' cabin. Every one was welcome; he asked Stephen if he sang.

He let himself, blandly smiling, out of the pilot-house; but when he had pulled the door shut, Stephen suddenly pulled it open and bounded after him. 'Have you, — have you,' he panted, 'another of those watchguards? But, of course — I mean I want one, if it's three dollars.'

All the time that the pilot had been buying the chain his example had wrought with the boy as one that might be followed with honor and profit. He had not in the least forgiven him for his brutality, but he fancied that his apology had been delayed by the presence of the stranger. From the first sight of the jewelry he had been tempted by the fitness of acquiring a watch-guard, and his contempt for the pilot as an unreasonable ruffian rested on unbroken faith in him as a man of worldly knowledge who might be safely trusted in such a matter. He had been struck by his ease in meeting the stranger's different recollection of the price and his own figure of three dollars. A person less versed in business matters might have yielded the point of half a dollar in the purchase of a thing clearly worth three or four times the stranger's demand.

'But I could n't — I could n't give more than three dollars,' he cautioned the stranger, who had drawn the chain promptly from his pocket again.

The stranger hesitated almost imperceptibly. Then he said, 'I really ought to have more for the value, but as a friend of the captain, well, we will say three dollars. And let me caution you, my young friend,' he added, while taking Stephen's money and giving him the watch-guard wrapped in tissue paper, 'to beware of your dealings with strangers in the course of your travels, and try to have witnesses to every transaction. Is this the guard you wanted? Look at it, please. Though I don't

know that there is any difference in the chains. Is it all right? If you find it different I may be able to exchange it for you during the day. I could n't say later; I shall be showing them—'

'Yes, yes; it is all right.' Stephen stopped him, and put the chain into his pocket with a feeling of shame, and walked rather giddily away to his stateroom. He felt that he was taking an advantage of the stranger in letting him suppose he was a friend of the pilot. But it was some comfort to take the watch-guard out and look at it, alone there in his stateroom—to try it across from his waistcoat pocket to the buttonhole where he meant to hook it, and to hold it up in different lights. He attached it to his watch for the effect; but because the watch was still silver and the guard was gold, the effect was not good. If he pulled it out suddenly the effect would be ridiculous; he must wait to get his watch gold-plated.

When he went to dinner he glanced at the pilot, who was already there, and he did not know whether it was a relief or not to find that he was not wearing his watch-guard. If the stranger had sold other guards, they were not to be seen. Toward evening Stephen noticed some of the ladies with neck-chains; one wore a bracelet, and the things all looked as if they were out of the stranger's lot of jewelry.

The gamblers went back to their cards after dinner and played until supper. Sometimes the stranger's enemy seemed to be winning, but mostly he was losing. Stephen noticed that the stranger avoided looking at the player's hand as he passed the card-table, and otherwise kept quite away from him. There was a good deal of loud talking and quarreling among the gamblers. Now and then one of them left his place and went to the bar, and came back with his face redder than before. All their faces were red.

The enchantment of the river, with its life afloat and ashore, continued for Stephen. They met some of the large New Orleans side-wheel packets whose swelling vastness dwarfed the stern-wheeler from the Ohio; but when this had the river to itself, it seemed of no mean size, as it pushed among the flat boats and traders. When it stopped beside a wharf-boat in landing or loading freight it was of even towering grandeur.

Sometimes it stopped at little towns where there was no wharf-boat; but at night there were beacons of blazing fat-pine, swinging from ironshod poles driven into the bank to light the embarking or disembarking passengers. At such a point a planter, dazzling in white linen from head to foot, came aboard through the glare of the beacons, with his wife and daughters, and slave-women bringing their handbags after them.

Stephen instantly contrived how, by a happy chance, he should get to speak with one of the girls whom he had fallen in love with more than the others and who loved him again. He overcame her father's ill-will and married her, and she freed her portion of the slaves. In a swift process of time the planter freed all the other slaves, and came to live with Stephen in the North, or, perhaps, England. 'Slaves cannot breathe in England,' he remembered. At the same time, before the gang-plank could be pulled in after the embarkation of the planter's family, he was aware of the second mate pushing one of those drunken gamblers down to the shore on it. It was the one who had been so brutal to the stranger; he was swearing at the mate over his shoulder; their faces almost touched, and it was as if their curses clashed together.

The deck-hands began to lift the gang-plank, when a passenger carrying a carpet-bag in one hand and holding

his hat on with the other ran tottering over it to the land. He stumbled up the bank on the heels of the gambler, and kept himself from falling by catching his hand through the gambler's arm and pulling himself close up to him. He lifted his face and Stephen saw in the light of the beacon at their shoulders that it was the face of the stranger. He was smiling on his enemy as if he might have chosen to follow him and share his banishment and disgrace. Then the two burst into a jeering laugh together and turned and wagged their hands in mockery at the boat.

Stephen kept his watch-guard in his pocket till the boat got back to Pittsburg, and the pilot never wore his chain so far as Stephen saw. They did not speak of the man who had sold it to them; Stephen in fact did not make friends with the pilot again. Certain of the ladies wore their neck-chains for a day or two; but as if some rumor went about that made them ashamed, they ceased to wear them.

At Pittsburg Stephen carried his watch-guard to have it tested by a jeweler. The jeweler took a little bottle and touched the chain with the acid from it. Then he pushed it across the showcase.

'Is it good?' Stephen faltered.

'Good to throw at a dog,' the jeweler said.

Stephen knew this or the like of it already, but now he had final authority to drop the thing into the street when he went out. A skulking loafer slipped from a doorway and picked it up, in the delusion that he was stealing value.

This was the beginning of Stephen's pleasure in the ironical color of his experience and the ending of his wrath for being the easy prey of a plausible scoundrel. What had happened was nothing to what could happen. He thought how he might turn the adventure to account in the sort of literature

which he loved almost as much as he loved the highest poetry. He wondered whether he should treat it like certain of the episodes in *Don Quixote*, or like Thackeray in some of those picaresque sketches of his. But he was aware of a certain crudeness in the setting. Could polite lovers of such fiction be made to care for something that happened on a stern-wheel steamboat between Pittsburg and St. Louis? At the same time, did not that very crudeness of the setting give a novel value to the facts? He played with the amusing risks and chances of his rascals, their scrapes and escapes; their cunning flourished under the magic of his fancy; he became fond of them in the growth of their qualities which were the defects of other men's virtues. He exulted in their iniquitous courage, their wicked self-devotion. He tasted a deleterious delight in working out their devices of cheating and swindling. Without really beginning their story, by a quite original stroke of invention he had them end in a prosperity defiant of both literary and moral convention. He admired the boldness and novelty of the thing; he imagined its flattering recognition by criticism.

But when he looked again at the material which fortune had thrown into his hands, he saw its chances of tragedy increasing with the passage of time. The field of his rascals' adventures narrowed every year; always haunting the rivers, they must often take the same boat at such short intervals that the officers would come to know them; they must often escape at the same landing, where they would be recognized with welcome more and more ironical; their game would often be spoiled from the start; their dupes would know them and their lives would never be safe; they would be in constant danger of violence. He followed them from one squalid event to another, through the mud or the dust of the

brutal little riverside towns, where they were tarred and feathered and ridden on rails by the hooting mob, or stabbed or shot.

When the law sometimes saved them from the mob and sent them to prison, he saw them come out white and weak and bewildered, in a world where they could find nothing but harm to do. They grew old on his hands and became each other's foes in the lapse of the black arts which had kept them friends. At last, one of them would sicken and die, after weeks, or months, or years; Stephen rejected a melodramatic chance that should take them off together. The one who was left would wander back to the village where he

had been a worthless boy and end there a friendless pauper.

If the right moral could be read from it, Stephen felt that their fable would be one of the saddest of the human stories. In the hands of a master it would be one of the most powerful, because the elements were the dust of the earth which all men were made from; but Stephen knew himself wanting in the mastery needed. Perhaps some day he would win that mastery, but now he could only wait; and as he did not write the comedy of those evil lives because he rejected it, so he did not write the tragedy of them, because it rejected him. Their story remained with him a tale untold.

THE DEAD

BY SIGOURNEY THAYER

I FEARED the lonely dead, so old were they, —
 Decrepit, tired beings, ghastly white,
 With withered breasts and eyes devoid of sight,
 Forever mute beneath the sodden clay;
 I feared the lonely dead, and turned away
 From thoughts of sombre death and endless night;
 Thus, through the dismal hours I longed for light
 To drive my utter hopelessness away.

But now my nights are filled with flowered dreams
 Of singing warriors, beautiful and young;
 Strong men and boys within whose eyes there gleams
 The triumph song of worlds unknown, unsung;
 Grim death has vanished, leaving in its stead
 The shining glory of the living dead.

MAGIC ADVERTISEMENTS

BY LISA YSAYE TARLEAU

'HAVE you ever seen magic advertisements?' asked the Lady in Blue. Advertisements that read like poetry, or a fairy tale, and that had all the delicate imagery of sweet and fragile verses?'

'Never,' said the Gentleman in Gray. 'The advertisements I find in our daily papers —'

'Pray, do not speak of them,' interrupted the Lady in Blue. 'Rather come here to me and look at this delightful prospectus a French perfumer has sent me. I don't know if his perfumes are perfect, but the names he has given them are quite exquisite. They have the true magic of all inspired things — they made me dream, and smile, and wonder. Here is the first of them: "*Avril en Fleurs*" — April in Bloom. Don't you feel at once the freshness of young, half-opened blossoms, and the crinkly softness of baby-leaves? I saw, as in a flash, the light-blue April sky before me, with its hurrying white clouds and its unexpected little winds, and I felt the whole scent of spring in the air. Now is that not a magic advertisement?'

'But that is not the best, by far. Here is another perfume with the charming name, "*Le Bon Vieux Temps*." Are there more words needed to create for you great-grandmother's time, with its potpourri-jars, and its hoopskirts, its little elegancies, and its faded sweetnesss? Or here: "*La Viollette de Madame*" — can you give me anything more insinuating and co-

quettish? And thus I could go through the whole list — every name is a little masterpiece. See this one: "*Le Jardin de Mon Curé*." I smiled under tears when I read it, because once I knew such gardens with their wonderful, unworldly peace, and their sweet and simple, old-fashioned flowers. Lemon verbenas grow there, and mignonette, and pansies, and, above all, the dear lavender; and I have only to shut my eyes to be back in the land of long-ago, and to see again such a garden lying quietly and full of tranquillity in the mellow light of a late afternoon.

'But best of all is this one, with its true Gallic flourish and *esprit*, its almost elfish roguishness: "*Voilà pourquoi j'aimais Rosine*." Is this not quite delicious? What better reason could one give for love, and what more valid one! Words can never express the inexpressible, and if you were to explain your love you would only explain it away; but here comes this magician with his marvelous wand, gives us a whiff of some irresistible and captivating scent, and then, with a little bow to his wondering and breathless audience, "*Voilà pourquoi j'aimais Rosine*." What could be more explicit, and yet what more evasive! He gives his whole secret away without letting it lose one of its mysteries! I must confess that I fell quite in love with the name of this perfume, and I shall try to buy it as soon as I go out.'

'Oh, never!' cried the Gentleman in Gray. 'Whatever you do, don't do that. If you were to ask for it at any

counter, you would certainly be told that they were just out of this particular kind; or, if by a strange chance it should be there, the price would surely be forbidding. Better give this little prospectus a place among your best beloved books, and it will never lose its charm for you.'

'But will mere advertising matter not feel out of place in so elect a company as my books?' asked the Lady in Blue.

'By no means,' replied the Gentleman in Gray; 'it will feel absolutely at home, and, in fact, it belongs to all those poets and philosophers and romancers. What they give you is also nothing but magic advertisements. Magic advertisements of a truth that will ever elude you; of a beauty you will never behold; of a love you will never clasp. They give you charming and tantalizing glimpses of something you can never see, or say, or touch, and yet you feel it is the one, the only, the true reality. Magic are these advertisements indeed: tinged with the colors of the rainbow; sweet-voiced like the Song of the Sirens, and quite fulfilled with the pathos of things that are too beautiful. And even while you listen to them, — to the grave and gentle wisdom of your thinkers, to the musical passion and melodious playfulness of your poets, to the wistfulness and the charm of your romancers, — you know full well that the things they praise so much and so sweetly will never be yours. You know that if you were really to go to the poor old Fates, who are quite well-meaning, but who keep only a very ill-assorted stock of rather dubious goods, and demand of them the one or the other of the items you found in your magic advertise-

ments, they would tell you at once that they have not this particular kind on hand, and offer you some substitute that perhaps your intellect might accept as "just as good," but that will never satisfy your heart.

'Or if, by a strange and marvelous chance, you should indeed get what you are asking for, you will soon see that the price is forbidding. For the one perfect hour you will have to pay with all the years to come, and if you are wise you will refrain from so dangerous a bargain. If you are wise you will peruse the magic advertisements of your books as you delighted in the little French prospectus, but never, never will you try to touch this glittering fairy-gold with your poor, earthly hands. Too soon it would turn into ashes and dust!'

'You are right,' said the Lady in Blue; 'and yet, though I agree with you, nevertheless I shall try to get my perfume, as I shall try to get all the promises of poetry fulfilled by life. Your wisdom, after all, is limited: you are just wise enough to be wise, whereas I —'

'Yes?' asked the Gentleman in Gray, a shade too eagerly for a mere philosopher.

'Whereas I,' continued the Lady in Blue with a little curtsy, 'possess a higher and a more gracious wisdom. I am wise enough to be foolish.'

'Is that a promise?' asked the Gentleman in Gray; and he took hold of both her hands.

'No,' said the Lady in Blue, smilingly withdrawing her hands, 'it is nothing but a magic advertisement.'

And with a little pleased laugh she disappeared, leaving him alone with his vain thoughts and idle dreams.

A NEW KNOWLEDGE OF THE FRONTIER

BY ALICE TISDALE

UNTIL to-day I have smiled, with all the superiority of joy, on the frontiersmen who have insisted upon telling me that all journeyings were not like ours. As they looked into each other's eyes I saw strange things that baffled me in those looks. 'You must remember that there are such things as hoodoo trips,' they would say.

'I snap my fingers at your hoodoos,' I have answered. And to myself I have whispered, 'They know not the spirit. The two of us are vagabonds; we are charmed.'

Until to-day I have never deemed it necessary to heed their words. Until to-day I have been a blithe thing holding out my arms to the billowy clouds, to the unquenchable sunshine of Manchuria. I have stood on the top of windy winter passes, exulting in the wild free life of these outpost trails, glorying in the sting of the air, the hardship, and the danger.

Even these last months, which have been full of baffled waiting within my house, — not at all like our former life of companionship on the trail, — I have heard but one message from the frontier lying just outside my door: the clear-spoken message of its recreating power. But to-day I am tortured with apprehension. Can it be that for us there is another knowledge of the frontier? But surely, if such knowledge were for us, my husband, who is a seasoned pioneer, would have discovered it long before this. I am sure the wilderness holds no lonely terrors for him. And lately has he not proved it anew?

It is early September now, and from the first of April the vagabond gods have deprived him of all companionship on the trail; for during these months the bandits have fairly rioted over the land, and despite our general indifference to bandits and such bold folk, the powers-that-be declared that these were moments for caution; nothing would induce them to let a woman run straight out to meet such evil bands as were reported to infest even the towns.

So in April my husband went out without me. When he came back on the first of May, it was as I had expected: that solitary month had made him only the more keen-eyed and virile. I felt that the men who condoled with him on the loneliness of the trip evidently knew nothing of the joys of such travel. He was at home but three days when he was ready to start again. And surely I am right in what the wilderness always means to him; for when he returned after two months more of such travel and we started in a launch up the Liao River, he was all the light-hearted boy. How he talked those first days as we moved up the river! Again I said to myself, 'The loneliness that other men fear never harms him. These past three months which he has spent with the days entirely bare of any companionship with white men are the final test. Out of the silences he has drawn new life, out of the solitude his spirit has come forth yet more free and buoyant.'

That was six weeks ago, and when,

after some three days, the launch broke down and he decided that he could not wait to have it mended but would do the journey alone on horseback, I was doubly sure that the frontier had never brought him a sinister meaning. If it had, he certainly would have rebelled against going out to it again, alone. But to-day I am tortured with doubt. Suppose that the eagerness he displayed on the launch were the eagerness of starvation, not of young life. Suppose that, unknown to him, in the three months that he had been traveling alone there had accumulated within him fragments of loneliness — what then would this further solitary journey mean to him?

I am no longer a blithe spirit; something vaguely menacing surrounds me. I roam through the house and within me something moans as the rain and wind moan outside. The frontier no longer beckons with gay enticing fingers. This port appears a tiny and helpless thing facing the three hundred thousand square miles of untamed Manchuria. I shrink away from this wild unsettled country, for it has suddenly become for me a lean and hungry wolf slinking into the town to devour it. And my husband? The wolf may harm him. The night is rain-chilled. I will sit by the fire with the curtains all drawn, to shut out the sobbing rain and that stealthy approach of the savage land.

Sitting thus, fascinated by that silent, ruthless, advancing force, I did not hear the door open. When something impelled me to look up, there stood my husband, gaunt and worn as if he had come from some forty days' vigil in the wilderness. There was that in his appearance that made me cry out, 'What is it?' It was not because he was toil-worn or even emaciated. A journey into the unfrequented places of

the earth always strips a man of all the sleek, well-fed aspect of the town. But in his eyes was that strange look that I had seen in the eyes of those other frontiersmen when they had warned me against the frontier.

Fragment by fragment my husband has told me his tale, and for me that look is no longer veiled — it is the look of one who has struggled with some demon. Now, while my husband is asleep, spent with his terrible contest I go over and over in the silence of the night what he has told me, piecing together that fragmentary tale, determined in so doing that it shall yield me significance.

My vague apprehensions have become realities. Six weeks ago, on that fatal day when our launch broke down, my husband suddenly realized that he was starved for human companionship. When he decided that he must face the interior again on horseback, a strange sensation took possession of him. Why did something always happen to rob him of companionship? He began to feel as if there were some relentless hand continually pulling him back, back into solitude, into the alien world that had already held him so long. As he thought of the past, he saw it made up solely of solitude and yellow men. He thought ahead: there stretched innumerable days of more solitude, more yellow men. He began to think of this new journey with a lethargy of spirit, as if a chord too often struck had grown silent. He knew that he was very tired from weeks of hasty arduous travel, and thought that his feeling was due to that. But he says that it never occurred to him not to go. He had never turned back when there was a piece of work to be done; he did not intend to do so now.

When he reached Tiehling, where he was to get his ponies, everything was against him. Before this, his belief in

his hand, his indomitable will, had never failed him in difficulties; but at the very start of this trip the men who surrounded him seemed to know with the sure and uncanny instinct of primitive men that something was different — that the strong will which had carried him so far was now not so strong. He was puzzled at his inability to secure the service he wanted. He paid high prices, but he secured poor ponies, poor service. The 'boy,' his stand-by, left him on the plea of the death of his grandfather.

With no knowledge that something had snapped within himself, my husband went doggedly on with his preparations. He held his lethargy of spirit as unimportant, for he still believed himself bigger and stronger than all the great primal strength of the frontier; he would bend it to his desires. Although the summer rains had started, although the yellow men rebelled, although his spirit was tired, he would not turn back. He never had. He never would.

And so, late one afternoon, with the leaden skies above him, with poor servants and poorer animals, he rode forth from his starting-point to go to the very border of Manchuria and over into Mongolia — rode off into the tall *kaoliang*. I can see him, erect and determined, on his good-for-nothing pony, lost in a moment in the waving grain-fields, riding straight toward the all-embracing solitude.

Hour after hour he plodded along, with the wet sharp leaves of the *kaoliang* cutting his face, spraying him with water. The lack-lustre day ended, a duller twilight came on. As quietly but as inevitably as the twilight and the night descended, there settled over him a strange and horrid depression. Struggle as I know he must have, he was unable to throw it off. The night deepened around him; the depression

deepened within him, like some sticky black evil.

I can see him on every step of the way, for once we made that part of the journey together. It must have been very late when he rode into the low hills that surrounded the town, that was his night's stopping-place; and of necessity he would be feeling his way in the darkness, his sole guide the gleam of two parallel lines of water — the ruts of the road. An hour ago, as he told me his broken tale, he seemed not to be here; it was from that far-off lonely road, picking his way along, that he entreated me. 'Good God! I must end that eternity of mud, of living burial in the *kaoliang*, of thoughts stale as death. Surely I was not to be caught in the grip of a loneliness I had heard other men tell about, a thing so malignant that it poisons every adventure of the road!' With words like these he begged me here to-night to save him from something, as if even now I could change it all.

When at last there appeared the flicker of low lights on the horizon, he plunged recklessly through the mud, through the blackness, until he reached the lantern swinging over the agent's door. 'I worked like a Turk that night,' he said. He scented 'squeeze,' and that gave him his chance to dig at things. I imagine that he worried the agent's account as a tenacious dog worries a bone; and when he started again the next day, he thought that he had succeeded in ridding himself of the depression of the previous day. But again there was that impotence destroying his control over men and things. As the day advanced, the loneliness, which in the morning he held in abeyance, pushed him down, down. The disasters grew worse and more frequent; his substitute boy grew bad-natured and unwilling, his muleteers reckless and unruly. The day ended

by a muleteer jumping sidewise on a pack-mule as they were passing a perfect morass of mud and water. The mule, losing his balance, fell, breaking his leg in the fall. A sullen group, cursing in two languages, they shot the mule, and, dividing his pack among them, started for the dirty, unfrequented Inn of the Blue Fish.

While those aliens slept around him, he stood far into the night — stood shivering over a tiny brazier, trying to dry out his clothes enough to make it safe to lie down and sleep. In those moments of the night, he evidently came to conceive of the loneliness as a kind of shadowy shape keeping him ghastly company.

I do not know the details of what followed; I think that he does not know himself. He knows only one thing — that for weeks he made his way slowly, painfully, doggedly, traveling harder than he had ever traveled before, trying to out-travel that evil phantom of solitude which lay down to sleep with him, which sat by his side as he ate. He came to live with one hope — that he could lose his horrible guest at the border when he slipped over into Mongolia. He went over in his mind the tales he had heard of this new country — a country of magic, he was sure. Of course the buoyancy of life would return to him when he left behind the monotony of kaoliang, blue-clad Orientals, and endless red mud. Already he felt the first faint stirrings of joy that come to the inveterate wanderer when he thinks of new, untried countries. At the border his spirit would rise and slay this phantom.

But when he reached the border of Manchuria and passed over into Mongolia, there was no change from the kaoliang, the blue-clad Oriental, the endless red mud. There were no robed Mongols in wine-colored robes, no herders of vast flocks of sheep, no

shaven lamas watching over Tibetan temples, no bold horsemen riding ponies like mad and then dropping below a level horizon. There on the border he came to know Mongolia simply by the fact that the crops were poorer, the land less cared for. 'There is no Mongolia,' he cried out to himself. 'It has turned Chinese in speech, in dress, in manners, in occupation; the Chinese always absorb all nations they encounter.'

In his despair he did not stop to reason that at the boundaries of nations there is always an intermingling. He saw nothing but the absorbing power of the Chinese, and into his mind, already distorted by loneliness, came a horrible fear. He too was speaking Chinese; he too was dropping into the ways of the Chinese! Were they absorbing him? Could he ever again be like other white men? Each day he felt his identity diminishing. From then on it seemed to shrivel and shrink before his very eyes. Two grim spectres instead of one accompanied him. With insinuating voices they whispered to him, 'You can never escape us.' Said one, 'A lonely man is forgotten by his kind'; the other murmured, 'Each day you are less a white man.'

But the shreds of his will still held against those hideous guests, as he had come to look upon them. He still held them in abeyance. He still fought them, until a certain evening when he and his now almost demoralized train straggled into an inn at dark. A drunken soldier reeled toward him, hit his boy a resounding crack over the head, and then, before my husband's numbed senses grasped the scoundrel's meaning, the creature had him covered with his rifle. He has only a vague recollection of one of his escort coming up in time to knock the gun into the air just before it went off. Always before, such

narrow escapes had made us rebound with exaltation of spirit, intensifying the mere sense of existence until our spirits leaped with some vivid elemental joy that made us gloat over the sting that sharpened the reality of our existence. But my husband now realized but one thing — that he, the man who had been able to cope with all difficulties of the trail, had not been sufficiently master of himself to get ready his revolver in that moment when the soldier had reeled toward his boy. Others had had to save him! Then real fear gripped him. Those phantom guests had seen what manner of man he really was. They knew that he could not conquer them any more than he could save himself from the soldier.

God-forsaken days followed. On over the plains he made his way, through drizzle, through rain, through mud. He no longer rejected those horrible guests; where he went he invited them to go. He spent hours ingratiating them, trying to please them. He allowed nothing to interrupt their communings together, and he toyed with the cowardly things they whispered in his ear.

How he kept on with his now demoralized train, I scarcely know. A sort of sixth sense must have kept him moving back toward the border of Manchuria. He lost count of what day of the month it was, even what day of the week. None of them knew just where they were in a land made unfamiliar by its shroud of mists. At last, one night when the train of dejected mules and muleteers was moving more slowly than ever (the boy had deserted days before, and he knew none of the men would last much longer), they saw a long, level line of low lights above the flat horizon.

'There's Sze Ping Kas,' cried his soldier guide.

He did not hear.

'The fire-cart comes there!' shouted the soldier in his ear.

Over the racking anguish of his thoughts came these words, and for a moment his real self penetrated the cloudy, cowering new personality that he had come to call himself. He jumped from his spent pony. 'I'll get there,' he thought, 'I can lead him — I'll kill all those damned insinuating shapes that deny I am myself.'

But that resurrection of himself was only for a minute, then it faded away; and his new self and his two guests became confused in his mind. Sometimes they were in his way, sometimes they stumbled behind and he had to stop and wait for them. After a time, he does not know how long, he got as far as the outskirts of the town. As he huddled there on a stone, those shadowy things leaped up before him — living horrors cackling, mocking, gibbering at him.

'We've found you out — you're weak. You are absorbed into the yellow race. You bear the marks. You can never go back to your kind. Better end it all!' they railed.

Then it was that his true personality seemed utterly extinguished. He looked at the long line of low lights, but there was no meaning in them for him now. There was nothing left for him but the spectres. Again he heard them at it: 'What's a white man doing here?' How they mocked! He crouched to spring, his fingers went tense to grasp their shadowy throats. If he ended it, they should all end it together. He jumped for them.

But instead of the spectres, he stood face to face with a friend, a man with whom in the past he had shared many a hard trail. 'I've roused you at last,' his friend was saying, as he grasped him by the hand. 'Guess you're about all in.' Then, as he looked into his eyes

he exclaimed, 'Had a hoodoo trip, eh? How does it come that an old hand like you could let himself in for a scourging from the frontier? Come along with me. Three of us have a mess together over here.'

'Guess you'll have to excuse me,' began my husband. 'Been off in the country a long time; I'm not fit for civilized company.'

'Billy-be-damned! You need to come whether you are fit for it or not,' urged his friend. 'Rifle the supply-closet, fellows,' he called as, a few minutes later, the two of them stepped arm in arm over the threshold of the little house into warmth and light.

My husband sank into a chair and passed his hand over his eyes. How wonderful were the voices, how splendid the light! Oh, surely this was not to be another tantalizing mirage of the night! He could grasp this light, these men. It must be true, for had not the gibbering horrors with their foul suggestions left him? Yes, the good common things of life had come back to him. All was as it always had been in the world of men.

They stood with their glasses in their hands. 'Here's to you,' they were saying.

Oh, the warm goodness of their companionship! My husband jumped to his feet to touch his glass to theirs, but the light, the warm sense of human companionship, the humanness, where

were they? They were vanishing. He stretched out groping hands —

Dim and far-away the voice of his friend reached him: 'He has fainted. Wonder what's the matter? It's something more than fatigue. But he's not the sort of man to fail under the test of the land. I know; I have made a lot of trips with him. He is not one of those persons who wreck themselves with revenging hate for the frontier because she has shown them that they are tawdry; he is not one of the weak who mistake her silence and liberty for license.'

Then light at last broke on what had been to my husband the blackness of defeat. Men still believed in him! There was but one thing wrong, he knew it now — no man can live long without his own kind. 'I had done it,' he said, 'and had thus made the joyous things of solitude and silence into a forbidding and lonely abode for my soul. The frontier gives a man no quarter; she either makes him or mars him according to the strength or weakness of his soul; and the strength of every man's soul is not in himself alone.'

The night is finished: the fire is a heap of burned-out ashes, the wild beating of the rain is hushed in the dawn. With a deeper knowledge, I throw open our windows to greet the frontier morning.

THE PAY-ROLL CLERK

BY ADELAIDE LUND

I

THE counting table in the pay-roll office was being remodeled; a desk length had been added, and the full surface was to be raised several inches by piecing down the stout oak legs. It was late, and the workman's eyes now and then turned to the clock; but the job must be accomplished out of hours, and he hunched his shoulders philosophically.

Miss Nevins, of the pay-roll division, was working overtime. It was Friday night and the piece-workers' sheets were still to be reckoned with. The two were alone in the silence, and between strokes of the mallet, the scratch of the woman's pen sounded clearly. Occasionally a mouse could be heard scuttling between the floors, or the rattle and boom of a belated dray in the street below reached them. Once, the shouts of a distant triumphant political parade squared the man's shoulders a trifle, but he did not look up. And the two held steadily to their tasks.

Suddenly, despite the orderly scrape of the pen, the man got the feeling that he was being watched. He was making a joint, and he bent more diligently to his labor and wondered if the woman was a tale-bearer, and hunched his shoulders again, and let it go at that. Finally, when he had completed his task, down to shellacking the seams in the cunningly built-up legs, and began sweeping up the shavings, the woman laid down her pen. She closed her books and took off her apron and eye-screen

and got her rubbers from under the table, and at the same time a block of wood, and put them in her bag.

'Good-night,' she said to the man, and let herself out.

Emma Nevins was the oldest clerk in the office, both in point of years and in service. She had been with the Blackwells since they started, and had seen them expand from their first small loft until they occupied a factory of their own, covering some acres of floor-space. She had moved up too in those earlier years, going from office to office till she reached the pay-roll, but she never got to the head, or captured the larger salaries. Sam Blackwell, the power, was wont to complain of her sense of relative values, citing her inability to distinguish between the twenty-dozen man, and a concern that placed a twenty-thousand-dollar order! Unfortunately for her, Emma was endowed with a nature that contained fairness out of all proportion to trade acumen. Thus, after the first, her salary stood still.

The Nevins home consisted of a three-room, upstairs tenement, on a side street, within walking distance of the factory, where Emma lived alone. There had once been four of them, but William, Emma's half-brother, had disappeared one night away back so long in the past that her only remembrance of him was his mode of exit, down the fire-escape. Next to go was her father, though his was a different vanishing: Emma was twelve when she found him one day, his cunning tool

fallen from his hand, smiling at a doll. But Emma *knew*, and she led his groping little mate to another room; and so at twelve Emma became the mother.

She went to school for two years longer, but immediately upon her father's death they gave up his shop-room and moved his work-bench back to the kitchen, and here Emma began spending her morning and evening hours over little blocks of wood that she carved into toys. Her father had learned the craft in another country, and from the time Emma could grasp the tools, he had declared she possessed the Nevins gift. 'It's the woodcarver's hand, I've given her!' he had been wont to exult. 'There's the thumb, close to wrist-line, for reach; the long palm means form; and the fingers made for strength.'

But two years of work and school combined taught Emma some mathematical facts outside of her textbooks. And at fourteen she brought her books home and lengthened her skirts a little, and went to work for the Blackwells. But she did not allow the Trade to forget the Nevins Toys: once a month, as had been her father's custom, she visited the three or four old firms and supplied them with dolls, and horses, and funny pups with jowls, and clever jointed soldiers. And this revenue added to her weekly wage made it possible, in the second year, to start a saving in the Workers' Coöperative Bank.

'We'll buy a home with a garden, Emmy, when it matures,' the old mother used to yearn, before even the first year was completed.

And Emma faithfully supplemented, 'A kitchen garden, mother; with hollyhocks too, and dahlias, like yours used to be.'

Emma was pretty along then for a few years; and there was a season when Youth called; but she had n't time to concern herself with him; and besides, his gay 'Hello!' frightened her.

And so, on the second Tuesday evening of each month the two went to the Coöperative and purchased shares which, on maturity, were to give them their estate. Their lives seemed to stand still for a while, and the balance grew bravely; and these were Emma's happiest years. They added the interest quarterly, on a separate sheet, and told each other, 'It grows while we sleep!' and referred to it as the 'Nevins Garden Fund.'

Then, — it is hard to say just when, for its access was gradual, — a shadow began edging out of the future. And Emma developed a habit of getting up at night, after her mother had gone to sleep, and sitting in the dark. Along here, too, with maturity of their shares still some years in the distance, Emma's mother began to lose zest; and soon she no longer asked to make the monthly trips. Also, she 'passed' the blocks ever more slowly. Sometimes, even, Emma very quietly helped herself; and when the other asked, 'Did you begin one, Emmy?' Emma told her, 'No.' Sometimes, too, she questioned, 'Can you see just as bright, daughter?' and Emma could. But she became more cautious about the compresses.

Then there came an evening when Emma's mother asked to have the soldiers put away.

'It's pretty dark where I be, Emmy. I kind of want you to myself, nights! Days, I sit and just strain to hear the clock strike six from the time you go, till I hear you coming back again. I'm lonesome-sick, Emmy.'

Emma hired a woman to care for her mother during the day; and she did not work again on the toys; and presently she was dipping into the savings. In three years they were gone; and so also was the little mother.

'I could n't take no comfort at all, goin', Emmy, if you did n't have the money saved up,' she told Emma just

before the end. And a little later, 'Is it 'most the thousand, yet?'

'Almost, mummie: it's nine hundred and fifty,' Emma answered. She made no bones about lying by this time.

'You'll have your eyes fixed, soon as you get the rest, Emmy? I guess they need it, dear. You know 'bout mine: the doctor could have saved them, he said, but we had to let the money go for—my Willie. You'll promise, Emmy?'

Emma promised, bending very low this time.

'I can 'most see, Emmy. It's the Promised Land.'

And presently all the anxious little lines in the old face were smoothed away.

In looking back afterward, there were portions of that period that remained a blank for Emma. She kept the tenement and worked on; and told herself that she must view her loss from her mother's side, and this helped. But the readjustment was hard, and it took time: there was a long march of months in those still rooms at night when Emma's limbs ached for their accustomed service. She transferred a part of the pain to the wooden soldiers; and for a season their smart little French caps shaded rather sad eyes. Some of the joyless little squads, it would seem, might almost be visioning their own approaching sorrow.

In a year Emma had caught up; was square with the world once more. She began in the Coöperative again, but this time she hoped to make the goal sooner. She figured closely on her food, and freshened shabby gowns, season after season; she retrimmed ancient hats, got in three evening hours with the toys, and wore the nightly compresses, while the balance grew again.

Christmas was approaching one year when the tragedy occurred: Sam Blackwell called her attention to an error.

'What is the matter? Are you becoming careless, or can't you see?' he shouted at her one morning.

Poor Emma! she had intended asking for a raise of salary at the end of the year. She had rehearsed her speech through twelve months, and awaited the closing of the books, over this prosperous period, with confidence.

The manager's words brought down her house of hope. A tremor unsteadied her, but except for a blanched face she remained mistress of herself.

'I don't see how it could have happened! I'm sorry, and I'll look out it does not occur again,' she answered him; and it passed—along with Emma's twelve-month dream. But the worst feature was Emma's loss of confidence—the worker's prop and stay! She never was quite sure of herself after that.

That night she went to see Dr. El-mendorph, the oculist; and he told her that she must not use her eyes; to screen them unconditionally for three months. And he ordered rest, and nourishing food.

'When this is done, and you have put on twenty pounds weight,' he concluded, 'come to see me again, and we will see about operating.'

'But I can't stop; not just y—'

'No such word!' cut in The Authority. 'You've got to, or be—blind! Then what?'

Emma did not know.

Here the specialist took occasion to describe the primitive optic vesicles. He did it graphically and with emphasis. It was a discourse that appealed to him.

'I see,' Emma interpolated once or twice, in a tone that tried to convey understanding. But Emma was very tired and she had not eaten since morning; and in the end she had only grasped a phrase or two.

'Sure enough. "Then what?"' she

soliloquized wretchedly on the way home. But she got out her bank-book — as if she did not know the figures by heart! — for enlightenment. Dared she stop, and use the money? But, suppose the operation was *not a success!* Then what? No money, and no sight. She stared into the little cracked mirror at the back of the bench at her eyes, for a moment, then dropped her head to the worn boards. But Emma's hard-luck day was not ended.

Something rattled the window behind her. One hand slipped the bank-book under a mound of dolls, while the other pressed itself against her breast. She got to her feet, breathing fast, made her way to the sink, and strained her eyes into the darkness.

Some one was crouching on the fire-escape!

'That you, Willie?'

She opened the window and let him in.

Willie, it seems, was still in trouble. This time he had been engaged in a sort of walking-barroom enterprise, with drugs as a side issue. Anyway, the coppers were dead set on getting him. And William had to 'make a long getaway, or pay up!' The paying up, Willie explained, meant twenty-five years, this time.

In the end, Emma promised, and Willie slipped lightly through the window and down the fire-escape again.

Next day, at noon, Emma cleaned up her account at the Coöperative and took the money by a roundabout way to a certain freight siding, where Willie promptly appeared and took the package. She clung to his hand and whispered a message to him, but he shook himself free and scuttled away behind the empties.

Emma watched him until he disappeared, and waved her hand; but he did not turn. Then she made her way back.

On a morning in April, Emma gazed in the mirror anxiously. 'I hope he feels good to-day,' she explained to her reflection. She had made an unusual toilet: her hair was crimped and arranged more softly. She wore a white shirt-waist with a ribbon at the neck, and a new black skirt; also she had put on her best shoes. 'I hope he feels good.'

Emma did not break her fast, but hurried away as soon as dressed. She reached the factory before the whistle blew and walked on a few blocks, but was back again and entered with the men.

At eight-thirty Sam Blackwell stepped into the pay-roll office. Emma had been watching the door. She took off her apron, walked over to him, and asked for a raise of salary. She stood in the middle of the room, suddenly grown still, and waited while a long minute ticked itself away. There were scarlet disks burning in her cheeks, and a pulse in her thin neck showed unpleasantly above the sagging finery.

She had made a poor case for herself, and they each recognized it; nevertheless she was glad to have it over.

Sam finished with doing nothing; moved a file-cabinet into line with his foot, then his cold eyes traveled slowly upward to hers. Sam handled help well. He was not a little surprised, he told her at last, at a request from her for more money. They had always treated her generously, considering her abilities. To be frank, everything considered, she was fortunate at her age to be retained! Then he relighted his cigar, and, finding her still waiting, asked if he had made himself clear.

'Yes, I understand,' Emma answered, lifting a white stunned face; and she backed away to her desk. But when the day was done, she opened her mind a little to the toys. 'I would n't have believed he felt that way,' she confided,

in a voice blunted with suffering. 'I would n't have believed it!' But she never referred to her wound to any one else.

Meanwhile, Sam sat over his pipe and, like a true business man, checked up the day's work. And he winked to himself over one or two sharp turns.

April passed, and May, and June came and went; each week bringing with exactitude its pay-day wherein Emma counted and checked orderly stacks of green and yellow bills. Sometimes she found herself gravely questioning one person's right to possess them all. By midsummer she dreamed green and yellow, and a strange idea began working in her brain. Presently she formed a habit of stopping in at the Mission, on pay-nights, and whispering one of the Commandments. Meanwhile her vision was narrowing. By September she was beaten. Then there came a night — there always comes a night! — when she walked straight past the Mission door.

But Emma came of patient blood. Also she knew Sam Blackwell. She held her courage, but *the waiting period* remained in her memory as a sort of nightmare.

II

Then came the remodeling of the counting table. That night Emma worked on a block of hard fine-grained wood, carefully hollowing its centre to a cup, and carving a beautiful exact groove on each of its four sides; finally, she shellacked the raw seams and placed the block, with a small hammer, in her bag.

The Blackwell weekly pay-roll money was delivered Saturday mornings, by messenger; after which the office-doors were locked until the money was counted and placed in envelopes ready to pay out — thus, to quote Sam, 'put-

ting it up to those inside.' The money was counted and checked, after a painstaking method, by three persons: Emma's check was followed by Miss Glynn's, and again by Sam's, thus eliminating all chances of error.

Accordingly, this second Saturday morning in November, when each of the trio had counted the money and checked up the total as \$14,501.88, they settled to the work of putting it up. Then a small incident occurred: a steam-pipe, at the end of the office back of the ledger desks, burst with a hideous noise, pouring a deluge of steam out into the room.

Sam jumped for the shut-off, — the ledger clerks were hemmed in a corner, — while Miss Glynn hastened to throw open the windows. Slowly, Emma lifted her eyes; came a gust of wind, the flirt of a loose sheet, a pen rattled to the floor, and Emma groped for it beneath the table; and Sam was back again.

'All serene!' he called to his assistants. The three bent to their work again; and for a little the office was given over to the crackle and clink of hard-earned dollars. Emma was first to stack her envelopes and turn to the day's routine; then Miss Glynn moved back to her books. But Sam, who had the smallest section and usually came out second, was noticed as being in difficulty. Now, when anything went wrong with Sam it was wise to ignore it; and the five clerks figured assiduously in the ominous silence while their chief opened, one after another, the brown envelopes before him, and recounted their contents. He did not raise his head or speak until the heap was worn away and restacked again on the other side.

'One of you has blundered!' he called at last, turning to his helpers. 'Rip open your envelopes and find it. We're short!'

And this was done, but nothing came of it. After which, Sam personally went through the entire two sections, but the shortage remained: \$14,501.88 had been received, but only \$14,001.88 was put up.

Sam drummed on the table for a moment; then he stood up: the money had come into the office correctly, he told them. He, as well as two others, had counted it. No one had come in or gone out. As he spoke he slipped the door-key from his pocket and swung it on one spatulate finger — he attended to that! He had no thief working for him; still, five hundred dollars had disappeared, and to satisfy everybody he proposed to have the office, and every last person in it, searched. Here he stopped, and the five clerks applauded. Gerry, the young one, said afterward, 'We would n't da's't *not* to clap if Sam asked for a vote on sending the bunch of us to the *chair*!'

An officer and matron, from headquarters, responded and went to work on the quarter-hour. In two hours the room had been fine-combed down to the last inch, but nothing came of it.

'We're ready for the life stuff. Any pertic'ler instructions?'

Casey looked significantly at the women.

'No! No favorites here. Get the money, that's all.'

Casey nodded.

'Go to it, Mag, *thorer*!' he whispered. 'I'll smooth up the men.'

But Mag finished — made a thorough job of it, we may say — without result. And this held true with Casey; whereupon, after whispering a moment with his helper, he told Sam, without parley, —

'You're off in your first count!'

'Not on your life!'

'Well, the money ain't here! That's all. Five hundred dollars don't get by in a locked room. But you can figure it

out any way you want to. We're through, Mag; come on.'

This was convincing and sounded final. Sam did not reply, but Emma saw his face.

On Monday a new clerk was added to the pay-roll force. Tuesday, Emma got to the office before eight, but the new clerk was there. That night she stayed overtime — came back from the dressing-room after the others were gone; but she heard a mouse and presently she closed her books and went home.

In this way a number of weeks went by. The long hours were telling on Emma, but as often as the mouse drove her home, she tried again. Once, she let herself into the office alone. She stepped quickly to the table and dropped on one knee before it; then the inner office-door opened the thousandth part of an inch, and she got back to her feet.

At noon the new clerk also dropped on one knee before the table; and from that to all fours. He peered curiously at the bare floor, worn in a little hollow where Emma's feet rested; at a neat row of nails on the wall behind the desk, occupied by a hammer, an apron, and an eye-screen. Then he turned on his back and studied the underside of the table; and he swore softly at the unbroken surface, and then turned back again and crawled out.

Another month with mouse, and one day the rows of figures in front of Emma turned to crooked lines; then to a gray blur, and *stayed there*. She kept her nerve and got by a few hard minutes. Then she left her desk, her eyes straining to place its familiar outlines as one who might be seeing it for the last time, and got to the dressing-room. Here, she was alone. She felt her way to her locker, and home. But the compresses failed her! And presently the world began rocking. By morning she

was crawling round and round the hallway, crying for a light and for water.

Here Millie, the cabaret girl who lived on the top floor, found her when she came in. Millie was tired but warm of heart, and she did her best. And — perhaps owing to her calling — the grass did not grow under Millie's feet, so to speak; in a smaller space of time than her less temperamental sisters require for 'reporting a case,' Millie had Emma 'placed'; and the sufferer was riding over the cobbles on a strip of canvas headed for a definite place of succor.

Also, Millie was worldly wise.

'Have a heart, old man!' she whispered to the driver as he climbed up; and she slipped him her two-dollar bill. After which Millie yawned, and called upon high Heaven to explain to her why this activity at five o'clock in the morning.

Meanwhile Emma, bumping over the cobbles, went to sleep, and she slept an even three weeks, caring not for her changing estate. It would seem that she might have felt instinctively the moment when the gods took a hand and sent Dr. Ackerman to the Tuesday morning clinic at the City. But she was sitting in a doorway opening upon a garden drinking blessed water; and the great surgeon's discovery of what had escaped his colleagues, and ordering her removal to his own hospital, mattered not to her.

At the beginning of the fourth week Emma came reluctantly back from Poppy Land, and it was dark with Emma.

Dr. Ackerman let himself into the ward and dropped quietly into a seat at the foot of the bed. A nurse indicated the chart, but he motioned her away. Emma was lying with her face to the wall and one hand pressed against it. A hollow cheek above the counterpane,

and the line of broken courage beneath, was what he saw. Only the hand remained to reckon with!

'Stop holding up the wall, Emma Nevins,' he said, 'and tell me where you got that wonderful hand.'

She removed her hand, but did not turn or answer him; and the doctor moved his chair to the side of the bed.

'Is there a chance of my seeing again?' she asked evenly, ignoring his question.

And Dr. Ackerman knew his patient; and so he told her his hopes, and also the chances against them.

'Still,' he concluded, 'we have to go on living, my girl, in any event; and we have to keep our courage. In the mean time, you have n't answered my question.'

'My father's gift,' she said at last, struggling to his mood.

The doctor smiled, and he mentally exchanged a zero mark for an A.

'Nonsense!' he said; 'nobody gives us our hands; we make 'em!'

'It's the tools, then,' she told him: 'wood-carving.' And later, under the spell of his interest, 'The Nevinses have done wood-carving, usually.'

He was called away then, but next day, to his delight, Emma produced from the fastness of her pillow a wee dog, carved from a spool with a scissor blade.

'He is n't true, of course,' she explained. 'It's the first I've done by feel, but nights, when the wall gets too heavy, the touch of wood helps.'

He put the small dog in his vest pocket; then he attempted to bluff his emotions, and tell her, 'Nobody needs eyes who can turn out fearsome dogs, with jowls, by touch'; but the lump in his throat developed too fast, and after the first word or two, he croaked sounds that meant nothing at all.

But thereafter Dr. Ackerman stopped for a daily chat with Emma, and

in the next few weeks he learned something of the Nevinses, and a great deal relative to wood-carving. And this last subject brought them back, invariably, to the Hand, — the doctor's one hobby, — and gave him an opening. It seems that Emma's was a perfect specimen of Type B. (Just here we may remind the reader that this good man saw much of Emma during her stay in Poppy Land, when the bars were down. Did she babble of the mouse, we wonder?)

Now, Type B hands are something more than hands: largely, they are conscience. They cannot belent to a crooked act. 'You can't make 'em!' defied the doctor one day. 'But if by chance they were driven into making a slip, they'd have to right it.' Wonderful facts, these! Oh, Dr. John!

One morning Miss Hale wheeled Emma to the elevator; thence to the small room at the top.

And Emma whispered, 'Do your best.'

When she awoke, the cold sweet tang of ether filled the world. The doctor's hand was on her shoulder, but he did not speak.

Came a series of days when dumb nurses changed the bandages, and the doctor came and went. Sometimes he removed her hand from the wall.

Once, Emma stayed him.

'When will you be — certain?'

'The last dressing comes off Sunday,' he answered shortly, and tramped on. But he came back again.

'The Nevinses, you know, are thoroughbreds, Emma! Remember what you told me of your father, and your father's father, old Joseph? "Stood up and fought on, both of them!"'

Sunday morning came. Emma was very white, but she put her hand in Miss Hale's and made the journey again to the small room at the top.

A little interim; some one breathed unevenly. Then the bandages again,

and Dr. Ackerman was bending over her.

'One eye is saved, my girl!' He repeated it once or twice: 'One eye is saved!'

A trembling Type B hand found his. 'Please go,' it signaled.

He motioned Miss Hale, and they slipped away.

'Poor child!' whispered the scientist. 'She can cry once more, and pray.'

That night he made a wager (with himself) that Emma's first question would be, 'How soon may I write a letter?' The stake was fifty cents. The doctor won. Next morning, however, when she made good, he stormed at Miss Hale, and declared female nurses were all alike. Never content until they incited a patient into writing letters. 'Good heavens, Hale! can't you women let well enough alone?'

Emma tried to explain that it was her own thought, that Miss Hale had not mentioned letters; but he refused to listen and strode away, followed by a sniveling assistant. That young woman returned, however, within the half hour — a trifle buoyant for a chastened nurse — to say that Emma could write her letter, the doctor said; and she named a date.

Meanwhile the wee dog traveled the rounds in the doctor's vest pocket. It was 'passed upon' — for the doctor had a dream for Emma of the wonderful hands — and 'found good.' Also, he looked up the Toy Trade: lost his voice over the little squads of sad-eyed French soldiers, and smiled at the dolls, and purchased little companies of each for imaginary nephews and nieces.

One day he seated himself by Emma's bed with his proposition. It seems he had a clientèle of women afflicted with the tatting fever.

'Simply crocheting themselves into insane asylums! They've rocked and

counted seven and tied a knot, and turned and counted six, till their brains work in scallops! We've got to save them, Emma. Teach them form. Put tools into their useless hands and teach them work. That will be your part, and I will whip them into class. And together we will found something that will be worth while. "The Nevins School of Woodcarving," eh?"

So it was that Emma came into her own.

Affairs in the pay-roll office at the Blackwells' had moved on much as usual. The new clerk had long since gone, to be sure; and an alert young person called Gert perched on Emma's chair. But the atmosphere was still charged with nerves. The manager's Monday morning bell still threw his stenographer into a faint; and they still 'delivered the goods.'

Gert was quick, and she 'chased' the big orders with gusto; also she wore her flimsy duds with a swing; all of which Sam was quick to recognize. But by the time that the third monthly trial-balance was shown, Sam — after the manner of his kind — began to veer; in another month he resented the new order of things. Before long, for unexplainable reasons, he would have given much to see Emma's conscientious back straining over his books again. And he began recalling her minute economies in rubber bands, and pins, and pens; and one day he ran across a scrupulous charge: 'To use of telephone: .05,' in Emma's cash-book. This entry put Sam in a state of mind where-in he discovered that Emma was worth all the rest of the bunch put together. He had always liked her; her methods could be depended upon. He would

hunt her up; she should have her place again and Gert could whistle! If her eyes were still weak, she could go home early nights. What did a few hours mean against a faithful worker? He was sick of silly ruffles.

In this mood, her letter reached him. It came by the last mail and he waited until the others had gone before opening it.

MR. BLACKWELL, —

I took that five hundred dollars — I thought I had to have it! But I don't need it now, thank God. And I'm giving it back to you, not particularly because I wish you to have it, but in the way of a Thanksgiving, if you can understand it. I reckoned you owed me that amount, and I meant to keep it then, but the Young Man held out longer than I could. You will find the money in the table-leg — the added piece — next to my chair.

EMMA NEVINS.

P.S. This will balance the November cash. — E. N.

Sam's den grew dark ere he moved. Then he stood up and tore the letter into small pieces and scattered them from the window. He knocked out the added piece from the old table-leg, using a small hammer which hung conveniently at the back. There it was, the money they had searched for, in its beautifully carved bed. There also, beneath his eyes, was the hollow worn by Emma's feet.

He got out the cash book and made an entry. 'By cash (misaid by S. B. See Nov.) \$500.00,' read Sam's entry. And he went back to his den and lighted a big black cigar. 'Square old Emma,' said Sam.

FOOD-CONTROL AND DEMOCRACY

BY DANIEL LUBIN

I

THE eyes of the statesman are beginning to be opened to the true significance of the war; he is beginning to see that it is a life-and-death struggle between autocracy and democracy. And the eyes of the strategist are opening to the significance of food as the important factor in the struggle, and with good reason, for the state of the war is that of a double siege carried on with the deliberate design of forcing capitulation through starvation. On the one hand, the blockade by the Entente has almost altogether isolated the Central Empires, shutting them off from the world's food-supplies; and on the other, the submarine warfare of the Central Empires aims at doing the same to the Entente Powers.

The greatness of the stake—the triumph of democracy—impels, inspires, and spurs on the Entente nations, until their vision has been focused on one point only—victory.

With this end in view, it is essential that the status of the world's food-supply be known. Fortunately, the official world crop-reports, the crop-reports given out by the International Institute of Agriculture, are here; and they supply this essential information; they afford, as it were, a bird's-eye view of the world's commissariat department.

And this information is important to the strategist, for it enables him to know what the supplies are and where they are. He is then prompted to take

measures for stimulating production and conserving supplies. Accordingly, we find that various measures have been taken toward this end in the several belligerent countries, such as meatless days, potatoless days, food-limitations for animals, requisitioning of crops, rationing, war-bread, bread-cards, meal-tickets, the utilization of broken foods and kitchen refuse, food restrictions and prohibitions, fines and imprisonment, *fiat* prices, the control of exports and imports, and the appointment of food-dictators.

But, above all, extraordinary steps are being taken for increasing production. Premiums are offered, prices guaranteed, vacant city lots, plazas, and untilled lands are being utilized, and strenuous efforts are being made to induce women, school-children, and the aged to work on the land, so as to increase the common stock, thus proving their patriotism, thus helping to win the day.

Thus we have stimulated production on the one hand, and rigorous conservation on the other. That these are essential is obvious, but do they cover the whole field, do they cover distribution? Unless they do, they can be shown to be inadequate for the ends in view.

To take up the case so far as the United States is concerned—having entered the war, it has to provide for two essentials: first, it must see that its own people are adequately supplied with food-products at fair prices; second, it is pledged to assist the Allies

with the food-supplies which they require. Now, what may be expected to happen in the case of stimulated production without adequate means of equitable distribution? What has happened heretofore? So far as the farmers are concerned, higher than normal earnings in some few districts, and lower than normal in the remainder; but, so far as the consumers are concerned, manipulated high prices in every district. For it is in the essence of unsound, unscientific distribution that it tends to land the crop in the keeping of the 'profiteer,' from the family food-hoarder right up to the powerful corporation, the trust, with its ramifications for monopolistic buying and selling throughout the country.

It is, therefore, quite clear that, if stimulated production is to act as the long bar of the lever, if rigorous conservation is to be its weight, we must also have the necessary fulcrum, equitable distribution, before the device can become economically operative.

And have we that fulcrum? Have we that system of economic distribution? If so, where is it? What is it? How does it work? What does it do?

But is not this rushing things? Who said that we had such a system? At this time we are just looking for it; it is with this end in view that proposals are being made for (a) fiat prices, (b) the control of exports and imports, and (c) the appointment of a food-dictator; all these being measures which have been adopted in other belligerent countries.

At first sight it would seem that it would be the most practicable mode of procedure for the newcomer in the field of war-legislation on food to follow the modes adopted in other countries; for country B to adopt the modes in operation in country A. But let us suppose that country A requires 10, of which it produces 2 and imports 8, whereas country B also requires 10, but pro-

duces 18 and exports 8; and it will be seen that the application of parallel methods is impossible. This, in fact, explains the difference between England, an importer of farm-products, and the United States an exporter of farm-products.

But let us examine the proposals. Let us take up the first — fiat prices. At what point will the fiat be made to act? Will it be on the farm? Will it be at the point of delivery? Will it be at the warehouse? Or will it be at the retail store? And then, what would become of the Bourse, of the Exchange, of the channels of commerce? How would the farmers sell at the time they need to sell? Or would the farmers have to hunt for the buyers at retail? Or would all the products, at fiat prices, be taken by the government? How then would the government store these products? How dispose of them? How even up the profits and loss? Thus we see that there are insurmountable difficulties in the way. Fiat prices may be all right in some communities, in some countries, sometimes. It is quite obvious that fiat prices would not be all right in the United States at any time. We therefore see that fiat prices would not be conducive to equitable distribution.

And now for the next proposal — the control of exports and imports; how would that affect distribution? The government could, of course, produce an artificial glut by withholding ships for the transport of the staples, and thus lower the home price to the farmer. But the dealer, having bought, would store and retain the product in the warehouse until famine should force it out, but at famine prices. The government would thus play into the hands of the 'profiteer,' the monopolist. We thus see that the control of exports and imports also fails as a means of securing equitable distribution.

And now, finally, we come to the last

item — the food-dictator. It has happened in some countries, on extraordinary occasions, that a dictator has been appointed to whom were granted extraordinary powers — powers which transcended the ordinary laws, customs, traditions, and modes of procedure. But would not the Federal Constitution and the autonomous powers of each of the several states prevent the effective exercise of such dictatorial powers in the control of buying and selling, in a democracy like the United States?

Let us, however, for the time being, waive these objections; let us suppose that such a dictator, vested with extraordinary powers for controlling the production and distribution of farm-products, has been appointed; what would be expected of him?

First, a maximum quantity of products; second, an even flow of the same; third, equitable distribution; fourth, just prices to the producers; and, fifth, just prices to the consumers.

Clearly it would be absurd to expect a food-dictator to do all this by merely issuing a proclamation. He would have to do much more than that, to accomplish the desired effect. But could he go far in his dictatorship without running counter to the Federal Constitution and to state autonomy? While the American people, as a result of their resentment of Prussian tactics of frightfulness, have thus far taken kindly to bond subscriptions and to universal military service, it behooves the government to foster this attitude by avoiding any procedure in the matter of food-control that is likely to weaken it. It is therefore of importance to exert endeavor in the direction of food-control in a manner which will carry with it the sympathetic assent of the American people.

'Well,' say some, 'the powers granted the food-dictator need not transcend federal or state law, or custom, tradi-

tion, or accepted modes of procedure. His functions are intended merely to permit him to specialize in the direction of a subdivision of labor in the field of food-production and distribution.'

But if we are looking for subdivision of labor, have we not now got it in a more effective form in the highly elaborate organization of the Department of Agriculture? Would it not be more reasonable to expect the results aimed at through the labors of the highly experienced, specialized bureaus of that Department, rather than through the experimental labors of a proposed food-dictator?

And now the question arises: is the Department of Agriculture in a position to do this work? Let us see.

Speaking on food-distribution in the *United States Price Current*, March 7, 1917, Mr. Houston, the Secretary of Agriculture, says: —

'A full and satisfactory explanation of prevailing prices is not possible on the basis of existing knowledge. . . . Where the food-supply is located, who owns it, what may be the difficulties of securing it, whether the local market conditions are due to car shortage, whether there is artificial manipulation or control, no one can state with certainty.'

It would thus seem that the Department of Agriculture is no more in a position to achieve equitable distribution of farm-products than a food-dictator would be. And there is a good reason for this. There is a broken link in the chain of effective means. That broken link is the absence of practical and psychic relationship between the Department of Agriculture and the vast number of units that go to make up the body of American farmers.

Clearly, before the Department could bring about equitable distribution, it would have to be in a position to obtain and impart information from the

individual farmers, from each unit primarily, and then from groups of these units. Now, how is it to obtain or impart this information? Evidently through its agents or through correspondence.

But would it be possible to reach each of the units through either of these means? Would it be possible to do so in time to obtain or impart current information for purposes of dynamic economic direction?

Let us see. Could it be done through agents? Even if armies of them were employed, their lack of broad commercial vision and the loss to the farmers of valuable time involved in such service would render it impracticable. Again, to reach the farmers of the country through correspondence, the Department would have to send out millions of letters of inquiry, and to send them out at short intervals and regularly. Assuming that these millions of inquiries would be answered, the answers would have to be assembled, collated, and compiled, and conclusions drawn from them weekly, or even more frequently, if they were to serve as a basis of current economic direction. All of which has not been done heretofore; and what competent authority would assert that it could be done now?

Nor is this the end of the difficulty, for here the psychic factor enters into the case. Such a service may be effective only when the units concerned are freely disposed to obtain and impart such information and to be guided by such direction. Now, apart from the fact that the farmer is proverbially 'busy,' apart from his disinclination to answer letters or to see agents, there is still another element that enters into the case, the element of caution. The farmer is asked a question by a government department; why should he answer? how should he answer? how will

the answer affect him? And there you are!

Thus we see that the information from the farmer to the Department and from the Department to the farmer must inevitably be heterogeneous as to time, nature, value, and significance, and could be had from only a relatively small number of scattered units, and must therefore be imperfect so far as current economic uses are concerned.

'But,' say some, 'could not this information be obtained and imparted through the agricultural associations, the granges, the farmers' unions, the farmers' institutes, and the like?'

It could not, for two reasons: first, those associations have not been formed on a plan which would permit of such service; second, as their activities are limited to their own membership, they would fail to reach the much larger body of farmers outside of their organizations. This would leave such numerous gaps in the reception and the imparting of the information as would render such service not merely ineffective but misleading and injurious. They would be as great a block in the way of correct information and direction as a defective cog-wheel in a watch would be in the way of correct time-keeping.

II

From the foregoing it would seem that we cannot have sound economic direction, equitable distribution, through the labors of the Department of Agriculture, nor through a food-dictator, nor through the present agricultural associations. Any attempt at current economic direction through one or all of these means would seem to be just as futile as it would be for a conductor to attempt to obtain harmony from a band in which each of the musicians insisted upon playing a different tune at the same time.

What then? Are we driven to the conclusion that there can be no system of current economic direction in the purchase and sale of farm-products — that there can be no system for their equitable distribution? By no means. There can be such a system. Central Europe offers an example of such a system. It has been operative there for years and has proved itself of high economic value. It overcomes with ease all the obstacles and difficulties which we have alluded to, and many more not here touched upon. It is simple and effective, and can be readily understood by any one of normal business experience.

This system has been adapted to American needs and embodied in a bill for a national chamber of agriculture, originally introduced by Senator Duncan U. Fletcher. It was revised and reintroduced in the last session of Congress by Senator Morris Sheppard, since when it has been again reintroduced in the present session and is now pending in Congress.¹

In substance, under this system the Federal government offers charters for the organization of chambers of agriculture. These chambers are of different grades. There are, first, the township chambers; second, the county chambers; third, the state chambers; and fourth and finally, the national chamber of agriculture.

Whenever a farmer in a township

¹ This measure was taken up in detail at a convention of the State Commissioners of Agriculture which met in Washington in May, 1916, for that purpose. The bill as amended by the Commissioners was submitted by them to the President at a conference on May 5. The President commented upon several of its leading points. These comments resulted in some important final amendments, when the bill was indorsed by the Commissioners. It was then reintroduced on May 12, 1916, but too late for passage that session. It has now been reintroduced, and should be acted upon during the present session of Congress. — THE AUTHOR.

obtains twenty names to a petition, he will be given a charter and can form a township chamber of agriculture.

Whenever four or more townships have been organized in a county, they can obtain a charter and elect their delegates, who form a county chamber of agriculture.

Whenever one third of the counties in a state have been organized, they can obtain a charter and elect their delegates, who form a state chamber of agriculture.

Whenever twenty states have been organized, they can obtain a charter and elect their delegates, who form the national chamber of agriculture.

We thus have an all-embracing, semi-official organization for promoting the equitable distribution of farm-products, supported by the annual dues paid by the members of the township chambers. It would have paid secretaries and a working staff in each of the several chambers, with ramifications beginning with the individual farmer linked up to his township organization, then to his county organization, then to his state organization, and lastly to the national organization; all of which is intended for the purpose of placing the distribution of farm-products on as practicable and economical a footing as is the present distribution of manufactures from the factory to the consumer through the ordinary channels of commerce.

And right here I would beg the indulgence of the reader in following the somewhat technical explanation of the usual method of business procedure in the distribution of merchandise from the factory to the consumer, which I will now give in the belief that it will afford the clearest insight into the intention of the proposal before us, and illustrate vividly the need for it.

The first step taken by a manufacturer of, say, woollens, or cottons, or

leather-goods, or hardware, toward getting out the season's goods, is to prepare his samples some months in advance. These samples are given their lot numbers, priced, and placed in the show-rooms of the concern, and duplicates of the same are handed over to its commercial travelers. The next step in the procedure is for merchants to place their orders, either direct from the samples in the show-rooms, or through the commercial travelers. Finally, the manufacturer proceeds to close his contracts for raw material and to book the orders for the factory.

We thus see that in all this mode of procedure the element of uncertainty and the need for guessing is reduced to a minimum.

Now let us proceed further with the goods when they reach the store. The head of the department marks them with the price, and hands them over to the stock-clerk in the department to which they are to go. The stock-clerk is then instructed as to when each item is to be entered for reordering.

And now we will take the procedure up from the other end — from the stock-clerk to the factory. When the stock-clerk sees that an item is down to the reordering limit, he enters it in his book; the head of the department goes over these entries and makes out his orders; these are submitted to the 'merchandise manager,' who reviews them, and before approving the order looks up the limit account of that department, after which he makes his comment. If all is satisfactory, the new order is signed and sent on to the manufacturer. And here again, in all this mode of procedure, the element of uncertainty, the need for guessing, is reduced to a minimum, and the business of distribution is conducted on a rational basis.

And what the system from the factory to the store and from the store to the factory does for the distribution of

merchandise, that the proposed organization of township, county, state, and national chambers of agriculture would do for the distribution of farm-products. The modes of procedure would, of course, be entirely different, but the results, so far as rational and economic distribution is concerned, would be the same.

Let us see how the proposed system would operate. Let us say that in a township organization in California some of the members take up the distribution of French prunes. Prices offered seem to them too low, so they ring up the secretary of the county chamber of agriculture, who is in communication with all the township chambers in the county. He informs them that no higher prices prevail in the county, and on instruction calls up the secretary of the state chamber, who is in communication with all the township and county chambers in the state. In the event that the prevailing state prices are deemed unsatisfactory, the case is then put in the hands of the secretary of the national chamber, who is in communication with all the state, county, and township chambers of agriculture in the Union, and with foreign markets as well. As a result of all this, the prunes find their way to the sections of the country where they are needed; too much does not go to one section and too little to another, but they are distributed, so far as possible, evenly in every section. It is evident that such a mode of distribution would bring a higher price to the producer and a lower price to the consumer than is possible under the present system of guess-work and uncertainty.

It is, in fact, the very system that a group of intelligent merchants would adopt were all the farm-products of the country intrusted to them for distribution. It is the very system that a trust would adopt if it had the sole control

of distributing a product, only that in the case of the trust its great capitalization would enable it to store the products until it could sell them at artificially enhanced prices.

'But,' some one will say, 'what would prevent the farmers from becoming the trust and from storing the products until they also could sell them at artificially enhanced prices?'

Two things would prevent this. First, the farmers could not adopt the storing tactics of the trust unless they were united in a corporation and had the capital; second, if they had the capital and were united in a corporation, and made a big profit on certain products, it would induce so many other farmers to grow the same product as to force the price back to a just level. The trust system, however, by keeping the price to the producer artificially low, does not encourage the cultivation of a larger area; and thus the trust can carry on these storing tactics for years, to the injury of the producer on the one hand, and of the consumer on the other.

And right here it is necessary to make clear the wide difference between the present governmental aids to distribution and the proposed system. The proposed chambers of agriculture are intended to serve business purposes by business means. It has been estimated that there are some forty thousand townships in the United States. Given an organization in each township employing its paid secretary and supplementary assistants as needed, using the card-index, the typewriter, the telephone, and the telegraph; with county, state, and national chambers similarly organized; and with power to provide and supervise street-markets, salesrooms, and exchanges; in constant communication during every business day of the year and every business hour of the day, throughout the system, from its broad base up to its apex,

and from its apex down to its base, from the township chambers to the national chamber, and from the national to the township, and we should soon see the difference between the present aids to distribution and the proposed system—the chambers of agriculture.

We should then see that the present governmental aids to distribution are to the farmer what learned discussions on the tariff law are to the practical labors of the custom-house. We should see that what the custom-house is to the tariff law, that the system of chambers of agriculture would be to the economic distribution of agricultural products.

And right here the information and labors of the Department of Agriculture, now largely static and ineffective for practical purposes, could, through the proposed organization, be put to dynamic uses, thus greatly enhancing their economic value.

The national chamber, while starting with an elementary staff of a secretary and a few clerks, would soon expand as its activities would warrant. In time its labors would be divided into departments—departments for the various products, for inquiry on sales, on purchases, on transportation, on claims; and when in full working order, its activities would rival those of the Dun and Bradstreet Mercantile Agencies.

III

But even if we grant all that has been claimed for the proposed system, the question still remains: of what utility would it be at this moment, right now, during the war?

I believe I am justified in saying that it would be of the highest utility, for it would mobilize the agricultural industry, rendering it as responsive to the national needs as an automobile is

to the least turn given to its steering-wheel. The agricultural industry thus organized would afford a mechanism through which the government authorities could find a practicable, economic mode of procedure in helping to guide distribution, and on equitable lines, which they could not otherwise have; for through the national chamber of agriculture and its subsidiary channels the government authorities could constantly be in touch with the supply and demand of food-stuffs in every township in the Union.

But could all this be put into operation right soon? Could it be put into working order so quickly as to serve the intended economic purpose during the war?

Yes, the bill provides for this; it could be put into operation within a very short time, perhaps within two or three months. By its provisions the President is empowered to start the ball rolling by appointing the members of a provisional national chamber of agriculture. This national chamber would then proceed to have the charters printed, and to draw up, in simple form, instructions, rules, and regulations for the state, county, and township chambers. These would show how a chamber may be formed, and the bounds within which it may frame its by-laws.

The charters, rules, and other printed matter would then be sent to the postmasters in each of the townships of the Union, with instructions that they study them, then hand them to the farmers and explain them. When the local postmaster or any farmer had obtained the signatures of the twenty farmers required to form a township chamber of agriculture, he would hand the signers the charter, whereupon they would proceed to pay in their dues and to organize.

As already described, the township

chambers would then proceed to elect the county chambers, the county the state, and, finally, the state chambers would elect the national chamber of agriculture. These elected members would then take the place of the members provisionally named by the President.

All of this, together with the wide publicity which the proposal would receive if put forward as a popular and necessary war measure, would presently leave but few townships in any state of the Union unrepresented.

That it would be justifiable to bring this proposal forward as a popular and necessary war measure is evident, for, as was shown in the beginning of this paper, the strategist keenly realizes that the equitable distribution of farm-products is a factor of primary importance in the world-struggle before us.

In an effort to meet the situation created by the war, advice has been given to the people to economize, to diminish purchases, to cease buying. The value of this advice seems to me questionable; it seems to be along the lines of the war policy followed in some of the belligerent countries. We all know that fewer purchases mean fewer sales, with the consequent discharge of employees and reduction in the number of employers. This is a result desired presumably for the purpose of rendering an abundance of the capital and labor thus released available for the government in carrying on the war. In other words, this policy means a deliberate overturning of the *status quo* in so far as it relates to capital and labor, in the hope that this overturning will lend itself to strengthening the hands of the government in the prosecution of the war.

While this may be a tenable policy in some of the countries which have adopted it, it is to be seriously questioned whether it would be a good policy in the United States; it is questionable

whether such a system would not give rise to general unrest, bankruptcy, panic, and ruin.

But whatever be the policy pursued as to buying and selling, there can be no question that in a great producing country like ours the first and foremost aim should be to bring about equitable distribution.

This is forcibly illustrated by the case of Russia, where, during the past year, as the result of a defective system of distribution, farm-products did not reach the market centres and there was consequently a great falling off in purchases; the people had almost ceased to buy. As a result, they were on the verge of starvation. Yet all this time there was a great surplus of food-stuffs on hand in the country, for they could not be exported. Yet in spite of this abundance the culpable lack of a sensible and equitable method of distribution soon produced its effects, bringing on an overwhelming revolution. And the first act of the revolution was to justify its advent by mitigating the evils due to that defective and unjust system.

Now, we are as much concerned in equitable distribution as is Russia; even more so, for we are assisting the Allies by large loans, mainly for the purchase of these farm-products, with the end in view of promoting a victorious outcome of the war. But would not the efficacy of our assistance be largely robbed of its merits if, as the result of a defective system of distribution, we were to permit the products to fall into the hands of the manipulators? Would not that mean that what is given to the Allies, on the one hand, would be unjustly absorbed by the manipulators on the other? And would not this jeopardize the outcome of the war?

It therefore follows that the passage of the proposed measure to establish the chambers of agriculture in order to

facilitate the equitable distribution of farm-products would lend itself to the effective carrying out of the work of the proposed food-control. It would supply the link now missing between all the individual farmers of the country and the proposed food-controller, thus supplementing and facilitating his efforts and rendering them effective. It should be adopted, —

First, because it would benefit the producers, and not only the producers, but the consumers; it would benefit all the American people;

Second, because it would enable the government and the Allies to procure their supplies at equitable prices, and thus help to win the war.

But, apart from the benefits its operation would confer on the American people; apart from the value which our chivalrous service would prove to have for our allies; apart from the victory in the war which its adoption would help to bring, ensuring us that 'place in the sun' to which we believe we are entitled; apart from these there is still another and a higher consideration. As the guy-ropes steady and support a tent, so these chambers of agriculture would support the Republic.

How? Let us see.

It is uniformly the case that democracies lend themselves to the rapid up-building of an influential and controlling middle-class, mainly the merchants of the cities who are masters in the art of buying and selling. This mastership carries with it the eventual destruction of the independent land-owning farmers, since their lack of knowledge of the true art of buying and selling renders them the under dogs in the economic struggle. As a result of all this, they are gradually transformed into renters, and the conservative men of the country become radicals, thereby weakening an essential element in the stability of the Republic. It follows that the

self-governing force of the democracy having been weakened, the Republic is made subject to a special controlling class. This vitiating process takes place by such imperceptible degrees that it becomes markedly manifest only when the democracy has, in reality, already ceased to exist. This was the cause of the decline and fall of the old Roman Republic, and it has been the cause of the decline and fall of all the democracies that have been.

That this deteriorating cause is at work in our midst will be quite evident to those who will give the matter the thoughtful consideration it deserves. With lands largely given away to the people as a free gift, or for a nominal consideration, the United States should have as large a number of land-owning farmers as Germany, or larger. Now, in Germany eighty-six per cent of the farms are worked by their owners, and fourteen per cent by renters. But our last census, in 1910, shows that but sixty-three per cent of the farms in this country are worked by their owners and thirty-seven per cent by renters; and the indications are that the census for 1920 will show a yet further reduction in the number of land-owning farmers, perhaps to fifty per cent, with a proportionate increase of renters.

We cannot refuse to heed the fact that the American Republic is still an experiment, that it is still a democracy on trial; for while in extent it is a giant, in the history of nations it is but as a little child, being less than a hundred and fifty years old. If the transmutation of the land-owning farmers of the

country into renters progresses in the future at the same rate as in the past,— an increase of eighteen per cent from 1900 to 1910,— for how many more years can we reckon ourselves a real democracy? And if we quiescently permit this deterioration to go on, does it become us boastfully to step forward as the promulgators of democracy for a whole world, and with plans for the confederation of democratic governments? Who are we that we should take the leadership in the guidance of democracies, when we supinely allow the decay of our own democracy? Is it not our first duty to cut away the canker which is eating into the vitals of our own nation,— the canker that has consumed all democracies in the past,— before we go forward to guide and strengthen other democracies?

And the way is open, the remedy is here. Let us adopt the system of equitable distribution of farm-products through the operation of the proposed chambers of agriculture. This system will be of the greatest assistance to us and our allies in the prosecution of the war; it is a system which has proved itself practicable; a system which has built up the economic strength of Central Europe; a system which will teach the farmer the true art of buying and selling to effective economic advantage; which will make him the peer of the merchant, the factor that he should be in the control of his own products; and we shall have in this system, in these chambers of agriculture, the guy-ropes which will steady and support the tent of the Republic.

THE RETURN

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

WHEN I returned to my poor house,
As well I knew I must,
The thatch was rotting in the rain,
The latch was stiff with rust,
And little forest creatures' feet
Had written in the dust.

Strange thing! In that poor house of mine —
Unlit this year or more —
Where I had dread to live alone,
There met me at the door
That unforgotten dream of mine
I used to dream before!

INDIVIDUALISM AFTER THE WAR

BY FABIAN FRANKLIN

'A FEW weeks ago, we were, or at any rate seemed to be, a nation of individualists. In this morning's papers, it is thought worthy of comment, but not of incredulity or even of surprise, that Congress is proposing to place all the necessities of the lives of a hundred millions of persons at the absolute discretion of the President.'

The phenomenon thus referred to in a private letter written early in May, by a keen and level-headed observer, must have similarly impressed the minds of

thousands of thoughtful Americans; and not a few must be asking themselves the question whether the non-chalance with which the far-reaching economic war measures of the time are being regarded by the nation is, as the writer suggests, a sign that 'we are definitely leaving a world to which we shall not soon return.' No question, except the paramount one, what we must do to win the war, can be of greater interest.

To discuss the question, and discuss

it profitably, does not, however, mean that one must attempt to answer it with a plain yea or nay. Indeed, it is quite possible that, not only as a matter of theory or speculation, but as a matter of practical effectiveness, — not only from the standpoint of truth but from the standpoint of utility, — the best thesis to maintain is, that the question cannot be answered. For according as we disseminate the belief that the question is settled or that the question is open, according as we strengthen or weaken the hold upon the general mind of the notion of 'manifest destiny,' we shall be assisting to bring about or to prevent the consummation of the change. It cannot be denied that history furnishes instances in which the forces making for a certain result were such that to a penetrating eye their insuperable potency might well have been manifest; but instances in which a fatalistic belief in such potency has attained great strength, and yet has proved to be quite unjustified, are certainly neither less numerous nor less important.

Two such instances of recent date are peculiarly apt in connection with the present subject. The thought of a whole generation of 'advanced thinkers' was profoundly influenced by Karl Marx's view of the inexorable trend of economic development to the increase of misery among the masses, as an inevitable accompaniment of the modern system of concentration and exploitation of capital. To-day, however, not only has belief in the fatalistic nature of this process been almost completely discarded, even by Socialists, but the underlying doctrine of the materialist interpretation of history, which had gained great headway even among non-Socialists, has fallen into similar discredit. Yet while the Marx doctrine retained its prestige it was perhaps the most powerful of all the forces making

for the spread of Socialism throughout the world.

The other instance is less important and less striking, but no less instructive. During about a decade, the conviction was widespread in this country that the absorption of the great departments of industrial production by vast monopolistic consolidations or combinations was so clearly written in the book of fate that any attempt to impede the process was not only futile, but ignorant and childish; yet we have seen the process effectively arrested, and it is safe to say that if it ever is revived it will take a shape very different from that which it would have assumed had the fatalist view been accepted by the country in the heyday of the early and dazzling triumphs of our 'captains of industry.'

Let us, then, look the present situation in the face, and endeavor to estimate the degree in which the readiness of the country to accept, upon its entry into the war, extreme measures of centralized economic power and regulation, is a sign of the definitive passing of that individualism which has hitherto been an essential part of our national life.

A distinction of cardinal importance must be noted first of all. The legislation conferring upon the President extraordinary powers over the economic concerns of the people, regarded as a departure from our national traditions, may be thought of in either of two quite distinct aspects. In clothing the President with the right to establish, if he thinks fit, almost every conceivable kind of regulation affecting the production, the sale, and even the consumption of food, Congress not only turns over to the untrammelled discretion of the executive powers which, under the traditions of our government, would have to be exercised through the medium of general laws: it undertakes

functions which under those traditions the government would not think of assuming at all. In so far as opposition to the programme has been manifested up to the present time, it has taken the shape chiefly of misgivings concerning the granting of dictatorial power to the executive; though something, too, has been heard upon the other head.

Neither in the one aspect nor in the other has the subject attracted wide or keen interest. But it is by no means clear that the absence of acute interest or grave apprehension should be regarded by conservatives as ominous of impending and momentous change. Indeed, this insensitiveness of public sentiment may be referred with about equal plausibility to either of two diametrically opposite reasons. One, and perhaps the most obvious, view of our easy-going attitude in the face of so novel a programme, is that the scheme which it embodies is typical of a state of things toward which we are drifting in any event, to which we do not object, and the mere acceleration of whose advent naturally produces no great commotion. But is not the showing somewhat too extreme to be convincing? Acquiescence in so profound a change can hardly be so nearly universal as to account for an almost total absence of protest; and it seems at least as reasonable to ascribe that absence neither to acquiescence nor to indifference, but to a general confidence that the measures adopted to grapple with the exigencies of the war will leave no permanent impression either on our political institutions or on our economic organization.

Whether that confidence is well founded is, of course, quite another question. And it must be admitted that, in regard to both aspects of the matter, the other view — the view that we are drifting in the direction of these changes in any event — has much to be said for it. The power of the President,

his influence over legislation, as well as the potency of his administrative control, has been steadily growing for a generation; and the functions of government have been likewise steadily expanding over a wider and wider area of human interests. That the war will somewhat accentuate both these processes may be regarded as almost certain; but in this there is no reason for any grave solicitude. The real question is, whether any extreme and sudden expansion, either of the functions of the government in general or of the powers of the executive in particular, introduced to meet the emergency, will become permanently fixed in our system.

As regards presidential power, one may answer this question with a confident negative. The departure is too clear-cut, our jealousy of personal power is too deep-seated, to permit in time of peace any such arbitrary exercise of executive discretion as we are sanctioning in the presence of the imperious needs of war. 'The President,' one Senator is quoted as saying, 'can wield a despotic power over the very existence of the people under the food bill, and under the embargo clause he can, with one stroke of his pen, cut off all our commerce with all neutral countries.' But it was not stated that this Senator will refuse to vote for the bill; and in any case the Senators and Representatives who will vote for it are as well aware as he of the 'despotic power' that it confers upon the President. The reason why they will consent to such legislation is that the very obviousness of its extreme character is a guaranty that it will utterly pass with the war; nobody would think of granting such powers for any other purpose than that of meeting the critical exigencies of the war with promptness and decision, as they arise. Moreover, it is a mistake to suppose that, taking into account the change of material conditions, this ex-

ension of presidential power is of any more significant character than that which took place, with or without legislation, during the Civil War. Whatever seemed necessary for the successful conduct of the war was done then; it is not that we are willing to do more now, but that more is necessary now. And as it was a half-century ago, so it will be again; with the passing of the necessity will go the passing of the President's war powers.

But when we come to the broader question of the enlargement of governmental functions, we have a very different situation to deal with. The spread of regulation, whether legislative or administrative, over domains formerly free from governmental interposition, has been something more than a mere accompaniment of the increasing complexity of modern life. This factor has, indeed, been an important one; but while in the matter of the growing devolution of power upon the executive the increasing intricacy of the necessary machinery of government is of itself sufficient to account for the phenomenon, a factor of a quite different kind, and of far greater ultimate potentialities, has operated to promote the spread of governmental activity into domains formerly left to the play of individual activities. The phrase 'social betterment,' as usually employed, has reference to efforts designed to improve the lot of the poor; but if one may use the term in the broader sense which the words in themselves convey, the great force that is behind the steady trend of our time toward enlargement of the functions of government is such widespread interest in social betterment, and such effective realization of the possibilities of its achievement through governmental action, as has not been known in any previous stage of the world's history. Thus we have here, not a mere automatic drift, but a deep

and strong current of thought and feeling; and accordingly an advance once made, no matter through what adventitious circumstances, along the line of this current, is likely to find powerful forces enlisted for its retention.

But it by no means follows that these forces will prevail; for our attachment to the essentials of individualism is far more deep-seated than mere observation of the external facts of the drift of the time would indicate. Eight or ten years ago, it was the fashion to declare that the principle of competition as the prime regulator of business was obsolescent, if not obsolete; but it proved to have a vast amount of life in it, and that manner of speaking is, for the present at least, almost as obsolete as the competitive principle was supposed to be. It is true that the doctrine of *laissez faire* has completely, and, it is safe to say, permanently, lost that standing which it enjoyed half a century ago: not only the drift of political sentiment and action, but the attrition of rational discussion and the teachings of experience have steadily worn down its pretensions, until its position as a powerful dogma has been completely lost. But though *laissez faire* played for a considerable period the part of a chief citadel of individualism, the persistence of individualism is by no means to be measured by that of the *laissez-faire* doctrine.

It would be idle to deny that the spirit of individualism has suffered a certain amount of impairment in the last two or three decades; but that impairment is far from being commensurate with the enlargement of governmental interposition. Indeed, it would hardly be going too far to say that, for the most part, the progress of that enlargement has been so great and so comparatively unresisted precisely because it has become evident, in instance after instance, that what was, at first blush,

opposed on the ground that it ran counter to the spirit of individualism was presently seen to involve no genuine — or at least no serious — offense to that spirit. Thus the movement for workmen's compensation laws required only general familiarity with the facts of the case to secure for it that speedy acceptance, in state after state of the Union, which has been one of the most striking phenomena of our recent legislative history; and, novel as the institution is, it already seems as natural and normal as public-health departments, public hospitals, public playgrounds, and, one feels almost tempted to add, public schools. The public-school system constituted, in point of fact, a far more serious invasion of the domain of individualism than anything that has come since; and, indeed, the time has been, within the memory of men not old, when it was still held by some highly intelligent and even public-spirited persons that the maintenance of the public-school system was an indefensible violation of the individualist principle. But the individualism of the nation is not a doctrinaire individualism of this kind; it may shy at a novelty on abstract grounds, but the things that it will resist stoutly are those that palpably interfere in the concrete with individual freedom in the interests and activities of daily life.

It is true that upon this freedom, too, there has been a certain amount of encroachment; but it has come by slow degrees and usually in the face of strong resistance. By far the most notable instance of such encroachment is to be found in the progress of the prohibition movement; but prohibition stands in a class by itself, involving, as it does, a multitude of elements which have no analogue in the economic questions with which we are here chiefly concerned. Comprehensive interference with the freedom of the individual in the ordi-

nary processes of economic life will have to justify itself far more signally than there is any reason to expect that it will actually do, if our experience of it during the war is to result in its becoming imbedded in our permanent policy. One hears, indeed, an occasional word of sanguine welcome for the new régime. Thus a New York newspaper, speaking of a prospective 'conscription of food agencies' to create the supplies which are so vital to the prosecution of the war, and which the shortage of farm-labor threatens to leave unprovided, asks whether we are not to have like armies of conscripted food-producers in time of peace. 'Will the country,' it exclaims, 'go back to the old, haphazard system of to-day, with the young men flocking from the farms once more and the rich fields lying idle? Or will Bellamy's dream be realized and an army of peace forever chase off the phantom of famine and high prices by raising crops sufficient for all?'

To prophesy is always hazardous, and never more so than to-day; but without saying that a thing will not happen, one may point out some of the reasons why it is not so likely to happen as a person preoccupied with a single phase of the question may imagine. One great trouble about 'forever chasing the phantom of famine and high prices' is that the phantom of overabundance and low prices is quite as troublesome a visitor, and indeed has been known to make even more serious trouble. It was the long-continued low price of wheat and other agricultural staples that was the main cause of the great ground-swell of discontent which came near landing Mr. Bryan in the presidency; and upon a smaller scale we have more recently seen intense and widespread hardship in a large section of the country, caused by a sharp decline in the price of cotton. Farmers are not miracles of economic insight; but they

know enough to resent, and have power enough to defeat, any scheme under which, in time of peace, the government would conscript forces to insure the consumer against under-supply, unless it undertakes also to insure the producer against over-supply.

It might indeed be retorted that there is no reason why this latter undertaking should not also be permanently assumed; but it is hardly worth while to enter into any discussion of the difficulties that this would involve. Suffice it to say that, however difficult the problem actually before us, — that of promoting and conserving the food-supply needed during the war, — it is of elementary simplicity in comparison with that of controlling all the adjustments of supply and demand under the varying conditions of ordinary times. Mr. Hoover will encounter difficulties enough in all conscience, but at least his objective is absolutely simple — to make production as abundant, and consumption as thrifty, as possible. The machinery that serves this purpose may be, not only not superior, but infinitely inferior, to that of the ordinary operation of supply and demand in meeting the manifold variations constantly arising out of the vicissitudes of nature and of human affairs.

This matter of food-control is but an example, though the most conspicuous and important example, of the state of things presented in quite as marked a degree in all directions. All along the line, the efficiency of the governmental substitute for individual initiative and individual responsibility remains to be demonstrated. That efficiency will, we may be sure, be sharply challenged even as regards its operation in wartime; much more will it be exposed to criticism as to its adaptation to the requirements of normal conditions and the promotion of normal progress. But even supposing the question of effi-

ciency to be settled in favor of the new order, there stands beyond it the question of the predilections of men in matters which they refuse to ignore at the mere behest of the efficiency propagandist. How effective the protest, both conscious and unconscious, against the unmitigated gospel of efficiency may prove to be, will depend on many things; but above all on the nature of the peace upon which the world will enter at the close of its war with the German military colossus. If that peace shall have the character of a mere breathing-spell, if the world is to be haunted day and night by the spectre of another such unspeakable horror, there will manifestly be little strength in any purpose save that of securing the maximum of strictly material efficiency. To be armed to the teeth for war will mean, after the awful lesson of this struggle, nothing less than to be so organized, in every department of production and of business, as to be able, at a moment's notice, to turn to the uses of war the greatest possible volume of everything that serves to sustain life among ourselves and our friends, as well as of everything that serves to destroy life among our enemies. In a word, if militarism of the Prussian type is to pervade the world, social regimentation of a more than Prussian type will be its necessary accompaniment.

But we none of us look forward to so monstrous a future for the human race. The one thing that from the beginning has been inflexibly declared to be the object of the nations allied against Germany is the destruction of Prussian militarism, the freeing of the world from the horrible necessity of being permanently armed against a recurrence of the calamity which is now desolating it. To the complete accomplishment of this purpose our own country in particular is most deeply pledged. No American can waver in his confidence that

the purpose will be fulfilled. It is of a world going about its affairs, guided by the normal influences of peace; not coerced by the abnormal demands of war, that we feel we have a right to think when we contemplate the future. And in such a world the desire for efficiency is but one of many factors that determine the course of human affairs, and the love of individual freedom is a factor at least as much to be reckoned with.

It must be acknowledged, however, that it is not militarism alone that in these modern days makes for the enthronement of efficiency. The identification of material with moral good has been going on in the past decade or two at a remarkable rate. However beneficent this identification is in some of its manifestations, — as regarding certain fundamental requirements of decent living for the poor, — one need not be a pessimist, or even a reactionary, to see that it has a bad side which, in the long run, may work quite as great injury to the finer aspects of human life in general as its good side has worked benefit in the more primary concerns of the 'submerged tenth.' Be this as it may, the raising of physical and economic betterment to a plane of moral respect which in former times was reserved for aspirations in the domain of the spirit rather than the body, necessarily gives powerful aid to the cult of efficiency and correspondingly lowers the resisting power of individualist ideas. What with the prestige that Germany has given — even apart from her military prowess — to relentlessly systematized efficiency, and what with this change that has taken place in our valuation of material progress, it seems plain that, for some time to come, individualism will have hard work to hold its own.

To admit this, however, is something very different from admitting

that we are confronted with the prospect of any radical or even deeply marked change as the result of our war experience. Indeed, it is by no means impossible that — always supposing Germany to be defeated and the incubus of Prussian militarism lifted from the earth — we shall witness a powerful reaction against the cult of materialist efficiency. Released from the grinding pressure and the terrible tension of the war, the minds of men may instinctively turn for refreshment and reinvigoration to the pursuit of those objects which are not dictated by the imperious call of external necessity, but which in all ages have attracted for their own sake the intellectual and spiritual energies of mankind. Such a reaction, though perhaps palpably represented by only a small and elect minority, would be sure to filter down and exercise a powerful influence upon the temper of whole nations. A splendid revival of literature, of pure science, and of art, the result of sheer longing for what is most removed from the dire preoccupations of these years of dread, would be a by no means surprising development of a period closely following the war. And this would inevitably bring with it powerful reinforcement to the cause of individualism all along the line. Meanwhile we shall be sure to hear much, and loudly, from the soothsayers of manifest destiny, certain beyond peradventure that the war has made an end of the old individualism for good and all. It is for those who neither welcome such a change, nor believe that it need come unless men choose that it shall, stoutly to deny the validity of the prophecy. Similar prophecies without end have failed of fulfillment; and if this one is to be fulfilled many of us will feel that no small part of what they have dreaded in the threatened hegemony of Germany will have come about in spite of her defeat.

NAVAL ORGANIZATION, AMERICAN AND BRITISH

BY WINSTON CHURCHILL

I

'INDIVIDUAL power, individual responsibility are the fundamental merits of the bureau system. Its defect is lack of coördination,' says Mahan. And again he declares that 'war shows the merits of a bureau system, peace its defects.'

It is a trite observation that almost any system will work if you have the right men. This is peculiarly true of our Navy Department, where, under the President, the civilian Secretary of the Navy has complete and absolute authority. Greatness in a chief does not consist in undertaking to supervise the details of the work of subordinates, but in the ability to recognize individual talent, to put the proper individual in the proper place, and, above all, to trust the men so chosen. The supreme executive quality is a knowledge of men. And any secretary possessing this quality alone, however deficient otherwise, cannot fail to make a success of his administration, provided that he in turn has the trust of his superior, the President. Thanks to our traditional system of training officers, which has been copied by the British and other nations, we possess to-day what is probably the finest personnel in the world.

Modern wars, and especially modern naval wars, for their successful prosecution demand imagination. Hence our supreme problem to-day is, first, to organize our available imagination, then to make it count. Fortunately, in our naval service, imagination is not lacking.

Under our system a poor executive, who for political or other reasons insists upon taking charge of details, is likely to select subservient subordinates, or to encourage subserviency in them — his power of selection and removal being unlimited. Or, if these subordinates be not all subservient, the subservient are in a position to oppose, and oppose successfully, either to the Secretary or in his behalf before Congress, the views of those who maintain their integrity.

The present system employed in the Navy Department has been criticized and might perhaps be bettered. As it stands, however, it may, at the choice of the Secretary, become either the most efficient or the most deplorable of governmental agencies. According as the Secretary has executive ability, a political or a patriotic turn of mind, it can be run as a house divided against itself (on the nefarious theory of checks and balances that has played such havoc with our government), or it can be run as a loyal and efficient unit, with every officer exerting his best efforts toward the accomplishment of a logical end — to fight a successful war. Energy, originality, imagination can be developed and encouraged, or suppressed, at the will and disposition of the Secretary of the Navy. Officers, the best experts we possess in their various branches, may be given free play for their imagination, time and opportunity for joint discussion of problems and for forming concerted opinions, or their opinions may never be called for. They may have the continued heart-breaking

experience of making reports and suggestions on which they have worked outside of office hours — never to hear from them again; they may be swamped under the detail a twenty-dollar-a-week clerk could perform, and all their expensive training of a lifetime and interest in their profession go for nothing; they may spend hours of their time awaiting a secretary's signature, cooling their heels in his office—or they may be utilized.

All these are possibilities under our system.

Intelligence is a good thing, but it is also necessary to get the right kind of intelligence in the right place. And Macaulay complained that England was ruled by orators. An orator, with a wide knowledge of various subjects but with a complete mastery of none, does not always make a good executive. On the other hand, an executive may have ability himself, but he must be able to recognize and respect it in others. He must know a specialist when he sees one, and be willing to make his bow to the specialist. This is a supreme gift. However intelligent he may be, if he does not bow to that specialist, why, he ceases to be intelligent. However stupid he may be, if he has sense enough to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, he cannot altogether fail as Secretary of the Navy.

In this crisis, when the fate of the British Empire and the future of America depend upon the successful prosecution of warfare at sea, the personalities of our Secretary of the Navy and of the British First Lord of the Admiralty become of paramount importance. It is not, indeed, too much to say that the question of the survival of the Anglo-Saxon system of government, of that individual liberty for which the people of the two nations have struggled through centuries, to-day rests largely on the shoulders of these two men.

The British First Lord of the Admiralty is continually responsible to Parliament—which is the British executive; nor could he, I am told, for a moment stand up against the concerted opinion of the naval profession if it were voiced in opposition to his own. Nevertheless, it is virtually in his power to choose his naval advisers, and also, if he has an idea that all wisdom will die with him, to dominate them — especially if they are chosen with that view. Thus the position of the head of the navy in Britain is sufficiently similar to that of our own Secretary of the Navy to draw a parallel, although the latter is absolute under the President.

The former safeguard of the British system was that the responsibility for naval *strategy* was vested in the Sea Lords, or naval officers of the Board; for the British Navy Department is a board, not, as with us, an individual; a board, as Admiral Mahan pointed out, that embraces an extremely strong element of matured professional knowledge. But by an order in council promulgated in the seventies the First Lord became predominant — although the winning of a naval victory might be supposed to be an admiral's and not a statesman's affair.

Perhaps the most refreshing note in the conversation of those members of the recent British Commission to this country with whom I talked, from Mr. Balfour down, was their willingness to acknowledge their mistakes. 'This is what we have done,' they said. 'Don't you be such idiots.' They are anxious to have us profit by their experience. Therefore I venture here to dwell for a moment on that campaign of criticism fought out in the British public press, and especially in *Land and Water*, by Mr. Arthur Pollen and others. The needed reforms now having apparently been made, one feels the less delicacy in reviewing the situation, especially

since the moral to be pointed out has to do with the question of the personality of the civilian Secretary, or First Lord.

That the British navy was ready for instant action when the war broke out was due, we are told, to the watchfulness of the First Lord of the Admiralty of that day. German cruisers and merchant ships were swept from the seven seas, and the German fleet has been bottled up ever since — although bubbles have been escaping — most inconvenient bubbles! In addition to brilliant gifts, Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill — judging solely by the record he made — had his own ideas in regard to naval policy and strategy, and was in a position to enforce them. His naval policy, excellent so far as it went, seems to have ignored the traditions of a service noted for aggression. Known as the material policy, it laid its emphasis on big ships, and a sufficient number of them to make an invincible fleet that could win a war without fighting. 'Without a battle,' he said, 'we had all that the most victorious battles could give us.' The weakness of this policy, as pointed out by British naval experts and our own, is its lack of what may be called naval imagination, of the anticipation of just such a campaign as the Germans have inaugurated. One of the wisest naval experts in England, Sir Percy Scott, early called attention to the grave menace of the submarine, implying that a control of the surface of the seas was insufficient. And seamen chafe under inaction. It is the main business of a navy to fight.

The present trend of criticism in Great Britain, which I quote without comment, goes so far as to hint that there was a chance, in the battle of Jutland, of crushing the German fleet; but that the admiral in command, giving heed to the Admiralty policy of maintaining

command of the seas without fighting, did not venture to break through the screen of German destroyers and repeat Farragut's famous exclamation, 'Damn the torpedoes!' This British criticism, it should instantly be said, is no reflection whatever upon the courage of a brave and gallant admiral; and it will long remain a disputed question whether the tactics followed by the Commander-in-Chief were or were not the proper ones for the occasion. A layman may have no opinion. But the long-run result of the policy of 'victory without a battle' may to a certain extent have justified the ironical remark of Professor Pollard, that Great Britain is still defending her command of the seas.

The submarine now threatens the British Empire with defeat. By using our utmost efforts, we can replace only a portion of the millions of tons of world's shipping now being destroyed. And with the best will in the world, it is an interesting and even a debatable question whether we can bring our military force to bear and transport a sufficient number of troops to France. What seems needed is more prevention and less cure; more large patrols and destroyers and fewer merchantmen. And a demand is gradually making itself heard in both countries that the naval imagination of both Britain and America shall be organized for a vigorous policy. Several plans have already been evolved on both sides of the water — aggressive, constructive plans; but they seem to have gone to sleep serenely in pigeon-holes. Some have been aired. That which appears to be the most sensible of them contemplates the destruction of the German fleet. Ingenuity must be met by ingenuity, and American ingenuity must combine with British. We must have concerted council and action. Battleships cannot steam through mine-fields

into Cuxhaven and pound the German fleet to pieces while at anchor; new instruments must be invented, a new species of campaign must be inaugurated. At least one promising plan has been developed, into the details of which I am not at liberty to go, contemplating new naval instruments and a novel species of campaign. But it is obvious that, if the German fleet were once destroyed, the submarine rat-holes could be stopped by mines, and in that way the present menace of the pestilence would be averted.

The failure of a 'victory without a battle' policy illustrates the mischief that may accrue when naval opinion as a whole is not consulted by a civilian chief who has it in his power to reverse tradition; who, with the best will in the world and through the most patriotic of motives, follows a policy of his own. And the Dardanelles campaign seems to have been still another instance of too much civilian domination. The armored forts of Belgium having been demolished by the German great guns, it was argued that the defenses of the Dardanelles could be reduced to dust by the 12- and 13.5-inch guns of battleships. This is true so far as it goes — provided that battleships can continue accurately to hit the forts. The defect in the conception lies in the fact that modern long-range gunnery demands observing or 'spotting' officers in positions of advantage, in order that the ranges may continually be corrected. Lacking such posts of observation, airplanes or captive balloons are necessary. The forts of the Dardanelles indeed suffered a crushing hail of fire; but precision was out of the question. And as soon as the British fleet opened up, the Turks retired to their dugouts, to return to the forts when the bombardment was at an end. Meanwhile the Germans organized torpedo and mine attacks: ships were hit and sunk.

The large tactical mistake would appear to have been that of insisting on opening such an action by naval operations, in themselves ineffective, thus giving warning to the Turks, and making a military operation impossible. If the campaign had been begun as a military operation with naval help, by landing the army under cover of the battleship fire, it is claimed that the army might then have got a foothold and marched on to victory.

II

Success or failure, then, in both the British and American naval administrations, seems to depend upon the personality of the civilian chief. One great lesson to be drawn from the life of Abraham Lincoln is that a certain humility is an essential quality of true greatness. And a civilian chief who enters office with preconceived theories, obsessions, or complexes, — as the psychologists say, — is capable of doing incalculable harm. If he has the point of view that he exists for the Navy, not the Navy for him, all is likely to be well.

'Happily,' says Mahan, apropos of our good fortune in having Mr. Fox as Assistant Secretary of the Navy during the Civil War, 'this lucky country, which at first cast got Farragut for the most critical command of the War of Secession . . . unwittingly introduced into the naval system a singularly fit man'; and he declares that thus there entered the Department 'a means by which the enthusiastic determination of the nation could take shape in intelligent comprehension of the issues and in strongly coördinated effort.'

Since May, 1915, however, the criticism of the British Admiralty has not been that it was unwilling to act, but that it was not organized for action. It is argued that, if the business of a navy

is to fight, naval strategy is the province of seamen; and hence it follows that the most important element in the conduct of a war should be left to the naval officers, and that these should be untrammelled and unhampered by any other duties or concerns. Moreover, the officers so chosen to develop the strategy of a war must not represent one group of opinions alone in their profession, but all groups focused in a general staff that hammers out the policy. Through such a staff the First Sea Lord becomes responsible to the civilian chief for the naval conduct of the war. His test is one of success.

In the new organization the number of sea lords has been increased. These sea lords are a peculiarly strategical body, each having a separate duty, but acting in continual council with the others. One of the sea lords, for instance, has entire charge of the submarine campaign.

There is also a strategical staff composed of some thirty officers, all in their different spheres the best experts obtainable, whose duty it is constantly to compare plans and advise the First Sea Lord, who now becomes also Chief of Staff. Therefore the First Sea Lord, instead of advising the government, as formerly, on his personal responsibility, has the whole staff, and hence the whole navy, behind him when he gives his advice — advice that no civilian secretary can successfully ignore. Moreover the staff tactics are now adopted by the board as a whole, and not merely on the First Sea Lord's recommendation.

'Strategy in its widest meaning,' to quote our Admiral Huse in an article in the United States Naval Institute, 'includes logistics and tactics as integral branches of the art of war. . . . To this end strategy is limited to planning and directing, while logistics provides the means' — the *supplies* which the strategists need to win a victory.

In addition to the raw materials, such as coal and steel, — to name two important ones, — there are contracts to be placed for guns and ships, for dry docks and navy yards, for clothing and equipment of all kinds. Such a task demands an expert, and obviously a business expert, and organizer. Under the British system there is the office of Comptroller, the functions of which have been greatly enlarged and wisely given over to a civilian who has made his reputation as an organizer, Sir Eric Geddes. This place was formerly in the hands of a naval officer. Sir Eric Geddes was with the army, and reproduced, as has been said, the Pennsylvania Railroad behind the lines in France. He has been made a vice-admiral and a member of the Board of Admiralty; he has absolute charge of placing all contracts for guns, ships, ammunition, — in short, for whatever is needed, — but he takes naval advice in considering naval requirements. The really remarkable and significant thing in the appointment of Sir Eric, a civilian, is that the exigencies of a great war are compelling the overthrow of precedent and the adoption of common-sense methods to deal with a situation that was rapidly getting out of hand.

The principle of strategy for strategists, of administration for administrators, is unassailable.

III

It is most important that the people of the United States should take an active interest in their Navy; that they should have a knowledge of its administration, since in a democracy no department of government can thrive without scrutiny, without a focused public interest behind it. The Secretary, under the President, is an autocrat; and autocracy without responsibility, not to a party alone, but to the

nation at large, must invariably be pernicious. My object in writing this article is to acquaint as many readers as possible with certain broad principles, as well as to attempt, briefly, to sketch the 'Bureau System' that has developed during the history of the Department.

There are several bureaus, each headed by a naval officer, whose functions are of *supply* — what Admiral Huse calls logistics: the Bureau of Construction and Repair, to build and repair ships; of Engineering, to supply and design engines, and the like; of Ordnance, to design guns; of Navigation, to train and furnish men and officers — the personnel; of Yards and Docks; of Medicine and Surgery; of Supplies and Accounts — sufficiently explained by their titles. There is also what is called the Bureau, or Office, of Naval Operations, the business of which would appear to concern itself alone with *strategy*. Congress, in March, 1915, provided by law that 'the Chief of Naval Operations,' — who is an admiral, — 'shall, under the direction of the Secretary of the Navy, be charged with the operations of the fleet and with the preparation and readiness of plans for its use in war.' Now these functions, as derived from that paragraph, would seem to be purely strategic, as one might infer they ought to be. At present our Office of Naval Operations is organized as a *bureau*. If it were divested of the logistic functions that now it incongruously possesses, it would become an instrument of strategy, such as the British General Staff, composed of the best experts in the service. And a Secretary of the Navy, if he chooses, can throw all the responsibility for strategy on his Chief of Operations, giving him full authority — for authority and responsibility are inseparable. The Secretary can also, if he wishes, permit the Admiral who is his Chief of Opera-

tions to choose his staff. Here we should have a procedure that is the exact counterpart of the system at which the British Government has arrived after some years of rather bitter experience; and our Chief of Operations, at the will of our Secretary, can be made virtually First Sea Lord of the Admiralty and Chief of Staff. It is not going too far, I think, to declare that a successful issue in war depends upon whether or not a secretary is willing to take the step of leaving naval strategy to naval strategists, who should be relieved of all logistic duties.

When we return to the Regulations for the Government of the Navy, however, and examine the duties of the Chief of Operations, we find them so bewildering, such a mixture of logistic, administrative, and strategical functions, that we begin to wonder how any man can supervise them all and keep his head. One of his duties, it may be noted, is to prepare and revise the Regulations himself — he is charged with inditing his own sentence. Congress has apparently made him a strategist, but in the nine paragraphs enumerating his tasks we find logistics and strategy embracing one another, while from between the lines is summoned up the tragic picture of a naval Hercules tightly bound with the red tape that numerous civilian secretaries have wound around him. If a secretary so elects, he can run this office himself, together with all the other bureaus, by insisting upon overlooking and signing all the correspondence emerging from them. He can tie up the usefulness of the whole organization tighter than a towing bowline.

Admiral Huse enumerates the functions of strategy as the following: —

The number of vessels of each type required, and their characteristics.

Location of naval bases and repair stations, and their capabilities.

War plans providing for all possible contingencies.

Organization of the forces.

Operations and movements of forces in the execution of policy in peace and war.

Operations and movements of forces for the purpose of exercise and test, as in war games.

Naval logistics include the following, all to be performed in accordance with the requirements of strategy:—

Planning, constructing, and maintaining the fleet.

Fortifying, developing, and maintaining naval bases and stations.

Enlisting, maintaining, training, educating, and drilling personnel. This includes target-practice.

Providing, storing, and delivering supplies of all kinds, including ordnance, ammunition, fuel, clothing, provisions, etc.

Transporting personnel and material; care of ill and wounded.

This seems admirably clear. But here, in addition to his strategical functions, are some of the logistic duties of the Chief of Operations: the direction of the Naval War College, the office of gunnery exercises and engineering performances, the operation of aeronautic service, of mines and mining, of the naval districts and naval militia, the direction of gunnery exercises and drills. The tendency, in practice, is for him to assume more and more supervision over the bureaus of supply, and thus to become a bureaucrat.

There is also in our Navy Department a General Board authorized by the Secretary—which he has the right to do without the sanction of Congress. Its duties are advisory to the Secretary, and its counsels are supposed to be strategic, though here once more we find the logistic commingling. Now a secretary has the power to relieve both the office of Chief of Operations and also the General Board of all adminis-

trative details. If he chooses to throw the responsibility for naval strategy on the Chief of Operations, he can then make the General Board an advisory council to the Chief of Operations—a proceeding that Admiral Huse advises, since it would include all strategy under one authority. As things have been since the organization of the Office of Operations, that office finds itself so overwhelmed with routine work, with supervision and detail, that it has little time for strategy, and is in substance a bureau of bureaus. And the strategical work it is supposed by the Regulations to perform is taken up by the General Board, which is now independent of it. The duties of the two are duplicated in the Regulations: and in practice, if a secretary be of a political turn of mind, he can play one against the other—checks and balances again. On the other hand, a good secretary can make the present system work by leaving the strategical suggestions as outlined by Admiral Huse to the General Board, and by using operations to carry out the suggestions. The General Board, at whose head used to be the Admiral of the Navy, and which is made up of admirals and other tried officers, is supposed to represent a mature body of opinion, and has always preserved the confidence of the Congress and the country. The Chief of Operations is *ex officio* a member of it, though he seldom gets time to attend its meetings. The consensus of opinion would seem to be, however, that the duties of the Admiral of Operations should be simplified and made purely strategical, and that the Board should be advisory to him. Thus the responsibility for the conduct of the Navy in war is definitely placed, and a requisite authority given.

To divide administration from strategy, as the British have done, would seem to be wise: and, as Admiral Huse proposes, to assign our Assistant Sec-

retary of the Navy as a Chief of Logistics, as a buyer and contractor, as a responsible head of all the bureaus of supply, would appear to be the logical trend for our organization to take. The Secretary is left to supervise logistics and strategy, and to direct naval policy,

which is largely the coördination of the national policy with the nation's naval force. He consults with the President, with the Committee of the Congress, he sits on the National Council of Defense. He is not absorbed in detail; he keeps his desk clear.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SCALLOPS

SPORT, according to our highest authorities, is 'that which diverts and makes mirth'; and from this general interpretation the term has been applied to games, and to the various forms of hunting and fishing commonly known; but I have yet to hear the word applied to the pursuit of the scallop. And yet scalloping more nearly approaches the original meaning of sport than most of the games which are commonly classed under this heading; for not only does the scallop divert and provoke the mirth of his pursuer, but the pursuer in turn evokes a similar feeling and impression upon those who chance to see him in action. Those who have never tasted the joys and excitement of a scallop hunt have not completed their education as real sportsmen. It is true that Badminton does not devote a volume to this particular pastime; it is equally true that the progressive American journalist, whose duty it is to supply the sporting columns of his paper with all the news of current athletic events, invariably ignores this important item, and our mighty Nimrods fail to include scalloping among their feats of prowess. In each case, however, the cause of the

omission invariably can be traced to ignorance, and to the fact that your scallop-hunter is a wary fellow who boasts but little and says less, fearing inadvertently to disclose the favored haunts of his favorite prey. And so, for these and divers causes the pursuit of the scallop lies in obscurity.

On the other hand, the scallop has been a friend to man for generations, in many ways. In the days of the Crusades the Pilgrims returning from the Holy Land wore scallop-shells, gathered on the coast of Palestine, to mark the success of their wanderings.

At an equally early period the scallop-shell became an important factor in design, from architecture, through the various stages, to the adornment of women's clothes. The scallop-shell is discovered imbedded in the capitals of many famous columns. It will be found chiseled upon the keystone of countless arches. Scarcely a theatre but possesses it among its mural decorations. Upon the title-pages of books it serves in an equally decorative capacity, while the scalloping upon the hems of dresses brings the scallop's shell familiarly into our family life. In addition to all this, certain families of ancient lineage have adopted the shell as a part of their crest.

The scallop, therefore, has been

sought by generations, and is no marine upstart basing his claims to popularity upon his flavor as a savory dish for Lucullus. In short, the scallop is historic, artistic, decorative, and delicious. In real life, however, he is a member of the numerous marine bivalve mollusks of the genus *Pectens*, and to those who have not already recognized the symmetrically ribbed shells so often found on our beaches, a dictionary is recommended.

Although his past is buried in the annals of the Holy Land, in Ægean waters, and on the banks of the Red Sea, at present he is rampant on the shoals of Cape Cod, and it is here that our scallopers pursue him during the weeks previous to early autumn days, when the Cape fisherman wages destruction with sea-rakes, seines, and nets.

Imagine the tide running low, disclosing the bright, sandy bottoms of countless inlets, the ripple of the waters making dim the outlines of the corrugated surfaces of the submerged shore. At such times, and in certain localities which shall be nameless, the wily hunter issues forth in bathing-suit, or rubber-booted, or even — in the enthusiasm of the moment — fully clothed, with pail or basket sometimes attached to his waist by a cord. He wades in at a slow pace, gazing searchingly into the depth of the water for a sign of his prey, choosing at first the shoals where it is easier to see, and as likely a spot as others for fine shell-fish.

And here a curious phenomenon is discovered: his eye catches the glint of a shining shell and he stoops to secure it, only to find a half-shell without life. The brighter the shell, the less chance of its being inhabited. The scallop covers himself, when possible, with a few strands of seaweed, or buries himself in the mud or sand, and therefore, when in the full bloom of life, he looks like a hoary, hairy thing of past

history, an incrustated shell from which life might have departed a century ago. If by good fortune the hand comes in contact with him, however, his vitality is made quickly evident by a savage snap of his shell, as the large muscle expands and contracts in self-defense. Should a finger become caught between the upper and lower valves, the hunter is in for a sharp nip.

The quest leads from spot to spot, from shoal water out into deeper parts, until one finds one's self waist-deep, bending and stooping, raking the bottom, with frenzied hand groping for these tufted prizes; and when one is fortunate enough to secure a good spot, the hand never fails to bring up one, two, and sometimes more, of these irate creatures whose antics evoke admiration and whose strength seems absolutely abnormal.

There are bright, warm days in the latter part of August when on many parts of the shore may be seen men, women, and children by scores, curiously and wonderfully garbed, grotesquely postured, wading the waters in this fascinating pursuit, which, after the quiet glamour of clam-digging, possesses the excitement of big-game hunting. Were it not for a strict law these same hardy hunters would undoubtedly be found in dories, plying a small net for the same purpose; but the very crudity of the chase has its advantages, for one comes close to the life of sea-bottom and all that goes on there, from the waving masses of seaweed of many varieties to the countless forms of life clinging to the rocks, imbedded in the mud or darting through the water. The sea-bottom is as busy as Broadway, and as full of mystery.

The reader must not for a moment imagine the scallop, however, as belonging to a sedentary type of life. Often he is found moving at a high rate of speed through the water, propelled

by this same muscle which provides his defense. By opening and closing his shell he moves forward and upward or downward, apparently at will, digging himself into the mud and effectually hiding himself from his pursuers. He deserves the respect of his superiors in the animal kingdom, and at the same time proves himself fair game by his prowess.

And so one is led out and out still further until, bent upon securing one more victim, a mouthful of water and smarting eyes give notice that those beyond are safe for the time being, and the successful hunter returns to his boat with a full pail.

The conquest is not complete, for it is no easy task to open these snapping bivalves and thus to extract the muscle that is the edible morsel; and the full reward is by no means reaped. That is left for the evening meal, when the scallop becomes the *pièce de résistance*, cooked in one of a hundred ways. But of this let yourself be convinced by a *cordon bleu*, whose best efforts are secured and deserved by the scallop.

THE UNGENTLE THEME-WRITER

I HAVE read with sincere appreciation the plea of the gentle theme-reader for the sympathy of his fellow men. It has touched me deeply, for I am one of those responsible for his sorrows and self-consciousness—an undergraduate.

What an indictment against me! My talk is banality, my enthusiasm does not 'lift its thoughts to the skies.' My emotions contribute no 'bacchic dances' to the drab sobriety of scholastic life.

Well, it is true, and my sense of responsibility is extremely heavy, for the Lord knows there is need, a serious impelling need, for bacchanalities in the life of every theme-reader.

I have no purpose to seek an escape from my sense of responsibility. I ac-

cept it full-chestedly, but I have the dispassionate attitude of youth, which ever seeks the cause of things. And I find that there is a cause other than the mere absence of ideas in undergraduates, for the lack of individuality in undergraduate themes. It may be traced to the doors of classrooms and the chairs of college professors. For, in college, literature is not a thing of the spirit but of the mind, and you will find above the door of the English Department the scholar's first and last commandment: 'Beware of your emotions.'

There is no escape for those who enter, so have done with your adolescence, which has given you to understand beauty and freshness of phrase. You are face to face now with form, with technique, and with the history of literature. You came lugging your Shakespeare because you liked it, did you, and you entered the classroom eagerly, as one about to experience some new joy. It was to be expected, then, that you would struggle a little with your disappointment when that first precious hour went wholly to a discussion of the date of *Romeo and Juliet*. You did not lose heart, however, for you realized that you were still unsophisticated in scholastic methods. Besides, in due time the date was established.

Then, before you could slip back into your old emotional habits, you were introduced to various editions. You told yourself that this was important knowledge for the student of literature. You tried the harder to be philosophic because in your heart you knew that you were not, and there was added to your disappointment a sense of dread lest your unscholarly impatience come into open conflict with the system.

The days slip by. Now you have to do with the history of the story in its many translations. You learn their differences, their likenesses, their unimportant dates, and wearily you ask

yourself if there is yet another dull fact about *Romeo and Juliet* that remains to be learned. Of course there is the old play. It is extant in a Dutch translation. How did it get into Dutch? It appears that the Earl of Leicester's players carried it to Germany and so to Holland. In your innocence did you imagine that you could escape the Earl of Leicester's players? But you do not despair. Some day, some remote but glorious day you will come to the poetry. The dear hopefulness of youth!

You never do come to the poetry because in college there is no poetry; there is only poetic form. And so you fill your pages with discussions of troches and iambs, of antitheses and ploces and oxymorons, and then you read that some theme-reader has died, and the guilt of murder is on your soul.

Now it seems to me that here is a case for investigation. It is necessary to know of what our theme-reader died. Was it from poverty of ideas or from poverty of emotions in the themes among which his poor lot was cast? For if, from those thousands of pages, not a single idea flashed upon this deserving life, then must the undergraduate stand sentence. But if it were warmth that lacked! If it were the chill of those pages that benumbed him to his young death! My sense of justice demands a shifting of responsibility in this. Let it rest where it belongs, on the literature department, which cannot see the relation between its cold intellectuality and the tender lives of theme-readers. As for the undergraduate, too often the unwitting instrument of torture, let him look to science for his spirituality if he would avoid the melancholia of the falsely accused.

HOW TO REFORM THE MAGAZINES

YESTERDAY, as I read the magazines at the Club, I enjoyed what is coming

to be a common experience. My neighbor on the left, similarly occupied, threw down his favorite monthly diet with disgust and the query, 'Why don't the magazines print something worth while? There's plenty of good stuff written; what becomes of it? Why don't we get it?' My neighbor on the right, who has had some experience in an editorial office, volunteered the reply: 'You can't get by the editor, that's all.'

Then we took the situation apart; we compared notes. Each of us contributes now and then to the magazines; when the articles are accepted, we contribute to the best magazines. We are not chronic or habitual offenders, and really send things only when we have something to say. We have other ways of making a living, such as it is. Furthermore, our barrels are empty. We have no axes to grind, no grouches to nurse. But we all had the same story to tell, — an endless and needless sending of a perfectly good manuscript to one editor after another, until the tired carrier-pigeon, scarred with cancelled postage-stamps, found a lodging and failed to return to the domestic ark. As the result of its adventures, it was kicked upstairs quite as commonly as down. It settled down, after its peripatetic unrest, in a 'preferred stock' magazine just as often as in one of lower quotation in reputation or compensation. It certainly would have done magazine Number One no harm to have printed what Number Five or Six or Ten took a chance on. For in the mean time magazines Number One and Number Two and the rest were printing articles that they all should have declined with or without thanks, along with just as many that obviously were acceptable, and properly so.

On this we all agreed. 'Getting by the editor,' said the Right Neighbor, 'is the most fascinating of indoor sports.'

When I was a journalist in the Freudian sense (that is, as an unfulfilled wish), my chum and I devised a way to get money for all our articles. Each agreed when he sent out a "story" to bet the other the price of the "story" that it would n't be accepted. That little arrangement took the sting out of a rejection completely; and when you lost your pay, you had the glory of the acceptance. Why and how the scheme broke down, I shall not divulge.'

'But seriously,' said the Left Neighbor, 'what's the solution? Editors are good enough judges; and not more than half the articles are engaged at dinner parties. Very embarrassing to decline an article by the man — usually the woman — who was so entertaining as a companion at a delightful dinner. But an editor who really indorsed all the articles he accepts and assembles in any one number would have not a single-track mind, but an entirely erratic switch-yard.'

'The trouble is — if you'll let the Interlocutor answer your conundrums — that the editor is in a false relation to his judgment. He trusts it so implicitly that he has better reasons for his prejudices than for his convictions. And when he opens a manuscript that has the wrong name to it, or starts out in a way that does n't keep step with his mental pace, he goes on reading with the intention of finding ingenious and irrelevant reasons for declining it; who could n't? Then you get one of those notes that would n't deceive a moron. None of us would object to a plain statement of fact: "The Editor is obliged to decline your article because he ate something yesterday that did n't agree with him, and does n't like it"; or "The Editor has got himself so entangled with promises to his friends that with the best of intentions he cannot find room this season for your really valuable contribution." If an editor

uses his magazine, as we use this club, as a place to indulge his prejudices, and says so — well and good! But no editor admits this, any more than any of the fighting nations will admit starting the war. They're all defending hearth and home against invasion by uncensored intruders, — that's us.'

'Yes, we know all that,' said the Right Neighbor, 'but what's your remedy? This is mine; when you've heard it, you may not care for yours. Start a new magazine and call it "The Discard." Make it a rule not to accept an article that is n't accompanied by at least two perfectly good letters of rejection from first-class magazines. With such vouchers you're bound to get the best stuff that's written.'

'No! That's good as far as it goes, but it won't reform the others. What you must do is to get every good editor to agree to print at least one article in each number that that judgment of his would lead him to decline. Once the editor discovers that printing such an unsanctioned article does n't stop the magazine or buckle the press or annihilate the subscription-list, he may become a wiser and a happier man. He may even ask the readers to guess which article it is that meets with his cordial disapproval, and offer a prize for the best guesses at the end of the year. I contribute the idea freely without copyright, in the interest of the higher literature.'

'Do you happen to know the address of any editor with gumption enough to try it?' said the Left Neighbor. 'I've got something that I'd like to send him, and expound your sentiments in my most persuasive style.'

'Can't say I do. Try it gingerly. Send him something rather short, — you know, the kind of thing for "The Contributor's Club"; and I think he'll be a sport and print it.'

I was right. This is it: